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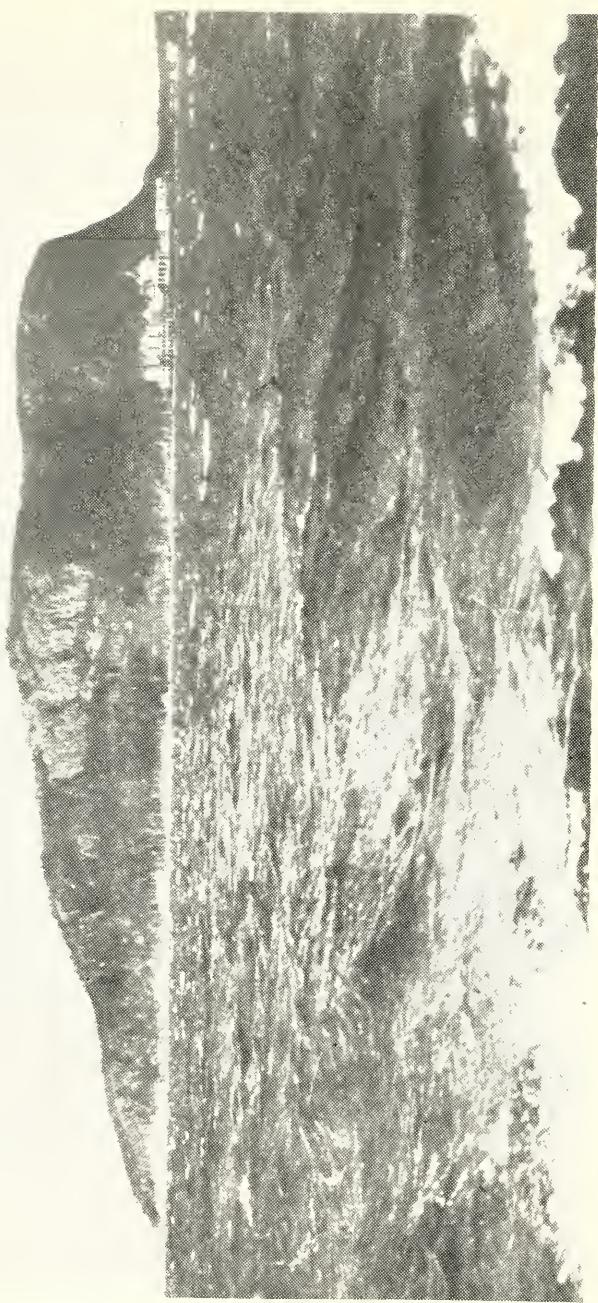


## THE TRAIL OF THE MAINE PIONEER

This Edition of THE TRAIL OF THE MAINE PIONEER,  
published by the Maine Federation of Women's  
Clubs, is limited to 2,000 copies, of which this is

No.





Mount Kineo

# The Trail of the Maine Pioneer

BY  
MEMBERS OF THE  
MAINE FEDERATION OF WOMEN'S CLUBS  
"

## KINEO

*How beautiful the morning breaks  
Upon the King of mountain lakes!  
The forests, far as eye can reach,  
Stretch green and still from either beach,  
And leagues away the waters gleam  
Resplendent in the sunrise beam;  
Yet feathery vapors, circling slow  
Wreath the dark brow of Kineo.*

—Frances L. Mace.

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To  
Grace A. Wing

President of the Maine Federation of Women's Clubs  
1915 - 1917

*MAINE*

[*To the Tune of "America."*]

*My father's state, to thee,  
First state of all to me,  
My love I bring.  
In thy sweet woods I'll roam,  
Thy name to me is home,  
Pine trees and ocean foam,  
Thy praise I sing.*

—*June Wheeler Bainbridge.*

## A FOREWORD

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*To the Women of Maine:*

The one thing needful in history teaching, the thing so often missed, but without which there is no result worth while, is imagination. The process of tidal historical study, all up and down the scale from Kindergarten to University, must be through and through imaginative. Not to catalogue the features of the past, but to re-create the life that once informed those features, is the true aim of history in all its phases. To acquire the difficult art of calling up that life, of bodying it forth out of the strange and ambiguous things known as human documents, is a feat of the disciplined imagination as difficult as it is precious.—*Professor Nathaniel W. Stephenson of the College of Charleston in an address before the American Historical Society, 1916.*

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*I am asked to write you a letter of thanks and congratulation on the achievement embodied in this, your book, illuminating the trail of the Maine pioneer. No mission could be less a task.*

*You volunteers of this literary commonwealth have added epic prose to that far-flung verse which has put a halo over the trail of the pioneer since in the dawn of history Asiatic emigrants chased the westering sun across the Golden Horn. History was sung before it was written as Mother Goose and Santa Claus still are sung to those who have yet to acquire an alphabet.*

*The tidal sweep of races westward and yet "Westward Ho," reached the Gulf of Maine thirteen years before the anchor of the *Mayflower* dropped in Plymouth Harbor. Our own Pemaquid was discovered and settled before they hung Quakers on Boston Common and put witches on the high places of Salem. The first woman's club was established by Anne Hutchinson in Boston close to the time when Maine women were carried into captivity by the Indians at Berwick and Saco. It was near the day when Sir Ferdinando Gorges got his sailors on horseback that the first city government was organized in the Dominion of Maine. But the Spanish Conquest preceded the discovery of Agamenticus, while 'twas before Agamenticus was sighted that Capt. John Smith landed at Monhegan.*

*When Cortez and the drifting pilgrimages of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries reached the Pacific, it was discovered that the successors of the Aryans crossing The Hellespont had surprised the sunrise close to the sunset. Only a wide waste of waters separated California from the East Indies. But the primitive occupiers of the Eastern New World were led by King Philip as well as by Pocahontas, by the flintlock and the axe at Old York and Berwick as well as by the constructive spade and the beckoning pipe of friendly Samoset.*

*Just here, the tragic history of Maine begins. Just here heroes and heroines stain the forest glades with their blood while others sail up and down the uncharted coasts of the Gulf of Maine. Just here, ye women of Maine, do you illuminate our annals. Right here you kindle our imaginations by re-animating definite persons, marshaling them before us, not hand-made*

## A FOREWORD CONTINUED

*inanimates but animating leaders of universal democracy, consecrated by heroism unto martyrdom.*

*In meetinghouses, schoolhouses and cabins of York, Berwick, Saco, Richmond's Island and other isles and shores, this Colonial commonwealth was possessed in faith before it was made by works. History ever spills its ashes where father, mother and child kindle altar fires. 'Tis love that makes and belts the globe. 'Tis the imagination that conquers countless worlds and satellites. The Popham Colony died in getting itself born. The chief justice had his eyes on the throne in the north of Europe, not on the hearth in the east of North America. There was neither wife nor mother in the patrician commune of Sir John Popham.*

*Women of Maine, we salute you! Proud are we and beyond measure are we enriched by your diligent research and your poetic sensibility. You have enabled us to detect a fast fading trail which, but for you, might have been forever obliterated. The tang of the wood enriches the wine. Happily, your fine attention guarantees that the inspiring nectar shall not be lavished on the falling leaves. You have resuscitated Martha Smith of Berwick, as well as Capt. Waymouth of Pemaquid. In flesh and blood do you clothe Maine history. Necessary to the structure is the skeleton, but—man is a vertebrate plus. And does not the poetry which creates history, create historians? Drab annals are essential, but the animating figures of real history invite literary art.*

*Having handed down to the last syllable of history and biography four-score, a noble group of men and women representing those who for sixty centuries have been chanting the canticles of Futurity, you women of the Federated Clubs of Maine deserve and receive our greetings and congratulations! We thank you very much for what you have done, but may we not beg you to achieve one more important work. Please come again into the wings and bring to the center of the stage a new book, completing the cycle of Maine history and biography. If you please, this book may be bound in pine tassels and adorned with wild flowers. And on the title page of Book III may the die cast something like this: "The Wit, Humor and Mirth of Maine."*

*Frank L. Dringley*

*Lewiston, Maine,  
Pilgrims' Day, MDCCCCXVI.*

## ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

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In "The Trail of the Maine Pioneer," the club women of Maine offer a second book of Maine historical stories, a companion volume to "Maine in History and Romance." Like the first book, "The Trail of the Maine Pioneer" is a collection of prize stories resulting from a contest conducted by the Lewiston Journal in 1916 and open only to the club women affiliated with the Maine Federation.

The decision to publish this second series of stories in book form was made at Kineo at the annual meeting of the Maine Federation of Women's Clubs held in September, 1916, and in happy memory of which, a picture of Mount Kineo is made the frontispiece of this book.

Thirteen writers whose work is included in this volume are new contestants; the remaining ten are old friends, whose stories in "Maine in History and Romance" are happily recalled.

To Mrs. Grace A. Wing, President of the Maine Federation, and her executive board, Miss Fanny E. Lord, Mrs. Amos Clement, Mrs. Myrtle L. T. White, Mrs. Ezra H. White, Mrs. Elizabeth Porter and Mrs. Frederick P. Abbott, the committee is indebted for helpful suggestions and hearty co-operation.

The committee expresses its appreciation of the Lewiston Journal Company, for conducting the prize story contest, for the gift of the copyrighted stories, the cuts, cover design, and for continued personal interest.

Special thanks are due the Federation prize award committee, Mrs. Robert J. Aley of Orono, Mrs. Fabius M. Ray of Westbrook and Mrs. Seth S. Thornton of Houlton, who carefully read the forty stories submitted in the prize contest and assisted in awarding the prizes.

To the public for the cordial greeting it has extended to our second book, to the authors of these stories, to the New England newspapers which have given liberal publicity notices, to the book sellers, who have assisted gratuitously in the sale of the book, and all others who have helped the Maine Federation of Women's Clubs to make its second book, "The Trail of the Maine Pioneer" a success, the committee makes gracious acknowledgment.

LIZZIE NORTON FRENCH  
ELISABETH BURBANK PLUMMER  
STELLA KING WHITE  
LOUISE WHEELER BARTLETT  
MARY HILL BINFORD

Book Publication Committee.



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A MYSTERY OF THE BAGADUCE



## A *Mystery of the Bagaduce*

By MARY DUNBAR DEVEREUX



PON the hill just above the little settlement of Majabagaducee, in the District of Maine, Commonwealth of Massachusetts, stood Master Pelatiah Beach, overlooking the town and the Bagaducee River whose mouth formed the harbor of that quaint old port—old over a century ago. He looked out over the slope at his feet, the river and the hills beyond, now covered with the first snows of the season, then he turned toward the yoke of oxen, driven by the serving man plodding at their heads and bound for the home above the “Narrows,” where his tidy, cleared farm and pasture land, with its rude but roomy log house and barns, betokened the energy and thrift of the young man.

Off to his left rose the walls of Fort George, on this last evening of November, 1783, yet occupied by the Redcoats who, four years previously, had defeated the Patriot army and fleet collected to oppose Gen. McLean’s occupation.

The approach of an officer with three men did not at all disconcert Beach as the garrison had been friendly toward the inhabitants, excepting in a few instances, and from them, sturdy, plodding, but shrewd Pelatiah Beach had gotten no little revenue by the sale of produce. His servant had just discharged the last of many loads of provisions given in exchange for English coin. He responded in neighborly fashion to the greeting of the officer and, after some minutes of conversation concerning the prospect for to-morrow, the coming cold season, and the harbor and Bay of Penobscot so well known to him, Beach was turning to follow his ox team, when suddenly he felt the officer’s hand laid in authority and command upon his arm—

“We are leaving for Halifax on the morrow, Master Beach, and have need of a pilot down your Bay of Penobscot,” said the officer. “In the king’s name follow me into the presence of our general!”

In vain Beach protested. Not even allowed to recall his man, now out of sight over the hill leading from the Peninsula of Penticost, or to communicate in any way with his family, he was hurried over to the barracks whence, at dawn, the British embarked in His Majesty’s ships for Halifax, and not for more than two years was Pelatiah Beach seen again in his native District of Maine.

Meanwhile, his mother and young wife, with her little ones, were rudely startled from their busy life of quiet security, first, by the failure of the son and husband to return with the shadows of evening

and by the servant's report that his master was last seen in converse with British officers. Later, their alarm and distress were increased by news from the port that watching townsfolk had seen Pelatiah Beach marched under guard to the landing, at daybreak, and embarked upon H. M. Ship "Greyhound" with the last company of Redcoats.

Was he to be punished, perhaps shot, for some fancied wrong? Was he a hostage, or held for ransom in spite of the recent treaty of peace? Or had he merely been taken as a pilot down the Bay on account of his well-known knowledge of its waters? In this last case he might be landed and return home within a few days, and for this his family hoped until, learning that the "Greyhound" had been grounded for some hours in the Reach below, but had later proceeded, the chance that he might be accused of wilfully endangering the fleet seemed to destroy their last hopes.

Days, weeks, months passed, and he returned not; neither was any word of his fate received, and friends and neighbors became convinced that Mistress Beach was a widow and her babes fatherless. But if they anticipated helpless need on the part of the family, they were happily disappointed. The young wife, of slight, girlish figure, with softly rounded cheek in which the rose of youth strove with creamy pallor, her dark hair wavy and lustrous above the broad, low brow and brilliant dark eyes, a girl in appearance, proved herself a strong and brave woman in adversity.

She had been reared more softly and with more culture than her neighbors for at New Falmouth (Portland), even in those early days girls met less of the rough life of pioneer folk, more of the refinements of the town. Mistress Mary—or "Polly" as the Marys of those days were usually called, having already learned from Mother Beach all the skill of the country housewife, now proved that she could direct the farm work as well. The preparation for the long, cold winter was completed, the stock housed, cellars and barns banked with fir boughs against mid-winter frosts; and when spring came at last tardily out of the South, the little heroine planned, directed and assisted in all the planting, cultivating and harvesting of her crops, not one of her neighbors having sleeker cattle or better produce for table or market than she.

Thus a year passed and another, and still no word of Master Pelatiah Beach! Yet another winter was passing from the Penobscot. Majabaguaduce was busy and stirring. Fishing had proved lucrative, and the lumbering pursuits offered in the region were drawing new settlers and calling home those who had fled during the British occupation. The renewal of land grants gave added impetus to immigration.

\* \* \*

On a late March day of 1786, when spring promised in the warmth of the sun's rays and in the melting snows and bare brown hillsides and the faint breeze just rippled the waters and haltingly filled the sails of the ships in the harbor of Majabaguaduce, a newly arrived trader dropped her anchor in front of the Town Landing at the foot of the main street. Presently a boat put out from the ship's side; the occupants landed, drew their boat upon the beach and walked up into the little settlement.

One man, taller and broader than any one of the others and the last to land, followed his companions briskly for a few rods, then paused to look about, to turn again to the harbor, to gaze off across the water toward the opposite shore, either as if recalling scenes once familiar or, it might be, fixing in mind a picture never beheld before. Meeting a group of citizens, talking animatedly of the recent expulsion of some who had been inimical to the Patriots' cause during the Revolution and of the new grants of land to incoming settlers, the newcomer again paused, then moved forward as if he would have passed the group in silence.

But Capt. Jeremiah Bardwell stepped forward with amazement and welcome in his bluff countenance.

"Why, Pel Beach! Are ye risen from the dead?" he shouted.

"As sure as I am Jeremiah Bardwell and these men, Dave Wilson and Gabril Jahonnot, here is Pel Beach come back to life! Welcome home, old neighbor!—Won't this give Mistress Polly a start! And Bill Hutchins saying no longer ago than last Sabbath that a pity it was such a fine young woman had not yet taken a second husband to help her manage the farm and the children, with Pel dead and gone these two years and more! Welcome home!"

Handshakings followed, and Capt. Perkins with Mr. Aaron Banks also came forward to meet the long absent citizen.

Soon it was noised up and down the street that Pelatiah Beach of the farm up the Bagaduce had come back from prison in Halifax or England—or was it Ireland?—and from voyaging to the West Indies and had just arrived on the Brig Polly from Boston. Several others hastened at the news to greet the traveler; and so in homely converse passed an hour or two, the wanderer joining only occasionally with remark or question, but listening to and watching intently all that went on about him.

Capt. Bardwell took him hospitably into his company and presently led their steps from the town up over the hill whence, two years before, Pelatiah Beach had been taken by the British officer. At the cove back of the peninsula they embarked in the Captain's skiff and rowed stoutly up the river, Capt. Jeremiah, whose home lay far up the Bagaduce, talking volubly of the changes in family or fortune in each homestead which they passed. He landed the traveler at "The Eddy" just below the famous Bagaduce Narrows, promising

to call soon to see his old neighbor, and then rowed swiftly up stream with the current.

Left to himself, the wanderer stood, almost hesitating to take the road dimly marked before him and bounded here and there by humble homesteads. He had passed on for a thoughtful ten minutes when he paused again in the light of the setting sun, doubtful, undecided. Did he even turn back to gaze down the river as if he would retrace his route to the Port and leave the Bagaduce region forever? Had the absence and the cold of winter and loneliness entered his soul and frozen even the love of home and kindred?

The smell of the bare brown sods at his feet came up with the promise of spring and of hope and courage. The sunset threw a warm radiance on the whole countryside. The bleating of new-born lambs and their dams at a nearby barn was heard. Ah! such homely sights and sounds of coming life and joy! And, in the slender little birches by the roadside, suddenly a little black-capped chickadee started his spring song—the bird's brave little note of courage and promise! It seemed like a welcome home.

The man passed on, by the low farmhouses of several old neighbors, pausing at each to look, to murmur a word or two under his breath as if conning an oft-repeated lesson, and so on to the home-stead of the Beaches. Again he paused ere he walked up the path from the high-road and, as he reached his own door, it opened to allow the passage of the same serving man who had accompanied Master Beach on that momentous trip to the port, two years before. The fellow stared a moment at the strange figure, peered doubtfully again, then, dropping the milking pails which he held in either hand, he turned back shouting, "The Lord be praised, Pel Beach has come home!"

The ruddy glow from the fire of logs on the hearth within shone upon Pelatiah Beach, standing upon his own threshhold, and lit up the scene within—the children in a curious and interested group, Mother Beach in her wide arm-chair, her whitened hair smooth over the wrinkled brow, her hands now raised in amazed welcome of the long lost son,—and Mistress Polly, as if stunned with the suddenness of the shock, as if petrified by the apparition of the husband so long mourned and in whose loss she had steadily refused quite to believe. She stood white-faced, wide-eyed, with her beautiful dark hair framing that center of life in the fire-lighted room for a full minute, and then sank unconscious upon the hearth-rug.

Joy and anxiety were mingled in the hours, days and weeks following, when the wife tossed in delirium and neighbors and family vied with each other in efforts to restore her and to coax back the dauntless spirit whom all loved so well. Through all these weeks, at first timidly and remorsefully, had Pelatiah Beach added his services in caring for the striken woman, gradually assuming the direction

of all the affairs dropped from those capable little hands, now restlessly moving in fever, or lying helpless in weakness. But youth and strength conquered, and when spring was giving place to summer, Mistress Polly at last stood again in her doorway, looking out upon the dear home scene and the river, always her chiefest delight. Never in her freshest girlhood had Mistress Polly been so beautiful as now, never had she looked as at that moment to the two men who hastened up the pathway toward her.

"We are most pleased to see you, Master Powers. Tie your horse at the post and sup with us. And, Husband," smiled Mistress Polly, "I must see how my garden has fared. Please to lead me forth in spite of my weakness,—and do you promise before our neighbor, Mrs. Veazie, and before the Reverend Mr. Powers also, that never again shall I be left without a husband and protector."

"Dear wife," replied the Master, "I swear it before these friends!"

"Ah!" exclaimed the Rev. Jonathan Powers, "again are you pronounced man and wife, and I will add my blessing to that given you ten years ago. May you spend a long and happy season here by the banks of this pleasant stream."

They visited the quaint garden which seemed to have suffered no neglect during the owner's illness; for the currants and gooseberries showed green and fresh and held up abundance of forming fruit; the hollyhocks were pushing up rank and bold in their bed at the corner of the rugged log house, while in the beds by the path, love-in-a-mist, youth-and-old-age, and pretty-by-nights vied with each other and with the little heartsease and ladies' delights.

At evening when their friend, the parson, had departed for his ride down to the Neck, husband and wife stood watching his departure and the beautiful scene before them, happy, united at last and looking into the long future. Over the Narrows hung the low waxing summer moon, just turning from silver to gold, and trailing its long reflection even to the hither shore below their farm. The bloom and sweetness of the tardy summer were at last in their fullness over everything, and the call of the nesting loons in a reedy marsh far away by the opposite river bank sounded lone and weird yet so familiar, wild and full of the suggestion of home and nest! It was the fullness of summer in these two human lives, also—Pelatiah Beach recently a homeless wanderer but now home-encircled, and by his side the sweetest and most beautiful little heroine of the countryside!

"I shall build a new house by yonder orchard, more fitting than this for you, dear wife," said Beach. "For weeks I have been planning it. It shall face the river and the highway like this, but higher upon the hillside, and it shall be the best in the region. There we shall remove and set up all your household treasures and many more,

and the children shall be as proud of their home as of their beautiful mother. All the roots and shrubs of your garden shall be transplanted by the new house and, please God, we shall live there long together."

The master's words were fulfilled and "New House" with its barns and stables soon rose, facing the river, a house large and pretentious for the place and times, with wide fireplaces in kitchen and living room, white-sanded floors, small-paned, low windows and rude furnishing, varied here and there by pieces of finer make, brought from Boston by oft-coming ships. On the narrow mantel above the fireplace of the living room stood two small pictures on glass, set off with gilt and flanked with the pink-lipped conches brought by West Indian traders, and on the nearby wall hung a mirror with cable pattern frame in the upper section of which was set the picture of a ship in full sail. A corner cupboard stood in an angle of the room, displaying a fine array of pewter with a few rarer pieces of India china brought from over-seas. A piece of framed shell work hung over the master's mahogany "secretary" and against another wall stood a tall chest of drawers, also of solid mahogany, while at one side of the fireplace a high backed settle added the last touch to this quaint interior. Over this establishment ruled Mistress Mary Beach and her husband—"The Major" as he came to be universally called, from his connection with the neighborhood militia.

\* \* \*

Master Beach of former years had been a sturdy and reliable young farmer; but "The Major" became the leading business man and authority of the town of Penobscot, incorporated in 1787 from ancient Pentagoet,—a man looked up to, honored, but feared by some and a puzzle to many. How changed from himself of former years! His manner had become that of a man of the world, and it much perplexed his simple country neighbors. Even his speech had changed, and tones never heard before entered into it.

"Why," said Capt. Bardwell, "if I didn't know 'twas Pel Beach, I'd think another man had come back in his skin."

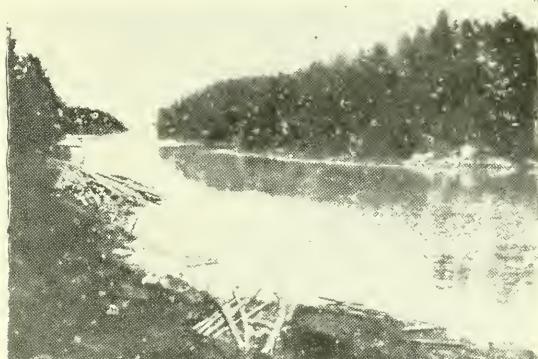
"His very skin is changed," declared Mistress Bardwell in response. "Who ever heard before of black hair turning red?"

Indeed, since his return, the Major's hair had always shown streaks of dark auburn and reddish glints which even his wife did not recall in his youth, that wavy and beautiful hair which remained always abundant and glossy and lent a physical charm to the Major's otherwise rugged and stern face.

The months passed and the years, but never could the Major be persuaded to reveal the particulars of his wanderings nor even in what lands he had spent the period of his absence. Any inquiry on the subject seemed to provoke his wrath and suspicion. A passionately loving and hating soul, a keen business man and honored with



Bagaduce Narrows from "The Eddys"



Warm Cove—part of the Major's Farm



Mills Point Along the Bagaduce



the highest local posts of trust and responsibility, he ever remained a mystery to those about him. Even "New House" wore an air of secrecy and his shrewd countrymen sometimes hinted that the Major came not home empty-handed, even though an English prison had bound him during his stay abroad.

\* \* \*

Of a Sabbath morning when the Major and Mistress Beach walked out to hear the Rev. Jonathan Powers preach at the church on the hill, an air of poise and distinction separated them from others of the congregation. The Major's commanding mien, his skirted coat, knee breeches, buckled shoes and powdered hair tied with black ribbon, savored more of the town than of the farm, while beside him Mistress Mary, in dove-colored crape gown, lace tucker, silk mantle and white bonnet with ostrich plumes, was acknowledged the handsomest woman along The Bagaduce.

But, as years passed, the Major's peculiarities were accentuated and the distrust which a few had expressed, even as to his identity, grew acute.

"Strange," said Capt. Whitney at the Neck, "that Major Beach knows the harbor of Martinique better than I recalled it during our recent conversation, and, too, he chanced to mention the Goodwin Sands as if he knew the navigation of the Thames equally well. He must have travelled much between his release from an English prison and his return home! Yes, passing strange!"

"The new Pelatiah Beach is ten times the man he was before he saw something of the world; but why will he never speak of his imprisonment, his escape or his many experiences?" quoth the Rev. Mr. Powers.

"He's not Pel Beach, but another man in his shoes," said Uncle Bill Hutchins.

"The Major bargained with the Devil for his freedom and sometimes the Devil gets him," declared Nat Rhoads, the innocent of the hamlet whose sayings, however, sometimes had the strange and uncanny force of truth.

Even his wife sighed often and said that the Major's hardships in prison had rendered him flighty and irascible, almost like another man at times; but she always ended by pointing to a tiny miniature of herself in her bridal dress, painted at New Falmouth by a wandering artist and declaring that the picture proved his truth and devotion, for it was carried in his pockets during his long absence and it was the only treasure that he brought home.

"He stole it from the *other Pel Beach!*" declared blunt Mrs. Veazie who hated the Major cordially for cursing her trespassing cattle. This half-told, half-hinted story, never wholly died away in the years when his family grew up, married and settled about the

town and the happenings of Revolutionary days became but fireside reminiscences of the older citizens.

\* \* \*

No longer was it June but it was harvest time along The Bagaduce and the first frosts had glorified the maples and oaks and lined the roadsides with purple asters. The harvest moon shone full on the front of "New House" and, solemn and unrebuked, looked into the windows of the low living room upon the last of the Major's nights above the sods of his hillside farm. He lay stark and quiet in his coffin and by his side stood Mistress Beach, candle in hand, taking a quiet farewell of the husband loved and honored so well. She stood, still straight and lithe and alert, beauty hardly dimmed in her grief-blanchéd face, her eyes still gloriously dark and overarched by brows a painter might love to copy, her dark hair, despite her fifty-five years, wavy and beautiful. The touch of frost on the temples after all, was only a touch, glorifying the face which the harvest moon caressed.

Great-grandmother Beach placed her palm softly upon the cold hands which never before had failed to respond to hers, and silently thanked God for her life with this strong, stern lover. In a moment she reviewed very much of all those years, but she thought especially of that long absence and of the return that at times seemed, even to her, to be the coming of a different man and the beginning of her own love-life and his. Was there still a doubt in her mind that he really *was* the husband of her youth, or his *double* come to take his place and a far greater place in her life and the world's? She stretched out her hand to push back the heavy hair, lately showing gray upon his temples and concealed in which he had in his youth laughingly shown her a dark birthmark which he said would identify him, living or dead. But great-grandmother Beach cast aside in scorn her own lingering doubt even in the act of removing it by proof. She laid her hand gently, for an instant, on those thick gray locks, then slowly turned to gaze across the moonlit fields to the open grave awaiting the master by the side of the little lad—the child of their later union—who had gleefully laughed through three years of adorable babyhood and then been laid in the family burying ground on the river bank.

\* \* \*

The summer of her life and love was over even to the harvest and frosts of death. Though great-grandmother Beach lived on for twenty years, calmly and nobly, in the larger sense her life ended when the stern, sin-scarred and irascible soul of Pelatiah Beach went to its last accounting.

For a century Major Beach has slept his quiet sleep on the hill-side overlooking the Narrows and the Upper Bagaduce. For nearly as long his wife, Mary, has slept by his side—an hundred years with

their early December darkness and snows; an hundred years with their lingering winters, broken by the brave little song of the chickadee and the tardy south wind creeping over the ocean and upon the icy shores of New England; an hundred Junes with their sudden surprise of bloom and glow and gladness, the low summer moon reflecting in the quiet waters, and the cry of the nesting loons echoing afar from the reedy marsh by the river bank; an hundred Septembers with their fruitage and the sweet odors of orchard and meadow and cornfield, the early flame on the maples and the spike of ladies' tresses over the mown fields where the tang of autumn is felt even while summer lingers; an hundred years and the mystery in the lives of the tenants of those low green houses has never been solved!

Still stands, higher upon the hillside, "New House" which was their home—staunch and sturdy—still a home with the open doors of hospitality and neighborliness, still welcoming back each summer the fifth generation of the descendants of Pelatiah Beach.

On a bright, cool September morning of 1915, the Major's great-granddaughter sat before his desk of mellow old mahogany, sat in the Major's solid arm-chair, fingering the knobs and handles of that old desk, familiar to her from earliest childhood but never quite losing its awe-inspiring aspect. She glanced from the windows out over the hillside and across the river, musing of those old days when great-grandfather was young and had been carried off by the Red-coats; of when he had looked out upon this same scene or had sat on the same spot, quill in hand and intent on public or private business.

Suddenly her attention was drawn to the fact that one little drawer, just pulled out, seemed a bit more shallow than its face would indicate, and pressing the bottom of that drawer, she found that it slipped back easily, disclosing a second bottom and between them a shallow space only an eighth of an inch deep, but containing a neatly folded sheet, yellowed with age, yet otherwise as if just sealed and laid there. She took it up wonderingly and found on its outer fold, in the neat but bold hand familiar from her perusal of many of the Penobscot town records as the writing of Major Beach, these words:

"When I am dead, for the eyes of my wife, Mary Beach," and in addition,—"What I never could tell you—but I know that your love is great and that you will forgive both my sins and my silence—Pelatiah Beach."

That was all and a date just an hundred years before. Turning the folded paper, she found it still sealed with the bit of red wax as the Major had left it.

The Major's secret, the mystery of his life, lay in her hand, super-scribed, "For the eyes of my wife." It was not possible that the

crevice had been unknown to great-grandmother Beach. It was not probable that she had never discovered the paper and read its inscription, but she must have postponed or repudiated the act of uncovering what her husband had all his life hidden from her. Perhaps she had postponed it from time to time until death had come to tell her all—or nothing!

\* \* \*

The wax crackled under the pressure of the fingers holding it, but it was still guarding the Major's message to his wife! "For the eyes of my wife," whispered that wife's great-granddaughter; and she dropped the paper, still unopened, into the brisk blaze on the hearth beside which the Major and Mistress Polly had spent so many evenings in the far-away past.

The tale of that man's wanderings, of his sins or perchance his crime, would never be known. It would remain forever a mystery of The Bagaduce.

THE WOOING OF MISTRESS POLLY: A ROMANCE  
OF THE BOXER AND ENTERPRISE



# *The Wooing of Mistress Polly: A Romance of the Boxer and Enterprise*

*By ELLA MATTHEWS BANGS*



VERLOOKING the flashing blue of a bay, emerald-gemmed by clustering islands, stands a fair New England city. The harbor pulsates with the life of ocean steamer and coast-wise craft, of coal barges, fishing and pleasure boats of endless variety, and occasionally with the more imposing ships of war, part of the country's navy. Summer cottages dot the island and Cape shores, while among the throng of busy workers, or more leisurely tourists, there mingle, not infrequently, uniformed men from the forts protecting the harbor and city.

The town itself adds to its natural beauty of situation, with ocean outlook and mountain background, the prosperous air of a modern city, but, as in fancy, Time, the Necromancer, turns backward for us his pages, marvelous changes take place before our eyes. The harbor grows quiet, only now and then a white sail catches the breeze or the paddles of a dory flash in the sunshine. Gone are the attractive residences of nearby islands which now rise green-clad in their primeval freshness, broken only here and there by an unpretentious farm house and visited but occasionally by picnickers or land surveyors. Gone are the warehouses along the water front, wharfs and piers are gone with them, giving place to sloping banks of green; gone, too, the towering business blocks. The bold promontory of White Head stands out its own defender, while Forts Williams, McKinley and Levett are undrept of and the sea-farers' guiding Light at Portland Head, the first to be erected upon the New England coast, has only within the last decade flashed over the dark waters of the Bay.

Forts Preble and Seammel, indeed, are here, the former but newly completed, while in place of the Fort Seammel of our own days stands an unfamiliar but picturesque blockhouse, octagonal, built entirely of timber, its eight sides meeting in a pointed roof. On the low, upright, center timber of the roof stands a carved eagle, also of wood, with extended wings. Each of the eight sides of the blockhouse displays an embrasure, or port hole, and a gun. The upper story, which projects two or three feet beyond the lower, contains the battery. The buildings, including blockhouse and barracks, are clapboarded and their white-painted sides glisten in the sunshine, and all, enclosed in an earthen rampart, present a quaint picture in green and white.

In the town swift electrics give place to ears drawn by horses, then, as still backward the pages turn, these disappear and a lumbering stagecoach provides the only means of travel upon the public highway, while through the sparsely settled streets and lanes of the city, now shrunken to a little town, pedestrians make their way over unpaved walks, for few are so fortunate as to own a private carriage.

As still the pages turn, let us pause at one written over with events of the early years of the nineteenth century, for it is here that our story begins.

\* \* \*

The year was 1813; the month was June. It was June as well in the hearts of two young people whom we see, one a stalwart young man with clear, blue eyes and cheeks tanned to deeper tints than Nature selected, as he stood waiting at the end of a box-bordered walk leading to the street from the residence of a well-to-do citizen of little Portland. Down this walk came tripping the second figure, slim and girlish, in a white gown, scant of skirt and short of waist. The crimson border of the mantle over her shoulders repeated its color in her cheeks, while a fetching little curl of dark hair fell out on either side the round face from within the confines of the twilled, silk bonnet.

One could not wonder that the blue eyes down by the gate watched the winsome figure with undisguised pleasure, and his own face was far from displeasing as he greeted her with,

"Good day to you, Mistress Polly. How uncommonly in luck I am to be passed here at just this minute. And where might you be going, may I ask?"

The white gowned figure courtesied in mock obeisance. "I might ask the same question of you, Master Brian," she returned, "though in truth, you seem in no great haste to be going anywhere."

"As to that," the other began, "the answer to your question might answer mine, as well, for I am minded to walk along with you, an' you do not object."

"Well, then, I am going a-shopping, and that will suit you well, I'm thinking," with a laughing glance from her dark eyes.

"Shopping, is it?" with feigned dismay.

"'Tis so," with a nod, "an' you must know, I am about to go on a journey."

"A journey?" in surprise. "And where, pray?"

"Only up to Portsmouth."

As a matter of fact, Polly Freeman in all her eighteen years, had never been so far from home as Portsmouth, but she referred to it now as to an every day occurrence.

"You have relations there?" the young man inquired.

"An aunt and consins. They think it high time for us to be acquainted."



Fort Scammell, Portland Harbor, as it is Today



Fort Preble, Portland Harbor



"Will you go by land, or water?"

"Mercy sakes! You don't think I'd go by water I hope, with the British likely to capture us at any minute! Oh, no, I go by stage-coach, and the day after tomorrow, if all goes well."

For a little they walked on in silence, then, after several hesitating glances at the girl, the young man spoke.

"You know, Polly,—you recollect—that years ago we—we said we'd be married when we grew up. I've not spoken before, but now—"

Here, however, the girl interrupted. "It surprises me greatly, Brian Oxnard, to know that you remember anything so foolish. I—I had nigh forgot it; for of course, it means nothing now."

"Means nothing—now? Polly, do you think—that?"

The color in the girl's cheeks deepened, but she returned airily,

"Of a truth, why not?"

"But—but Polly," in boyish confusion, "let's forget that then, if it suits you, and begin all over again. Will you?"

Polly lifted her head with a proud little toss but her face was averted as she returned, "They say there be a many fine gallants in Portsmouth town, I cannot promise—anybody—till I've seen a few of them."

Then with another mocking courtesy she turned, and entered the shop where her errand was to be done.

Brian looked after her a moment, a hurt look in his eyes, then with uplifted head, and a new, firm look about his mouth, he went his way.

In due time Polly's little hair trunk, with her initials, P. F., in brass-headed nails, was lifted to the stage coach, and without seeing Brian again, she started on her journey to Portsmouth.

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Meantime, on land and sea the War of 1812 was in progress. Privateers from Portland and other ports were taking prizes in the shape of British brigs, sloops-of-war, and other craft. So while there were many failures among the land troops, and the American seamen were not always victorious, their many important captures caused their gallantry to become a theme of admiration wherever a group of men was found, in the bar-room at Marston's tavern, in the grocery stores, or around the family hearthstone.

Had not Capt. Lawrence on the preceding February, while in command of the sloop-of-war *Hornet*, encountered the British brig *Peacock*, off the coast of Guiana, and in fifteen minutes compelled her to strike her colors? And then all deplored the untimely death of the brave, young officer, Lawrence, who, after returning to the United States and being promoted to commander of the frigate *Chesapeake* then in Boston harbor, had felt it his duty, despite the fact of an ill assorted crew and imperfect equipments, to go out to meet the British frigate *Shannon* which was in the best of condition, and had thereby

received his death wound, but had immortalized himself by his dying injunction to his men,—“Don’t give up the ship.”

Oh, yes, of bravery there was plenty, while Portland was again and again agitated by the danger threatened in seeming reality, or more often in excited fancy, that a British fleet was heading for this port.

The Portland Committee of Safety had received word from the Secretary of the Navy, that the Enterprise with the brig Syren had been ordered here in May “for the protection of the coast in the neighborhood.” The Syren, however, did not show herself, and it was not until the 13th of June that the Enterprise came into the harbor, and soon after this she was ordered to Portsmouth, and her commander, Captain Blakely, sent to the lakes.

Polly Freeman returned from visiting her Portsmouth relations during the last of July, and it was perhaps a week later that she observed casually to her friend, Ruth Ilsley, “By the way, what has become of Brian Oxnard? I haven’t seen him since I came home.”

“No, nor are you likes to,” her friend replied. “He shipped a-board the brig Enterprise when she was here in June.”

“Shipped—in June? Why, it was June when I went away.”

“So ’twas, and ’twas June, too, when the Enterprise come a-sailing into the bay, and pretty soon sailed out again, but, meantime, more than one young man o’ the town had time to join her crew. Besides Brian there’s John Vaughan and Sam Merrill, and—”

But Polly heard no more. She was thinking only of Brian, and the look in his eyes when she saw him last. Supposing it were the last time she was ever to see him!

The days went on and it was the last of August when looking one morning from her window, Polly saw her father in earnest conversation with a neighbor, and as the man went on, she ran down stairs, meeting her father in the long hall running through the house.

“Any news, daddy?” she inquired.

“Well, Sawyer was just telling me that ’tis said the British privateer is making more trouble along the coast.”

“What is she? What has happened?” the girl asked eagerly, as she clasped her hands over her father’s coat sleeve.

“She’s the brig Boxer,” was the answer, “and news comes that on the fourth o’ this month,—a week ago, she captured the schooner Industry o’ Marblehead, and has sailed with her for St. John.”

“Where was the capture made?”

“Down by the mouth o’ the Sheepscot, ’tis said. That Boxer has been pestering of us long enough, to my thinking. ’Tis time we give her some o’ her own medicine.”

“And is there no privateer of our own to go out to meet her?”

It was Mrs. Freeman who thus asked, coming up to where her husband and daughter were standing.

The man turned to her with a shake of his head. "Naught at present, but 'tis hoped a vessel will be ordered here soon."

As he was speaking, little Olive and Robert, Polly's young sister and brother came near, to find what the older ones were saying, but hearing nothing of interest to them, went running off again.

The hope expressed by Freeman was realized; for on the last day of August a brig came into the harbor in search of the troublesome privateer of the British. The first news Polly had of this was on the following day when her friend Ruth came in to see her.

"Have you heard that the Enterprise is in our harbor again?" she asked almost in the same breath as that in which she greeted her.

"The Enterprise—" Polly repeated, "why that—"

"Yes, that's the vessel our boys are aboard, John, and Brian and Sam."

"Will they come ashore, do you think?"

Ruth shook her blond head. "Nobody knows," she declared.

Everybody felt easier to know that a brig for defense was in the harbor, and that this was the Enterprise was satisfactory, too, as Portland boys were among her crew. Since the last visit of this vessel to this port, she had changed commanders, and it was now Captain William Burrows who was in command.

On Saturday morning, the 4th day of September, a fisherman arrived in the harbor, bringing a report which ran through the town like wild fire. With their own eyes they had seen, down by the mouth of the Kennebec, the British privateer Boxer fire upon the American brig Margaretta. All was excitement, indeed little was needed to bring the populace of this, as well as other towns, to the point where they could no longer refrain from some act of retaliation, for, since the capture of the Chesapeake, public opinion could not forgive Captain Broke of the Shannon for drawing out the Chesapeake before she was prepared, and for the consequent death of her commander. As soon, therefore, as the news brought by the fishing vessel became known, the Enterprise prepared for immediate departure in search of the offending Boxer.

The southerly wind was light on this September morning, and being flood tide the brig could not sail out between the forts. Throughout the town there was more or less anxiety and excitement.

"Come, Polly," called Ruth putting her sun-bonneted head in at the Freeman doorway. "Everybody's going to see the Enterprise sail out to meet the foe. Hurry—don't wait for anything."

Polly glanced at her mother, but so far out of the common course of events were affairs moving just now, that Mrs. Freeman merely nodded assent to what at another time she might have considered hardly a proper or becoming thing for her daughter to be allowed to do.

"Where are we going?" Polly asked as the two girls started out.

"Up to the old fort on the hill," Ruth answered.

So up to the green pastures lying around and beyond the Observatory, the girls hastened, by no means the only ones going in the same direction. The Enterprise was sailing again, and this time to battle—and—she had not seen Brian.

Once arrived at the lookout they had chosen, the girls saw the brig already underway, her sails spread, and running down toward Spring Point. Eagerly all watched her till suddenly a man exclaimed:

"Golly! What'd I tell ye? She can't stem the tide!"

It was true as the man had stated; for the Enterprise in changing her course, found herself unable to stem the tide now running full against her. The little crowd waited in wondering suspense when another voice called out:

"Look! Look!"

And look they did, hardly believing what they saw, for as if by magic, every one of the brig's boats dropped into the water full of men, and arranged themselves in a line ahead of the brig, and towed her out until clear of the land. The interested spectators heard the rousing songs of the men, and answered by hearty cheers, while the boats again disappeared, and the Enterprise bore out and away toward Seguin; and to—what?

Polly was not the only one whose sleep that night was disturbed by dreams of cannon shot, and bursting shells, and Sabbath morning found the little town early astir, and thrilling with excitement. That a battle was to take place between the Enterprise and her enemy, the Boxer, none doubted, and at an early hour people began to gather at the Observatory, the highest point in Portland; for from here, the morning being clear, Captain Moody could with his glass sweep the bay as far down as the point of Seguin, and the open water beyond.

Only a few friends were admitted to the tower; the remainder waited below eager for any word which might come to them from Captain Moody, and when the first communication was received, a cheer went up from the anxious crowd, notwithstanding the fact that it was the Sabbath day.

The message which had come was that Captain Moody could see the smoke of the Boxer's challenge-gun, and that of the Enterprise accepting it.

As for Polly Freeman, how she longed to join the crowd up by the Observatory, but she dared not hint such a thing as going, knowing only too well how emphatically it would be denied her by her father and mother. So she sat through the parson's long sermon, though it is to be feared she was little benefitted by the discourse, and even her father started occasionally, and half turned at the sound of something going on in the street outside.

The service ended at last, and it was a relief to be out of doors at least. Going toward home her father said:

"I reckon I'll run up to the hill and see if anything's been heard."

"Oh, father, can I go too?" Polly's eager voice broke in.

Her mother turned to her. "Fie, child," she exclaimed, "why should you go! 'Tis doubtful if they've heard anything, and if they have, your father'll come and tell us."

So again there was nothing but to wait, while out on the Bay a battle was going on, and Brian was there. He might even now be wounded, he might be—but she would not, could not, let her thoughts go beyond that. Surely she would see him again, just once, at least, to tell him that she was but teasing that last day they spoke together; for it did mean something to her, that old promise, and she had been waiting, hoping he might speak of it.

Meantime from the Observatory on the hill there was little to be learned. According to Captain Moody's report, it was several hours before the Enterprise obtained sea-room, and ceased maneuvering for an advantageous position. Believing the battle over, the crowd began to disperse when the keeper of the tower announced that he saw the smoke of guns. The fight had begun, but the engaging brigs were beyond his range of vision.

Through the long night hours, wives, mothers, sisters and sweethearts waited, dreading the news that morning might bring, but eager for the first word to tell of what had taken place out forty miles from the harbor, and too great a distance for the sound of booming guns to reach. Daylight crept over the town and the sparkling bay, and still no news; then, at last from his observation Captain Moody discerned a speck on the horizon,—it grew larger, and then the glorious news spread in a wave of excitement over the waiting town,—he signalled the victorious Enterprise sailing into the harbor and leading her prize under the same flag! Up they came to Union wharf, where all who wished were at liberty to go aboard.

There was great rejoicing throughout the town, people could talk of nothing else, and some who had not spoken together for years, now met and shook hands in mutual congratulations. In the midst of this exultation came the knowledge that the victory had been at the same time a tragedy, for both young commanders had lost their lives, and each wrapped in his own flag knew nothing of the excitement attending their arrival in the harbor.

When Mr. Freeman returned from his visit to the wharf, Polly, a little of the usual bright color gone from her cheeks, met him at the door.

"What—what have you heard?" she asked breathlessly.

"I've heard and seen considerable," he returned with trying deliberation. "The Boxer is pretty well cut up, for a fact, hull and

rigging, and on one side of her I could reach as many as two shot holes wherever I stretched out my arms."

"And is it true that both Captains are killed?" asked Mrs. Freeman.

"Ay, poor fellows, both dead. Captain Blyth o' the Boxer killed instantly, by an eighteen pound shot. Captain Burrows lived eight hours after his hurt, and as nigh as we can make out, the men o' both crews had reason to be proud o' their commanders."

Tears were in the eyes of both mother and daughter, and after a moment's pause, Polly faltered another inquiry.

"The crew—was—was any hurt of them?"

The man nodded. "Ay, though but a few on our side, marvelously few. One, Waters, his name is, from Georgetown near Washington, has a mortal hurt, so they say, and ten or a dozen more or less wounded."

"Any of them from—here?" Polly's lips could hardly form the words.

"Yes, so I hear, but there's so many rumors flying 'round I don't feel certain whether 'tis John, or Brian, or both."

"Brian wounded—more or less seriously." The words seemed to repeat themselves in the girl's ears till she could hear nothing else.

Meantime the whole town was buzzing with excitement and pride in the gallant Enterprise, with lamentations for the dead Captains—one as brave as the other as could but be admitted—and with eager attention to the wounded. Many and varied were the accounts of the battle, and few, perhaps, had a clear idea of just what had taken place out beyond the range of Captain Moody's glass, until the following official account appeared in the Portland Gazette of September 13th, 1813.

#### GALLANT NAVAL ACTION AND VICTORY.

"On Monday last, 6th inst., anchored in this harbor, the U. S. brig Enterprise (late William Burrows, commander), accompanied by H. B. M. Brig Boxer (late Captain Samuel Blyth, commanded), her prize, captured on the 5th inst. after a well fought action of 45 minutes. The following particulars of the engagement are given by the Officers of the Enterprise:

"Sept. 5th, at 5 A.M. light winds from N. N. W. Pemaquid bearing North 8 miles distant, saw a brig at anchor in shore, and made sail on a wind, with the larboard tacks on board. At half past 7. the brig weighed and fired 3 shots at a fishing boat, for the purpose of ascertaining what we were (as we have since learnt). At half past 8 the brig fired a shot as a challenge, and hoisted three English Ensigns, and immediately bore up for us. At 9 we tacked, kept away South and prepared for action. At half past 9 it fell calm, the enemy bearing N. N. W. distant four miles. At half past 11 a

breeze sprung up from S. W. which gave us the weather gauge, we manœuvred to the windward, until 2 P.M. we shortened sail, hoisted 3 ensigns and fired a shot at the enemy. At 3 P.M. tacked and bore up for the enemy, taking him to be one of H. M.'s brigs of the largest size. At quarter past 3, the enemy being within half pistol shot, gave three cheers and commenced the action by firing her starboard broadside, when the action became general. At 20 minutes past 3 P.M. our brave commander fell, and while lying on deck, refused to be carried below, raised his head and requested *that the flag might never be struck*. At half past 3 we ranged ahead of the enemy, fired our stern chaser, rounded to on the starboard tack and raked him with our starboard broadside. At 35 minutes past 3 the enemy's main topmast and topsail came down. We then set the foresail and took a position on his starboard bow and continued to rake him until 45 minutes past 3, when he ceased firing and cried for quarter; saying that as their colors were nailed they could not haul them down.

"We then took possession of the brig which proved to be H. B. M.'s brig, Boxer.

"Sixty-four prisoners were taken, including 17 wounded. The number of the enemy killed cannot be exactly ascertained as many were hove overboard before we took possession, Capt. Blyth being one of the slain who fell in the early part of the action.

"When the sword of the vanquished enemy was presented to the dying conqueror he clasped his hands and said, '*I am satisfied, I die contented.*' And then consented, nor till then would he consent, to be carried below.

"The Enterprise had two men killed and 12 wounded in the action; among the latter were her Commander, who expired on the night following, and midshipman Waters, supposed mortally.

"The brave BURROWS was wounded in the early part of the engagement and command devolved on Lt. M'Call; the result of the action furnishes an eulogium upon the skill and bravery of the officers and crew of the Enterprise, highly honorable to themselves and country.

"The two vessels suffered much in the action, but the injury done to the Boxer was incomparably the greatest, & shows that the fire of the Americans was much superior to that of the English. The Boxer had her main and fore-top mast shot away; her rigging and sails cut to pieces, and received a great deal of damage in her hull."

As to Brian Oxnard, he was indeed, one of the twelve men wounded in action, and inquiry brought out the fact that while not dangerously, he was painfully injured, and would not be able to see his friends for several days at least.

Great preparations were in progress for appropriate services for the two brave young Captains, neither of whom had seen thirty

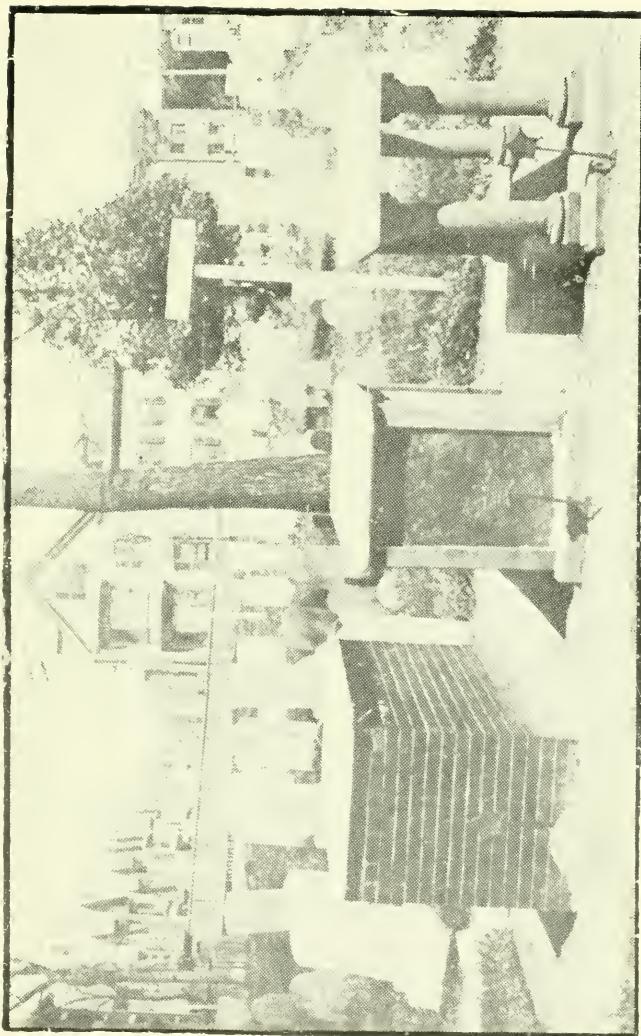
years. Little else was thought or spoken of throughout the town, while from the neighboring towns and villages, people flocked in to see this unusual spectacle, for never before had Portland witnessed so imposing a scene. From early morning the spectators came, on horseback, on foot and often by ox team, while the Portland Gazette gave to all who were not so fortunate as to be present, a graphic account of the last honors paid to these naval heroes, in the following notice:

#### FUNERAL HONORS.

The remains of the intrepid and gallant William Burrows, late commander of the U. S. brig *Enterprise*, and his brave competitor, Samuel Blyth, late commander of His B. M. brig *Boxer*, were buried in this town on Wednesday last, with military and civic honors. The procession was formed in front of the Court-House, at 9 o'clock A.M. under the direction of Robert Ilsley and Levi Cutter, Esq., assisted by twelve Marshals, and proceeded under escort of the Portland Rifle Company, Capt. Shaw's Infantry & Capt. Smith's Mechanic Blues—the whole commanded by Captain Abel Atherton—to the lower end of Union Wharf, where the corpses were landed from each vessel, from barges, rowed at minute strokes, by ship master and mates, accompanied by many other barges and boats. During the approach of the barges from the vessels to the shore, solemn music was performed by a full band, and minute guns were fired alternately from each vessel.

The long procession was formed of State, county and town officers, Military escort, the clergy, Navy agent, and various other organizations, with the remains of the two Captains each followed by its officers as mourners, and its crews, as well as many citizens, and as it slowly wound its way from the wharf to Middle Street, and the Meetinghouse of the Second Parish, great crowds of people lined the streets, gathered on the tops of buildings, or looked from windows and doorways, as the imposing parade passed along. Ware house and shops were closed, bells were tolled and the shipping in the harbor wore their colors at half mast, while, as the Gazette stated, "The highest degree of order prevailed, and solemn silence was kept. The account of the services from the same source of information, was as follows:

"The solemnities of the sanctuary commenced by singing an appropriate Hymn—the Throne of Grace was then addressed by the Rev. Mr. Payson, in a prayer adapted to the melancholy occasion—couched in language to command the attention and affect the feelings of his numerous auditory, and expressive of the feelings and



Graves of the Captains of the Enterprise and Boxer



sentiments of a Christian and Minister of Peace. An Anthem was sung by a full choir, and this part of the solemnities was closed with a Benediction."

Among the throng which gathered near the newly made graves were the five members of the Freeman family, each impressed in his, or her own way by the solemn occasion. The burying ground, old even at this day, was up on the hill not far from the towering Observatory from which the beginning of the battle had been so anxiously watched.

The sunshine of the September day flashed over the lapping waters. A soft haze wrapped the more distant islands of the harbor and mountains on the opposite horizon and the solemn sound of tolling bells and minute guns alone broke the silence, the guns of Forts Preble and Scammel repeating the minute firing of the companies of Artillery. Following the burial six volleys were discharged, three each for the two heroes, the colors were unfurled, music struck up, and gradually the spectators surged away leaving the brave, young commanders, though enemies in life, yet friends in death, and lying side by side in their last resting place, while below, and just away, the sea which had been their battle field, sounds a never ceasing requiem.

\* \* \*

Coming down from the burying ground, Polly, her tear-stained face telling of her emotion, found herself beside Mrs. Oxnard, Brian's mother.

"How beautiful and sad it all was," she began.

The woman nodded, not trusting herself to speak till a moment later she said, "When we think there might have been more than two—up there," with a backward glance, "how thankful we should be—as it is."

"There is like to be a third," Polly returned in a low voice.

"Ay, poor Lieutenant Waters, he cannot live, they say."

"But—Brian?"

"Brian is waiting all eagerness, I know, for me to tell him all I have seen. I would he might have been here, too."

"He is better—I hear."

"Oh, yes, much better."

"Does—is he able to see—his friends?"

The older woman turned, looking into the other's face. "He will be able to see one of his friends about this time tomorrow, I'm thinking," she answered with a smile which deepened the color in Polly's cheeks.

Acting upon this hint, the girl on the following morning found herself at the Oxnards' door. She thought she knew just what she would say first to Brian, but when she saw him sitting so white and

wan, his blue eyes unusually large and wistful, she forgot all the little speech she had prepared, and going toward him with both hands outstretched, she cried:

“Oh, Brian, I didn’t mean it—I do remember—”

A new, eager look came into the white face; he, too, reaches out both hands, and—

But we do not hear his response for Time, the Necromancer who has allowed us this glimpse among his backward pages, abruptly closes the volume, and we may read no more.

*THE GARDEN OF THE EAST: WISCASSET ON  
SHEEPSCOT BAY*



## *The Garden of the East: Wiscasset on Sheepscot Bay*

*By MAUDE CLARK GAY*

**AUTHOR'S NOTE:** In telling this tale of the old town on Sheepscot Bay, I am indebted for the historical data to Miss Josie Blagden of Wiscasset, whose private scrap book of this "Garden of the East," as the early settlers called it, is a veritable wonder box of information; to Bradford C. Redonnett, Register of Deeds for Lincoln County, in whose offices are to be found some of the oldest deeds on record in the United States; and to the late Rufus King Sewall, Historian, who in days long gone related so many interesting stories to the little stranger within his gates. For the romance I am indebted only to the wonderful charm of the ancient town, whose mystery and magic appeal to the very heart, to the sweep of the mist on the meadows, the glittering sheen of the river, the rocks on the island shore, and the flutter of gulls across a sapphire sky.

\* \* \*



STATELY and dignified, with an old-time grace, in the midst of quaint gardens, green terraces and bending trees, Wiscasset looks always down the broad river to the distant sea. Serene in its old age, sweet with a scent of rosemary and rue, the town impresses itself on the visitor, who is interested in ancient people and by-gone days, with a haunting tenderness and charm.

Many and varied are the stories of those who have lived and loved on the shores of the Sheepscot River. The mansions on the winding hill could tell strange tales of a century that is past. Through their deep-set windows and ivy-hung porticoes, aged women and fair maidens have peered anxiously down the bay for return of husband, son and lover, when the name of Wiscasset was a familiar one on the high seas and in the ports of foreign lands. And the crumbling timbers of the old wharves, once the center of the business life of the town, could recall those same women with wide eyes and blanched cheeks, who waited and wept in an agony of suspense, as up the bay sailed many a stately vessel, returning from a year's voyage, with her flag flying at half mast. To-day the rising and falling tides sweep and swirl above those sunken piers of the past and sing a low requiem over the shallow graves in which they rest forever.

The Embargo Act of 1807, which made President Jefferson so unpopular with American merchants by forbidding any American ship to leave an American port, practically put an end to the town's commerce. Even before this act the Wiscasset shipmasters had tried equally hard to keep their distance from either French or English

flags, as they were liable to capture by both warring nations. But this act, passed in reality to punish England for firing upon and capturing the American frigate, "Chesapeake," sealed the doom of the Wiscasset ships. The war of 1812 finished the sad work, and to this day old residents of the town tell of the ruin wrought, and of how Major Carlton of the well-known house on the hill, which had always been the refuge of the homeless and suffering, walked back and forth in his periwig and queue, wringing his hands at sight of forty of his own vessels rotting at the once busy wharves.

But not alone through the perils of the sea did the little hamlet feel the thunderings of war. Wiscasset had been settled by George Davis, the first pioneer, who came there as early as 1670 and made a home in the wilderness. The little settlement numbered a score of families before King Philip, Chief of the Wampanoags, ravaged and laid to waste the fair country-side. Many of the first settlers were driven from their homes and scalped by the Indians; others taken into captivity to drag out a horrible existence, while the remainder abandoned the hamlet and fled in terror. Once more the settlement became a wilderness. This desolation continued for more than half a century, and it was not until 1730 when Robert Hooper, brave and true, with a party of his friends sailed up the Sheepscot River, that the eye of white man again beheld the beauty of the shore. He built the first log hut by the side of a huge boulder on the east side of where Water Street now runs.

Even in those days the settlers were not safe from their savage foe. They were more than once obliged to flee to that fort on Garrison Hill, where the Methodist Church now stands—a fitting memorial to those brave, sturdy, God-fearing pioneers who were the fathers of a noble race. The settlers of the little hamlet knew they were never really safe from the cruel vengeance of their foe. An Englishman named Williamson, a Mr. Adams, James Anderson, and his two sons, were victims at this time of a savage ambuscade. On one occasion the home of Obadiah Albee was attacked by the Indians and his young wife killed. She, with true mother-love, had thrown her young child into the canoe of a passing fisherman who escaped, saving the child's life and his own. The boy grew to manhood, nurturing a bitter hate in his heart for him who had killed his mother. Years after peace was restored the chief of the Abenakis, perpetrator of the foul deed, came to Wiscasset village. Young Albee, who was then seventeen, rushed into the street, raised his rifle and shot the Indian through the heart. So the young mother was avenged. His descendants live in Wiscasset to-day, the former proprietor of the Albee House, E. Fred Albee, being in the direct line of his posterity.

Later, two forts were built, one on Clark's and the other on Seavey's Hill, and just outside the village on a rocky eminence, commanding a view of the beautiful stretch of fertile country, stands an

ancient powder house, which is indeed a reminder of days of warfare and nights of anxious vigil. It is built of brick, circular in shape, with a conical roof, while its sturdy door, studded in every inch by bolt and nail, was built to withstand any attack of hatchets or canon. Back of this powder house, like a sentinel always on guard, stands the lone pine, "last pine of Sweet Auburn," famous in song and story—first glad signal to many a weary sailor returning from a long voyage to foreign lands, that home was near.

\* \* \*

Although British men-of-war visited the river in 1775 and 1777, without doing any harm, a large fort was afterward built on Davis Island, about a mile from the town. This consisted of a block house, water battery and breast works, built on the south side of the island facing the sea. It would seem at first sight that this fort was constructed for defense against the Indians, but this is a fallacy, as it was not even built until 1808, and although it was manned for seven years, no active service was ever required of its defenders. The block house is a most interesting old building, octagonal, overlooking all the surrounding country, stretching away in a wonderful panorama of green and blue and gold,—the white houses of the village, half hidden in clustering foliage, the peaceful slope of the hill, the glittering waters of the harbor, the farther expanse of road and field and meadow, and miles and miles of craggy coast and headland, against which the ocean thunders forever and aye.

In March, 1809, Captain Binney of Hingham, Mass., was assigned to command this fort with a company of regulars. Seventeen guns were fired to welcome the inauguration of President Madison, and as the reverberations echoed along the shores and over the hills to the lonely farms on the outskirts of the village, a delicious sense of peace and security, that they had not known for many a day, came to the people of Wiscasset. Many extracts of public interest may be gathered from Captain Binney's private letters, in one of which he writes:

"Since our arrival here all is well. No want of meat of any kind. Vegetables scarce. No fruit here. My men kill me partridges and squirrels and catch me fish. Fire wood is plenty and potatoes scarce. I reside in Wiscasset, although the fort is on the Edgecomb side of the river, about a mile from the house; the block house not having sufficient quarters I have obtained permission to sleep out of garrison. I have command at mouth of Kennebec River, 26 miles west of Wiscasset and on the Damariscotta, 12 miles east. I occasionally visit these posts. My company has 44 men (more than 20 deserted) and two lieutenants. Among the men is found every character from the whining hypocrite to the professed gambler, many good men and many of the laziest of human beings. I have had to confine men in irons because they would not cook their victuals, though they had nothing to do but cook, sleep, and keep clean."

<sup>1</sup>Archives Maine His. Soc.

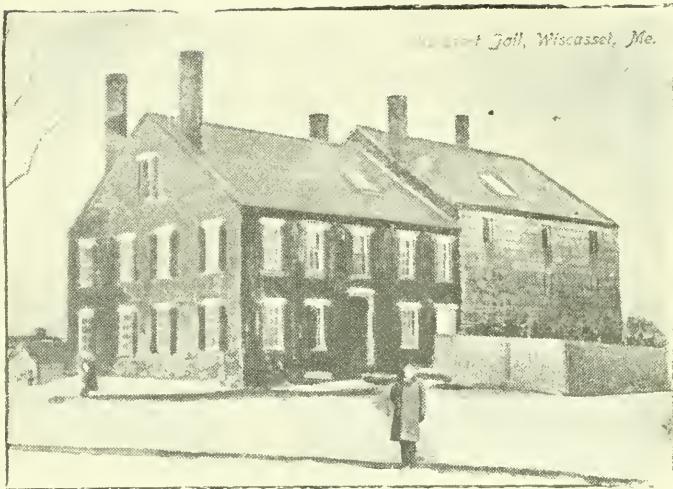
An account is also given of a time when the men of Wiscasset were hastily summoned to assist those at the fort, when it was feared the British would attack the town. One of the men, named Jonas Perkins, who was a great glutton, brought in his knapsack a wonderful supply of cakes, doughnuts, pies, and other good things of life which he devoured without offering a taste to his companions in arms. After a few days in camp his devoted wife sent him another consignment, which proved a great temptation to those comrades whose provisions had not been replenished; but not a morsel would the cruel Jonas give them from out his goodly store. He went apart by himself, and, as the chronicler put it, "ate and ate and ate." Next day there came a report, that seemed well verified, that the British were coming up the river in full force and armed to the teeth. All was commotion. Only Jonas was observed, sitting apart, apparently oblivious to all the excitement, devouring everything from mince pie to caraway cookies with great gusto. When at last it was a physical impossibility to stuff another atom of food inside his stomach, it is said he arose with great difficulty and waddling to where his companions were gathered, he emptied the bag containing the remainder of his carefully hoarded provisions on the ground before them, crying in loud tones, "Eat, feller citizens, eat, eat! Stuff every derned bit of pies and cakes inter yer, fer termorrer we shall all be in eternity!"

In another letter Capt. Binney says, "This town has a meeting-house, and Rev. Dr. Packard, Congregationalist, a very good, still, quiet, peaceable man, preaches rather too much fire and brimstone, is severe in meeting but liberal in company. I am pleased with him. There are many 'Stinchfield' Baptists, some Methodists, some Quakers, and Catholics, with a large number of Nothingarians." In another letter he speaks of Mrs. Binney, his beautiful, young wife and the social life of the town.

"Mrs. Binney is almost daily invited out. The people are polite and genteel. We believe Mrs. Binney has been to more tea parties since she has been here than for some years in Boston, for in that respect Wiscasset has the prevailing fashion of Hingham."

This lovely, young woman, who so well adorned her position in society, fell a victim to the terrible fever plague, which claimed as its prey so many prominent citizens of Wiscasset in 1812. During its prevalence nearly every store in the town was closed, and it is related that for over a month a vapor or deep fog obscured the sun here, although it shone brightly in the adjoining towns. Night after night blazing tar barrels disinfected the air, and the spectre of death and despair spread its ghostly arms over the fair village.

Although Capt. Binney, his beautiful, young wife, and the men of his command sailed forth on the sea of eternity a century ago, the old fort and its primitive block house still stand, a pathetic reminder of ancient days, set in the midst of civilization that has swept on and



Old Wiscasset Jail



Samuel Sewall  
From an Old Painting



The Old Powder House  
(Built in 1813)



left it anchored in a quiet harbor of old age. Moss creeps over its once frowning walls, green grass covers its brick fortifications, and its sightless eyes watch down the river and over the country-side for an enemy long since dead. Rufus King Sewall loved to tell of the days when as a lad he played in the underground passageways leading from the water battery to the block house, constructed for use in case of dire need. The massive timbers of the gun deck, the heavy, nail-spiked door, the shields that close the port holes, the water battery still in a state of excellent preservation, and the strength of the inner breast works, all show it was built for defense of hearth, home and native land.

\* \* \*

Next in order of interest, perhaps, to one who treads the aisles of the past, is the old court house on the hill. This building with its classic portico, shaded by drooping elms, was erected in 1824. It replaced the court house and jail of logs, which had formerly been situated in Dresden and was patterned like the places of justice built long ago in England. It cannot but appeal to the heart of one who is interested in the great men of the past, for in that upper court room the voice of Daniel Webster was once heard pleading for justice and mercy. Here spoke Benjamin F. Butler, whose gift of oratory was known and praised from coast to coast. The light through those narrow-paned windows shone on Chief Justice Sewall's noble head, as through many a weary day he gave the best of heart and brain to the questions that lay before him. To his admirers the chair and table where he sat will ever be a reminder of the days when he lived and moved among them. Here he died while holding court, in harness to the last, and here, too, he was buried, although afterward his body was removed and deposited in his family tomb at Marblehead, Massachusetts.

On one side of the pillar, marking the spot of his former resting place is the following inscription :

“Erected by the members of the bar practicing in the Supreme Judicial Court of this Commonwealth to express their veneration for the character of the Hon. Samuel Sewall, late Chief Justice of said Court, who died suddenly in this place on the 8th day of June, 1814, aged 56.”

In the old burying ground lie other men of more than local reputation. Among these is the Hon. Silas Lee, a prominent lawyer, who had also a military record of note. He died of that terrible plague that ravaged the town in 1814. A large block of lettered granite marks his last resting place. A small engraving of him hangs upon the walls of the Maine Historical Society rooms in Portland, showing plainly his ruffled shirt bosom, profuse head of hair and prominent nose. The court records are replete with his name, he being

an authority in those days on both legal and military matters, "quick in argument, terrible in sarcasm, powerful in eloquence."

Here, too, lies another lawyer, Manasseh Smith, Sr., who had been chaplain in the Revolutionary army and clerk in the Supreme Judicial Court of Massachusetts. He settled here in 1788 for the practise of law and, as his tombstone reads "declined public offices and devoted himself to the duties of his profession, the happiness of his family and the offices of piety." Near the graves of these jurists is the humble headstone of Ezekiel Averill, who was one of Washington's body guard. He died in 1850 at the age of ninety-five years.

In the old court house men prominent in the affairs of State and nation have been familiar figures. Besides Judge Lee there were the Judges Bailey, Orchard Cooke, the Hon. J. D. MacCrate, Hon. Samuel E. Smith who was once governor of Maine, and Hon. Abiel Wood who had represented his district so brilliantly in Congress. The walls have echoed to the eloquent pleas and the clash of opposing counsel; they have looked on the freed prisoner weeping tears of joy and seen the condemned criminal go out to meet the answer to life's eternal question. In that bare, little room at the left of the judge's bench many jurors have decided on many fates in the last century; but not a word do the gray walls tell of the heated arguments, the sympathetic pleas, the casting of the die that oftentimes meant "an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth," and a life for a life.

In the vaults of the offices below are to be found old deeds, rich in historical information, showing how land was purchased of the Indians for a bushel or two of barley, a few pounds of meal, skins of animals, or what seemed more important in many cases, skins of wine. These documents, curious in name and wording, are signed by famous Indian Sagamores; names all too familiar when history was in the making. One of them, said to be the oldest deed on record in the whole country, is signed by that same Samoset who greeted the Pilgrims on their arrival at Plymouth. It is dated July 2, 1620, and sells land which would now extend over New Harbor, Bremen, Bristol, east as far as Nobleboro and north as far as Jefferson, for fifty skins. Selling indeed a birthright for a mess of potage! It is after reading such documents as these that the thoughtful mind must pause and wonder if the red men were not, indeed, more sinned against than sinning.

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By the side of the courthouse, so close that one reaching from the windows could almost touch the old Paul Revere bell in the steeple, stands the Congregational Church, a large, white building with a Grecian front, which has the characteristic New England look of dignity combined with grace. The town voted in 1765 to build a meeting-house for public worship; after several years the tower was added, and within it was hung the bell cast by Paul Revere & Sons,

Boston. Here, too, swinging to every breeze, as it swings to-day, the famous weathervane is also a product of the foundry of that man who watched for the lights in the old North Church in that history-making night in 1775.

Rev. Thomas Moore, an Armenian, was the first preacher, and by no means a powerful nor a popular one. He preached, however, until 1791, and it is owing to his negligence that through those years no record of marriages, births or deaths was left to posterity. The dwelling house of this first minister was situated on what is now known as the Langdon Road. The cellar of the house is still to be seen, and in a small field on the opposite side of the road is his well. This minister married a daughter of Col. Kingsbury, who built what is now the oldest two-story house in town, standing at the corner of Washington and Federal Streets.

Many a touching scene has been enacted within the precincts of the stately, old meeting-house. Here was read that famous document signed by the representatives of the people in 1776, and ordered by Congress to be read from every pulpit in the land; thither came that slow and solemn procession on the first day of January, 1800, mourning the loss of George Washington, "the nation's best loved son"; here were held the various public meetings in the vital interests of the community; here the people of Wiscasset have been married and from here they have been buried; here preached the courtly and polished Bradford of Pilgrim ancestry, the grave and reverend Dr. Packard, the learned Hooker, the energetic White and Mather, and their successors, a long line of distinguished and beloved men, from whose lives linger fragrant traditions.

In its original state the meeting-house was said to resemble the ancient meeting-houses of Alna, Walpole and Waldoboro, with their high, old pulpits, quaint sounding boards and double row of box seats. This old meeting-house was torn down in 1840 and a new church edifice erected on the same site. This was consumed by fire in 1907 and the Revere Bell, which had done duty for more than half a century, crashed to earth. The fragments were recovered to be recast and hung in the belfry of the present building, a fac-simile of the former church, erected in 1909. In excavating among the ruins of the foundations of the second church building a bottle was found which contained a message written by one who for nearly half a century had been dust in the old church yard. It was dated Wiscasset, July 2, A.D. 1839, written in quaint hand, and read as follows:

Greeting: This bottle with its contents was deposited this day in the N. E. corner of the foundation of the new church belonging to the first parish & contains two newspapers, this note & the pen with which it was written. In a south-west direction 5 (five) feet distant from this bottle is another containing fruit which was gathered and deposited yesterday (July 1st) by me."

The writer goes on to tell of the inhabitants of the town which then "numbered 3000 people with 3 Meeting Houses, 1 Court House, Town House, 1 Bank, Poor House & Jail, 5 Ships, 1 Barque, and about 15 Brigs & Schooners, 2 Steam Mills & 1 Foundry." After speaking of the political and international happenings in the world, he closes with the following remarks:

"The astonishing changes that have taken place within a century, yea, within even my own recollection, have induced me to make these few remarks, to call your attention to the difference between your time and this present one. It is a solemn thought that I write to a generation yet unborn: that when your eyes see this, mine will be closed forever; the heart that now beats will then be still; the hand that now writes will be turned to dust; the mind that now animates this perishable frame will have gone to God who gave it, & naught will remain but this scroll, perchance, to tell that I have lived and died. There is truly much food for reflection here. God bless you all. Farewell.

Alexander Johnston, Jr.

Born Dec. 20, 1815 Aet. 23 yrs. 6 Mo.

Thus reads the message from one who, for more than three score years, lived within sound of the old bell, and it comes to us from out the past with a weird reminder that

"There was the door to which I found no key;  
There was the veil through which I could not see:  
Some little talk awhile of Me and Thee  
There was—and then no more of Thee and Me."

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Beyond the church, along the elm-embowered way, stand the old aristocrats of the town, the ancient mansions, each set in the midst of spacious lawns steeped in the romance, life and breath of a past century. Here is the "Governor Smith House," built by the Judge Silas Lee, of whom we have previously written. It is a spacious, old mansion, colonial in style, built of bricks and painted white. Hon. Samuel E. Smith, who was governor of Maine in 1831-2-3, occupied this house for many years. It was Governor Smith's younger son who married a sister of Blanche Willis Howard, the well-known writer, and it was in this old mansion that Miss Howard received the inspiration that gave her charming novel "One Summer" to the world. It is known to-day as the "One Summer House," and is indeed a fit home for genius and a perfect type of the old-time New England mansion. Miss Howard depicted this house as the boarding place of her beautiful heroine. From its windows she saw the sweeping elms, the green slope of the common, the old sun dial that figured in her story, and beyond the long bridge a glimpse of "Folly Island," and the hills with the sunset on their heights.

Judge Lee was not satisfied with the size of this house and afterward built the one now known as the "Tucker Mansion," a beautiful residence, standing on a hill commanding a wonderful panorama of the river and broad bay. Even in this day, erected over a century ago, both the exterior with its fine architecture and the interior with its huge, old rooms, broad halls, and galleries above, is worthy the notice of a modern architect. The house has been the home of the family of the late Capt. R. H. Tucker for many years. This family is gifted, numbering among its members Patience Stapleton, better known as "Pat Tucker," who has written many interesting stories of Colorado and Maine.

On this street, also, is the stately, old Carlton House, built and owned by Major Carlton, who was ruined by the Embargo Act of 1812. This house, once occupied by this grand gentleman of the old school, has many picturesque features, among them shade trees brought from Norway, Japan and other parts of the world. The Patterson family, who now own this house, make every effort to preserve it as it was in the old Major's life time. This spirit of loyalty to the traditions of the past seems to be characteristic of the people of Wiscasset, and to it is due much of the atmosphere of charm that pervades the historical, old place.

Further along the street is the Wood House, built by Hon. Abiel Wood, a son of Gen. Abiel Wood who, by the record on his tombstone, "resigned all sublunary honors Aug. 11, 1811." This mansion, owned by the wealthy ship-owner and West Indian merchant, has the honor of having been for a time the home of Sally Sayward Barsel, the first writer of fiction in Maine.

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At the corner of Federal and Main Streets, opposite the residence of ex-Mayor Sortwell, is the cellar, now transformed into a beautiful sunken garden, of the old inn of stage-coach days. Here in about the year 1768 Ebenezer Whittier erected what was known as the Whittier Tavern, a rambling, old house of many rooms. The well-known Hilton House afterward stood on this very spot, although the old tavern was twenty feet longer and extended more to the eastward. Much of the history of this famous old tavern is buried forever in the past. Ebenezer Whittier was a man of good repute, a respected citizen, "a moving spirit in both town and parish affairs." He represented this town in the General Court of Massachusetts in 1787. He was also the first postmaster of Wiscasset, where the second post office duly authorized by the Federal Government was established in Maine in 1790.

At this old tavern the early post-riders, John Smith Foye and Samuel Sevey, both Wiscasset men, stopped their tired horses in their weekly trips between Portland and Warren; here the judges met their clients; here trials were heard; here town meetings were

held; here the tide of village life ebbed and flowed, and here in later days before the railroad was built, the stage-coaches swept down the old turnpike and drew up at the hospitable door. It is interesting to trace the route of that olden time. After the passengers had eaten and fresh horses had been secured, the driver swung himself up on the high seat, gathered up his reins, snapped his whip and drove down the hill over the long bridge, up a short, sharp rise and turned into a road that has long been in disuse with underbrush and grass growing thick where the hurrying horses once trod. Only the border of lofty pines, in the tallest of which an eagle once made its home, remains to tell of the days when the coach with merry whistle and cheery halloo dashed down a path now carpeted thick with mossy turf.

Some of the men who once handled whip and line are not forgotten by this generation. Tom Ingraham, hero of a poem written in 1868, entitled, "Tom Ingraham's Ride," is remembered as one of the best and kindest-hearted of men. John Marshall, who drove over the route from 1850 to 1871, but recently died in Portland, and Supt. White of the old Knox and Lincoln, whose genial face was known from end to end of the Pine Tree State, also drove many times on top of the old stage coach over the picturesque turnpike road.

The old inn echoed to the cheerful sound of voices, the merry laughter and the happy greeting of many guests who have since gone down the long trail. To this tavern came the soldiers after the trying days of the Civil War, most of them returning home mere shadows of the men who had gone forth full of courage and faith. A touching incident is related of a party of these brave men seated around the old tavern fire-place, telling tales of the harrowing years now past. One of them, who belonged in a neighboring town, a youth of twenty-four or twenty-five, who, even with his extreme pallor and emaciation showed traces of remarkable comeliness and grace, suddenly lifted his head from the thoughtful position in which he had sat during the recital of his comrades.

"Boys," he said, "your stories are interesting and many of them strange, but none more strange than mine. When I reach home tomorrow it will be as one returned from the dead. They reported me missing on the battlefield. For months I lay in a hospital—ill with brain fever. I have just recovered my memory and my life. They think me dead back home, boys. I have just been sitting here thinking—thinking—till I can see but one thing, boys, and that the old farm—back there—the apple trees—the kitchen door—and my mother's face when she sees me, boys, hers—and—and—"

He paused, and those listening knew that back at home there was some one else very near and dear whom the young soldier would be glad to meet under the apple trees on the morrow. At this moment a heavy coach rumbled up to the door. From its liveried driver and

richly decorated horses one saw at once it was a carriage belonging to a person of wealth and position. The liveried footman alighted and threw open the door, and down stepped a pompous gentleman, clad in heavy broadcloth, whose white hair and noble bearing easily distinguished him as a personage of high position. He assisted a lovely young girl to alight, and those watching saw by his tender solicitude the position of the two.

“My word for it, it’s a bridal couple!” exclaimed one of the soldiers by the window.

“Oh, yes, that’s Squire I—and his new wife from down Rockland way. They ain’t been married but a day or two. They’re probably on their way to Portland or Boston.”

As the young bride, coming up the walk, threw back her veil, the sweetness of her face appealed to all; but the drawn curves of the young lips, the sad droop of her brown eyes, showed that the path of wealth was not always a path of roses. As she drew nearer a terrible cry smote the air. The young soldier, who had not risen at first, had been attracted by the exclamations of his companions at the window and had come up behind them.

“Lucille! My God!” he cried, and again, “Lucille!”

At the sound of that voice, from the grave as it seemed to her startled ear, the young bride fairly flew down the piggageway and into the room. Such a meeting! The old frequenters of the tavern told the tale for years. Such a return from the dead! So young, so loving, and between them forever a barrier of law and gold. One by one the men withdrew and left the three together—that pitiful, eternal triangle, which has existed for centuries and will exist until time has ceased to be.

No one ever knew what happened in that room, for the ancient andirons and the fire on the hearth told no tales, nor has an echo of it come to us down the years, but in the morning the bridal couple went their way, and the young soldier his—apart forever. Perhaps the gold and the mansion were fairer to the girlish eyes than love in a cottage, perhaps she was like the poor Scotch lassie in the song and “Auld Robin Gray” was a “gude mon” to her. Nothing was heard of the young soldier after his departure to his home. His mother may have consoled him for his loss; perhaps he found another and a truer sweetheart under the old apple trees. Years afterward one of the frequenters of the tavern told of seeing Mrs. I—at some great public banquet in the city where she then resided, and he said her eyes had in them the look of one to whom sorrow is ever her closest companion, and that the jewels, with which she was adorned, were not harder than her still, cold face.

It will leave a happier memory in our minds if we think the young soldier married and was happy during the years in which his former sweetheart fretted in her golden cage, for one always recalls the

words of the philosopher, "Men have died and worms have eaten them, but not for love."

In direct denial of this accepted statement we remember an ancient, broken headstone half buried from sight on the land of Hon. Silas Lee, and read of another lover who once lived in the old tavern and met his death through love. This was the youngest son of the proprietor, handsome James Whittier, who had proved more fascinating to young Elizabeth Lee, a niece of the judge, than her many suitors in Massachusetts. She had met him on one of her visits in summer to the lovely, old town, and the elm-embowered streets, the long bridge, the sparkling waters of the harbor, had witnessed a beautiful romance until in time Wiscasset became indeed to her the end of her world. Here she contracted diphtheria which was raging at that time, and died on the fourteenth of February, 1795, calling her lover's name to the last. The broken headstone tells the remainder of the piteous story and shows once more to a cynical, old world that "the mind has a thousand eyes and the heart but one, but the light of a whole life dies when love is done."

This follows the inscription over James Whittier's burial place, an inscription that will linger long in the memory of those who pause to read its touching story:

Mr. James Whittier  
son  
Capt. Eben<sup>R</sup> Whittier & Eliz<sup>H</sup> his wife  
who died Apr. 17, 1798  
of a Consumption on a passage to the West Indies  
Act 25

The disease which terminated his life originated in the death of his fair and betrothed friend who lies interred near this monument.

In life they loved; in death they are not divided.

\* \* \*

It is difficult to say why the story of Rosalind Clough and the old house on Squam Island has been reserved for the end of this tale. Perhaps for the same reason that the wise hostess saves the rarest bits for the dessert that follows the dinner.

"I cannot tell how the truth may be;  
I say the tale as 'twas said to me."

Few of the visitors to the old town of Wiscasset realize that just across the bridge, in full view of the train, stands a two-storied, Colonial mansion with tall elms shading its narrow-paned windows, which is made famous and sacred for all time by a breath of the presence of ill-fated Marie Antoinette. Marie Antoinette! Is it



The Marie Antoinette House



not a name to conjure with? What marvellous visions it evokes! Before the mind's eye drifts a series of pictures at the very name. Marie Antoinette, haughty, wondrously fair, every inch a queen; Marie Antoinette in her sweet matronhood, loving wife and fond mother in the stately old palace at Versailles; Marie Antoinette facing that blood-thirsty mob in the Tuilleries, calm with the calmness of utter despair; Marie Antoinette in those last, sad chapters, bereft of all that life held dear, standing in the dread shadow of the guillotine, always a beautiful, pathetic figure, a royal, noble woman to the end.

Nearly one hundred and fifty years ago the old house, now standing in North Edgecomb, was built on what is now known as Westport, then called by the Indians Squam Island, directly opposite Wiscasset. It stood on the northern extremity of the island near the alleged "salt works" which the French government had established there for the real purpose of watching the progress of the American Revolution. Below the house and beyond the quarries still remain ruins of the old batteries of Fort McDonough, where the battle of Bulwark was fought in 1812. From this island also could be heard the thunder of the guns of that famous naval battle between the "Enterprise" and "Boxer" near Pemaquid.

The old stone house was built in the year 1744 for Capt. Joseph Decker, a wealthy shipmaster and owner, who occupied Squam Point, the site of an old Indian trade station. In the days of Decker this was one of the cells of which Wiscasset Point was a "commercial bee hive" and Capt. Decker was one of the chief factors. This site had ware-houses, timber booms, and wharves adapted to an extensive trade with the West Indies. After the death of Decker, Capt. Samuel Clough, who had won his handsome daughter for a bride, took possession of the old house on Squam Island and continued the European business in the export of lumber from Wiscasset. Happy were the times and gay the feasting and mirth in the old mansion when the young captain sailed home from foreign ports with his great cargoes of merchandise.

Even yet old sea captains tell the story and the writer first heard it with all its mystic glamour, related by the late Hon. Rufus King Sewall, better known as "The Lincoln County Historian," that kindly, gracious gentleman, who was as courteous to the awkward school-girl stranger as he would have been to any of the judges, lawyers, and men of letters who lingered by his hospitable hearth. There in the twilight of his quaint, old house in Wiscasset, with his dark walls hung with the trophies of olden days, with the brass candlesticks on the mantel, and the slow fire burning between the ancient andirons, it seemed a tale of truth and one well worth the hearing.

Little did the people of the quiet little hamlet of Wiscasset or those on the picturesque island across the river realize the despotism,

recklessness and profligacy that were tearing the fair heart of France to its inmost stronghold. The people came and went about their tasks; the curfew bell pealed out as calmly across the water as if there were no stormy revolution, no blood-curdling Reign of Terror in the world. Perhaps Capt. Samuel Clough knew better than any of these peaceful country folk what agony and desolation were abroad in the land. For many years he had voyaged to France and his name was well known along the quays of Havre and in the big merchant-houses of Paris as that of a man of honor, whose word was as good as gold, one who could be trusted in all places and at all times—a true American.

Often in the quiet evenings of early fall or when the snow fell softly about the mansion, he would tell singular tales as his family gathered about the cheery blaze. There were tales of the weakling king, who had ruled with haughty, extravagant hand over beautiful France and who had been torn from his throne and thrust into prison as a reward for his wickedness; tales of the infamous Duke of Orleans, who was proving himself a traitor to his king and to his country; of the wicked, reckless leaders of the National Convention, Robespierre, Danton, and Marat, whose names have since become synonymous with all that is vile, traitorous and dishonorable in the history of man. But there was one story that wife and children would draw closer to hear, for Capt. Clough's voice would grow gentler in tone and linger with a sort of pathetic cadence whenever he spoke the name of the beautiful, ill-fated Queen of the French,—Marie Antoinette.

Capt. Clough had been in France that fatal July day in 1789, when the smouldering fury of the Paris mob had burst into flame, and, urged to insurrection, had stormed on the old Bastile and captured the prison. Then the excited populace, swearing, howling, cursing, fighting, had swept down the green road and compelled the king and royal family to return to Paris. Amid all the horror of the events which caught the breath of his listeners and held their eager attention, one beautiful, tragic figure stood forth in an aureole of light. Although Capt. Clough would breathe scornful words of the weakling king and his treacherous counsellors, neither wife nor children ever heard a word of censure from his lips for the Queen of France. So, whereas her name was spoken by others with bitterness, deriding her costly tastes, her wilful moods and her reckless extravagances, many historians even averring that she was the direct cause of the French Revolution, Capt. Clough's household grew to look upon her with a reverence that amounted almost to awe, spoke of her in tones of tenderness and pity, and carried always in their hearts the vision of that gracious, queenly woman, wife, mother and saint.

During the terrible summer of 1792 Capt. Clough was again in France. He saw the Parisian mob burst all bonds, storm upon the palace of the Tuileries, massacre the brave Swiss guards who defended it and thrust the whole royal family into prison. Before he reached his quiet Maine home, for passage was slow in those days, France was declared a republic. When he again set foot in the streets of Paris they had literally flowed red with blood, and Louis XVI. had met the fate of the guillotine. His letters home tore the hearts of his readers, for through his friendship with some loyalists he had become familiar with their private affairs and the pitiful suffering through which the royal family had passed was depicted in harrowing detail. The incident that touched the hearts of Madam Clough and her daughter most keenly, was that the luxuriant tresses of Marie Antoinette had turned snow-white in a single night.

In the fall of 1793 Capt. Clough was expected home from France. When he did not return at the time appointed, his family became alarmed, knowing as they did of the turbulent times in the French nation and of how little worth was the life of any one who sympathized with the royal cause. Robespierre and Danton were then conducting the Reign of Terror and Capt. Clough had written of how hundreds were hurried to the guillotine at the dawn of each new day. Many and many a time in those anxious weeks Madam Clough left her household duties to gaze from the topmost window of the mansion, watching the peaceful river for the ship that did not come. Many and many a time Richard, the stalwart son, paced the long beach toward the furthest part of the island, scanning the ocean for the vessel which bore his loved father. Perhaps to Rosalind, the fair young daughter, came the greatest burden of anxious sorrow, for she was the idol of her brave father's heart and she had always been his closest companion when he was at home from sea.

The mother was a dignified, matronly woman loving her children in her own quiet way, but the father, clever sailor and business man that he was, had the mystic nature of a student and dreamer and his daughter had inherited much of his disposition. There was thus a strong chain of sympathy between them, a sort of mental telepathy, as it would be called in these days, which bound them to each other with a bond that distance could not break. Sometimes Rosalind would say at the breakfast table, "I shall hear from my father to-day," and in almost every instance the letter would arrive before night-fall. Occasionally she would cry out anxiously, "I am afraid my father is ill," and the next word received from him would tell of some indisposition. Neither tried to explain this strange sympathy, for it had existed so long it had become a part of their every-day lives. Naturally this time of suspense bore on Rosalind with an iron hand and crushed all joy out of her young heart.

Ships came and ships went, and still Capt. Clough did not return, and the feet of the women grew heavier at their household tasks and Richard Clough went about his duties with a saddened faee. At last a letter came to the uneasy watchers, a letter that brought consolation when it assured them of the safety of their dear one, but telling a strange tale of the happenings across the water, one that made the hearts of the readers beat more quickly and brought tears of sympathy to their eyes. Capt. Clough wrote of the thousands who had been executed, of the relentless hounding of sympathizers by Robespierre, of how a word or a whisper in the morning had sent many an innocent man to his death before night, how all day the death carts rattled through the streets, as Robespierre from an upper window watched "the cursed aristocrats" and mocked at their pain; and of how it was rumored that she, the noble, the royal woman, must meet the fate of her murdered husband.

"There is a plot afoot," wrote Capt. Clough, "to rescue the queen from the death met by her husband and hundreds of their friends and sympathizers. I scarce dare think, much less write it to you, my dear ones, for each day I see men hurried to the guillotine without even a prayer for less than this. But that you may be prepared in some measure for what may follow, I will write briefly concerning our hazardous undertaking. Friends of the unhappy queen have spoken in private to friends of mine and they in turn to me. My ship lies in the port at any moment ready for sailing. I await the word. Methinks I need say no more, my loved ones, as I write in haste and with a troubled heart. Well, you know my sympathy has always been with her, even though I am an American-born citizen, and in America we know no king but God. My wife, prepare you the house, not as for a royal guest, but I say to you and Rosalind, child of my love, prepare you your hearts to receive a broken-hearted woman. Wait and watch and pray, my dear ones, for me and for her gracious and deeply-wronged majesty, Marie Antoinette."

What wonder that there was stir and excitement in the great house on Squam Island! What wonder that every nook and corner was cleaned and polished and cleaned and polished again! The nights might have seen bitter tears and agonized prayers for husband and father, but the days knew only quick hands and active feet, cheerful faees and busy tongues. At last all was in readiness. The house shone in beauty of freshly seoured paint and glittering windows. The chamber prepared for that strange guest was immaculate with its fresh linen and newly-laundered curtains.

"Searee a fit placee for a queen to lay her head," observed Madam Clough, as she scanned the room for a bit of dust or disorder.

The daughter came softly behind her.

"Prepare you not your house as for a royal guest," she quoted gently, "prepare you your hearts to receive a broken-hearted woman."



Rosalind Clough at the Age of 19 Years  
From an Old Daguerreotype



Mother and daughter looked for a moment into each other's eyes and burst into tears.

\* \* \*

Days came and days went and through the red and gold of the autumnal foliage was felt the breath of approaching winter; but still no further message came to the watchers on Squam Island. Over and over again the house was prepared for its expected guest. The brightest fires roared their cheeriest welcome; the larder groaned with its goodly store. Never for one moment did the little family relax their vigil nor lose their hope, although the gray threads came swiftly in Madam Clough's dark hair and Rosalind's heavy eyes told of nights of sleepless watching. On the son and brother the waiting seemed to press its heaviest burden. Perhaps because he was alone so much at his out-of-door tasks, and could not share the companionship of the women, perhaps because man was not made to bear what woman can nor to wait as woman can wait.

One night in late October, one of those wonderful nights that only October can bring, the three sat around the huge fireplace, listening to the wind sighing down the big, old chimney, talking in low tones and dropping into long silences. Madam Clough, who never allowed herself a moment's idleness, was busily knitting. Rosalind sat with her head against her mother's knee, her eyes fixed dreamily on the dancing flames. Richard had thrown himself on the old-fashioned settle. He had just come in from the stables and was cold and shivering as he drew closer to the welcome warmth. Each of them had felt all day a subdued excitement, a sort of superstitious thrill, a creeping dread of what they knew not and would not have voiced had they known. A vague unrest was in each mind, an uneasy, listening, quivering waiting that stirred alike mother, daughter, and son. Still they did not speak of this to each other, nor realize what the others felt, for the father's name seldom came to their lips these days. Their hearts were too full for speech.

Suddenly Rosalind rose and went out into the hall. They heard her swift, light footsteps on the bare floor, then the clang of the outer door. Neither asked where she had gone. By some tender intuition both knew. It was not the first time Rosalind had gone out into deepening twilight to scan with beating heart the river for the vessel that did not come. And the hearts of the two followed her and prayed that her vigil might not be in vain.

Rosalind Clough paused a moment on the broad steps of the mansion. She was a demure, little figure with wide brown eyes, the white cap on her dark curls giving her countenance an almost Puritanical severity. There was something very sweet and winsome about the face, although the mouth was drawn with grave lines of anxiety that aged her far beyond her years. Before her in the fast-deepening twilight lay the broad expanse of water, quivering a little at its west-

ern verge with flashes of crimson and gold. One by one candle lights twinkled forth in the houses of the hamlet across the river, and high above her on the white edge of the last cloud that was resisting the advance of Night, glimmered the first great star. It was the hour when Capt. Clough loved to draw his daughter's arm through his own and lead her down the long path to the shore. As she followed that path now she was lifted out of herself. The eares, the anxiety, the sorrow of the past few weeks fell from her like a cloak and she lived again the hours when they had paced the beach together, when he had taught her the lore of the waters and of the heavens and led her with him along a pathway of stars. She loved to think at such times that Mars shone as redly for him so far away on the high seas as it did for her; that he, too, could see Vega's blue snow, Vénus's golden beauty, and the twinkling, shimmering swarm of the Pleiades; that all the marvelous panorama of the heavens, of which he had taught, hovered over them, linking them with a mystic chain as she thought of him and he of her under a foreign sky.

What follows may be only a legend. Those, who in these matter-of-fact days laugh at the supernatural, will call it a fairy story or a dream, but those who are interested in psychology, who admit the mighty control of mind over matter, will find food for reflection on what is chronicled here. Told, as the writer heard it, in a quaint, old, darkened room with dim shadows lighted only by a smouldering wood-fire it would indeed grip the listener with a surge of shuddering awe.

Rosalind Clough paced back and forth on the beach as she had so many times on so many nights. The dampness of the wind smote her face with the memory of an hour that was gone; the fascination of the night was upon her; her very soul was stirred. The last glow from the dying sun faded leaving the sky as gray as the cloud in her heart. Even as she turned to gaze seaward, the darkness had descended, blotting even the horizon from view. The girl stood staring into the blackness, her heart suddenly full of rebellion that another day had ended without her father's return.

And then the vision came to her. Earth and sea and sky in the pulse of a heart-beat seemed to flash before her with a great light. Every tree, every bush on the opposite shore, every bend in the river burst plainly on her view. The great glare pierced and tore the dusk like a flash of lightning. She closed her eyes, opened them again, stared like one in a dream. On the broad current of the stream she beheld the masts, the deck, and hull of a vessel, and although it was like a barque of silver on a water of crystal, she knew it was her father's own ship illuminated with a strange and wonderful brightness as it gleamed before her startled gaze. She saw the busy sailors, the captain on the deck, even beheld him throw back his head in the old familiar way, saw and recognized every detail of sail and mast and spar.

And then she saw Her—the Woman. She was floating rather than walking upon that silvered deck, a magnificent creature, beautiful in countenance and form, tall, richly gowned, with powdered hair and regal carriage and with a face that held one spellbound, so filled was it with youth and grace. Rosalind saw her stretch out her hands with a sudden, beseeching gesture as if pleading for release, then raise her eyes to Heaven with a wonderful look of peace. The girl strove to move, to speak, but could make neither motion nor sound. Even as she struggled with the awful torpor that benumbed her, the brightness suddenly faded, there was darkness again over island and sea, and the vision was gone.

Half an hour later Madam Clough and her son were roused from their sad musings by the swift sound of light steps in the outer hall. The door was flung open to admit Rosalind looking like a wraith of the night with her dishevelled hair blown about her wide eyes and pallid face.

“Mother! Mother!” she cried in a voice of piercing sweetness. “My father is well. He will return. But she—she—Marie Antoinette—is dead!”

\* \* \*

Winter had cast its dark pall over the earth before Captain Clough sailed up the river to his home on Squam Island, and he brought beautifully carved furniture, draperies of velvet and silk, magnificent paper hangings and even costly gowns of rich brocade, which the friends of Marie Antoinette had placed on board his vessel in the far-away French waters that their loved queen might have fitting surroundings in the exile to which they had planned to send her across the seas. And he told of the discovery of the plot on the eve of its consummation, how the message, concealed and sent in a bouquet to the queen, was confiscated by her jailors, of how she had been hastened to her execution, of the imprisonment of her true and faithful friends, of his own hairbreadth escape, and of how, even as he fled, he heard the blood-curdling shouts of the mob, as it stormed through the narrow streets bearing Marie Antoinette to her untimely doom. And most remarkable coincidence of all, the night that Rosalind Clough had seen the strange vision was the night of Oct. 16, 1793, the date of the queen’s execution.

Strange questions arise in the mind at this mere fabric of an ancient, dreamy legend. By some strong power of will did the mind of Capt. Clough, so filled with the dread happenings, convey to the responsive mind of his loved daughter the vision of the doomed queen. In striving to unravel the mystery we are met by that same impenetrable wall of blackness that forever blocks the way of even the most brilliant of scientists and students who spend their lives in trying to pierce the curtain of the Great Unseen. It is indeed true that

“We are no other than a Moving Row  
 Of magic Shadow-shapes that come and go  
 Round with this Sun-illumined Lantern held  
 In Midnight by the Master of the Show;

“Impotent pieces of the Game He plays  
 Upon this Checker Board of Nights and Days;  
 Hither and thither moves and checks and slays  
 And one by one back in the Closet lays.

“The Ball no question makes of Ayes and Noes,  
 But right or left as strikes the Player goes;  
 And He that tossed you down into the Field  
 He knows about it all—He knows—He knows.”

Thus runs the tale. The old house has been moved to the opposite shore of Edgecomb, and still greets with colonial stateliness the visitors who come and go in its quiet rooms, furnished in the grandeur of other days. One by one the relics, which proved the truth of the story, have been carried away by souvenir hunters. Only a shred of tapestry and a piece of brocaded stuff, on which is pinned a scrap of paper in Capt. Clough’s handwriting, remain to give credence to the inexplicable tale. This certificate asserts that the cloth was sent to Capt. Samuel Clough “by an eye witness,” and was a bit of the gown worn by the queen at her execution.

When the late Mr. Sewall was a mere lad he saw the rich hangings brought from the palace at Versailles and the beautiful, old-fashioned gowns, that seemed even then to breathe of the fair, dead woman who had worn them. Many of the tapestries were given away years ago; the hangings have fallen into tattered rags; the quaint, old sideboard stood for years in the Knox House, Thomaston. So the fragments that told of the ancient tragedy have been scattered far and wide. Fair, little Rosalind married and we trust “lived happily ever after” like the princess in the fairy tale. Her first daughter was named Antoinette, and to this day the name remains in the family, handed down from daughter to daughter in each succeeding generation.

\* \* \*

It is an established fact that Talleyrand, the noted French statesman, landed at Wiscasset in 1794 with a handsome youth who was a fugitive from the French Revolution. This youth proved to be the young Duke of Orleans, afterward Philip, King of France. It is said they escaped from Paris in Capt. Clough’s vessel, came with him to Wiscasset, from there to Hallowell with letters to Cols. North and Vaughn, and thence to Philadelphia.

So only the memory lives in the minds and hearts of a few of the residents of the dignified, old town, a memory that is but a link in

that long chain of the past, each link a heart throb, each tear a bead, each smile a jewel of great price. And this chain of memories of "The Garden of the East" in which is woven fact and fiction, would not be complete without the story of Rosalind, the little maid of Squam Island, and that other with her crown of gold and crown of snow, wife and mother, queen and martyr—Marie Antoinette.

"Clasp, Angel of the backward look  
And folded wings of ashen gray  
And voice of echoes far away,  
The brazen covers of thy book;  
The weird palimpsest old and vast,  
Wherein thou hid'st the spectral past;  
Where, closely mingling, pale and glow  
The characters of joy and woe;  
The monographs of outlived years,  
Or smile-illumined or dim with tears.  
Even while I look I can but heed  
The restless sands' incessant fall,  
Importunate hours that hours succeed,  
Each clamorous with its own sharp need,  
And duty keeping place with all.  
Shut down and clasp the heavy lids;  
I hear again the voice that bids  
The dreamer leave his dream midway  
For larger hopes and graver fears:  
Life greatens in these later years,  
The century's aloe flowers to-day."



THE LUCK OF THE JULIET: A TRAGEDY  
OF THE SEA



## *The Luck of the Juliet: A Tragedy of the Sea*

By LOUISE WHEELER BARTLETT



INETTA Hodsdon stood on the steps of the old Colonial tavern and looked first up the street and then down. She was watching for Ned Brown, her sailor lover. He had agreed to call for her for their usual Sunday afternoon walk. It was now almost half-past three. She looked over to Ned's house, only a stone's throw distant, but the house was wrapped in Sabbath peace. Beyond, on the slope of the hill, at the old Gay house, where her friend Ethel Snowman lived, she saw Ethel and her husband John looking at the vines around the doorway. Minetta waved her hand and looked about her to discover any traces of new spring green peeping through the black earth around her own doorway.

The big, pillared door, with its fan light over the top and its polished brass knocker, made a fine background for her as she stood there. Minetta was pretty, scarcely more than seventeen. She was slender, so slender that even the full skirts and furbelows of the days of the Rebellion could not detract from her figure. She had a mass of yellow curls, large violet eyes and plenty of pink in her cheeks. She was sweet natured, usually as angelic as her appearance, but when occasion demanded she had plenty of fire, as Ned Brown was to find out later that day.

When Captain Hodsdon was confronted with the problem of taking care of his two motherless daughters, he decided to quit the sea and put his savings into this old tavern. Later, he had the chance to continue his hotel management and also be sailing master of the old packet "Spy," which plied between Castine and Belfast. He was a genial host, who kept his guests in a good frame of mind with his fund of witty stories. So they soon learned to overlook such minor inconveniences as tough steak and poor service. He made a success of his inn by sheer force of his own strong personality.

The other daughter, Maria, was as fine a girl as Minetta, several years younger and her exact opposite, with gipsy coloring, dark hair and big black eyes. Maria had begged to go to walk with her sister this sunny April day, but Minetta had been firm in her refusal, for she had an important question that she wanted settled between herself and Ned this very afternoon. It must be settled, if she were to get her clothes ready to be married in June, as Ned was now urging.

Minetta had just time to loosen the dirt about five new-born crocuses, when she heard, first Ned's whistle and then his footstep on the flag walk, as he came around the sprawling ell of the house. Ordinarily she might have taken Ned to task for his tardiness, but not now, with the favor which she had in mind to ask of him this afternoon. Ned came up to her with an eager smile and squeezed the firm little hand which she held out to him.

"Sorry, Netta dear, to keep you waiting. I've been up on Captain Davies' piazza and he has been telling us fellows some mighty interesting war stories. Wish I could tell a story the way he does. He makes you see the whole thing before your eyes—the regiments of soldiers, the smoke and roar of cannon and all the glory of battle. It was so hard to break away, that's why I'm late." And his face flushed with enthusiasm in spite of his apologetic tones.

It was so good to walk in the warm spring sunlight, that, not minding the mud, they went up to the fort and along the upper road, by Ober's little farmhouse, almost out to the light at Dice's Head. Then they swung around by the white stone cottage at the bend of the road and looked out over Penobscot Bay to the distant sea. Suddenly Minetta said, with a quiver of her lip and a half sob in her throat:

"It won't be long, Ned, before you will be sailing out there on your way to the Gulf of St. Lawrence, and I shall be standing here alone watching you out of sight."

"Don't think of that part of it, Netta. Remember, by that time you will be my wife. Rather think of the day when you will be standing here watching our little schooner coming up the bay to greet you," replied he.

When they reached Mogridge's barn the bars were up across the road. Ned offered to take them down but Minetta liked the fun of climbing over and Ned liked it, too. For when she stood on the top-most bar, poised like a bird for flight, he put up his arms and lifted her down. He held her close for one precious moment, which might have been longer if Mrs. Mogridge had not come out of the barn with a foaming pail of milk and destroyed the sentimental value of the scene.

Finally, as the sun was getting low, they came along the beach past Webster's shipyard and the Noyes shipyard to Tilden's yard and the lumber wharf, to look at a schooner being built there. Minetta was crazy over the little vessel, and that was why she guided Ned's steps that way. They went over the vessel and looked into the cabin and the cook's galley. When they were back on the wharf they leaned against a pile of lumber and talked her over.

Minetta said, "Oh, Ned, I just love this little schooner. She is the sweetest one ever built here. Ned, you must get the boys to name her for me. My heart is set on it."

"But Netta, dearest, I am only one of sixteen, and I can't name her for you. We've all agreed to call her the 'Juliet Tilden' after the Colonel's wife."

That cut Minetta to the quick. She stamped her foot and said it should be named for her, and she was going to christen it with a bottle of wine, as she had read they did in foreign countries.

Ned kept discreetly silent. Then she tried the coaxing method. With an adorable pout she put her pretty arms around his neck and said:

"Don't you love me? Don't you think me as pretty as Mrs. Tilden?"

"You're the sweetest thing in the world to me," said Ned, but he could see she did not believe him, and in a moment she came back with these words:

"You don't mean it; I know you don't. I have heard you say a dozen times that the Colonel and his wife were the handsomest couple that ever walked down the gang plank onto steamboat wharf."

In her disappointment she was almost jealous of the lovely, stately Juliet. She ended the discussion with these words:

"Ned Brown, if you don't name this schooner after me, I shall not marry you in June. You may just wait for me until I am ready—perhaps December, or any old time. Listen to what I say. This schooner will never have any luck if you do name her 'Juliet,'" and under her breath she said something to the effect that, like Shakespeare's heroine, both Juliets would be fated to an early grave. She then turned on her heel, and without looking back went home to her supper.

Ned, with both hands stuffed deep in his pockets and a crestfallen look about his mouth, such as a man generally wears when his wife or sweetheart has had the last word, went whistling over to the other side of the wharf. There he found his brother Andy and several other boys, their feet hanging over the edge of the wharf and their backs against another pile of lumber, smoking, whittling and talking over the matter they had just heard the lovers discussing. Could Minetta's words be called a prophecy, would they curse the schooner? This was the first disagreement they had had since they had been keeping company, but he understood Minetta well enough to know that a night's sleep would help matters out and she would soon be her usual agreeable self. So Ned joined the boys and tried to dismiss the whole fuss from his mind.

These were the days of '66 and '67, right after the close of the Civil War. Owing to the injury done their shipping, New England's seaports, as well as those of the South, were having bitter days of reconstruction. Castine had suffered heavily. She had contributed her full quota to the Union cause. Colonel Tilden had returned to his native town, bringing his old white charger as well as a record of heroism of which the citizens were justly proud. The story of how

he dug his way out of Libby Prison was the talk of the youngsters on the street. There was no favor too great for any Castine boy to do him.

When the idea of building a schooner on shares was started, all the young fellows in town were eager to work on her if the Colonel would be agent and advance a sum sufficient to start the project. Sixteen men from eighteen to twenty-five years old put in some \$700 each. Part of this was cash, but some of it represented the work that each one did on her. All of the boys in those days knew enough to lend a hand and do an honest day's work at shipbuilding. Many of these young lads learned some other trade, but when times were slack, worked at ship carpentry, and in the evenings went to apprentice school. They went fishing up in the Bay Chaleurs from the first of June to the last of September. Those were the days of good profit in fish and they sold their fare for a tidy little sum, which might be laid away for a nest-egg against the time when they desired to marry.

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The days of Castine's supremacy as an important business port were over. One by one her industries had declined. The glory of being the shire town of Hancock County had been taken away from her; the useless court-house and jail were empty. The brickyard had failed. Instead of five shipyards echoing to the cheerful tap-tap of the hammer, it was good luck if one ship were launched from one yard, each spring. Her weekly newspaper, which had been the best and largest in this part of the state from 1799, had died a natural death from lack of patronage. Where ten ships from native or foreign ports entered or cleared during a week, bringing or taking large cargoes, the average now was perhaps one in a fortnight, and that, from Boston with freight, or a lumber or fishing schooner bound for the Provinces. The townspeople were discouraged and were even then looking about for some new enterprise to help the town to recover her former prosperity. The glory of her historic honors would always be hers, but the prestige of the normal school and of a health giving summer resort were yet to come.

The "Juliet Tilden" was the prettiest sharp-nosed racing schooner ever built for mackerel fishing and must have cost about \$18,000. She was the last vessel built in the Tilden shipyard and very few were built afterward in the town.

That long line of fine old sea captains which included so many of the prominent Castine families, the Whittings, Gays, Brookses and Dyers, was no more. Many had retired from the merchant marine service to enjoy their last days with their families in comfortable Colonial homes. Ships from Cadiz by way of Liverpool or from Hong Kong around Cape Horn were no longer an every day occurrence. It was only now and then that a yard sent out a fishing schooner.



Minetta



The launching of the "Juliet" occurred the middle of the week. Ned dropped in to the Castine House on his way to it, to ask the Hodsdon girls if they would like to see it. Minetta had had plenty of time to think over her rash words. She had been unhappy over the falling out on Sunday and was quite ready now to meet Ned half way and even more, to restore friendly relations. So she called Maria and the three went over to the shipyard to see the staunch little boat slide down the greased ways. Half the town was present; the wharves were black with spectators. There were no ceremonies and no christening scene. It took some little time after the "Juliet" launched to get her rigged, painted and fitted out for her maiden voyage.

She started out the first of June so as to get up to the Bay of Chaleurs in time for the spring school of mackerel, which runs in there strong about that time. Some springs the bay is packed full of small fish which are chased in by the larger fish. This year it was a poor school and the fishing fleet did not do as well as usual.

It was a wrench to her heart strings, the day Ned left her, but Minetta was young and interested in the things of life worth while. She found that the long June days went by much more quickly than she had anticipated. Almost before she knew it, it was time to be on the lookout for the vessel's return. She had received several short letters from Ned, mailed from different ports where the "Juliet" touched on her way north.

The "Juliet," returning from her first trip, sold her fish on the way home. The captain, Benjamin Sylvester, was from Deer Isle. He wanted to see his wife and babies, so he took the "Juliet" into his home harbor. The Castine boys sailed up in a small sloop to see their families, and get fresh supplies and clean clothes. They were to rejoin the vessel for her second trip to the fishing banks.

The young people had a jolly fortnight while the boys were home. Hayrack rides around the Square, dances at the old Avery place and clam-bakes at Indian Bar filled in the days. Ned Brown was a restless chap when off duty and he wanted something doing every minute.

With the exception of what Minetta had threatened to Ned, there had been no thought of disaster connected with the "Juliet." What Minetta had said was only the chatter of a peeved child, about which only three or four persons knew.

All of a sudden, a change seemed to come over every one connected with the little schooner. John Sawyer said he had a feeling that the second trip would not be a success, so thought he would not go. Will Morey felt the same. John was persuaded to go, but Will stuck to his original decision. Perkins Hutchins told his father that he would rather help him tend the light. Perk's father had been given the government job of lighthouse keeper, but his father said for him to go along to sea and not show the white feather over nothing.

In the meantime, the old "Morning Star" had started out on a trip. The "Star" was a rather rotten old tub, but she was the best to be had at that time. About a dozen Castine men were on her, among them Charlie Clark, who had just married one of those smart Hatch girls. At this time his wife was "off the Neck" visiting relatives and Charles' brother Will went off to see her. He tried to get her to come back to the village, urging that he was going off on the "Juliet" the next week, and that she write a letter to her husband, which he would take, as he would see Charles either at Bay Chaleurs or the Magdalen Islands. Sarah told him to come off two days later and she would have her letter ready.

On Saturday Will went off again, taking his sister with him. He insisted that his sister-in-law come back with them. He said, laughing, "You may never see me again, for I am going on the 'Juliet,' and she is getting a black eye just now in the village." So Sarah walked in with Will and his sister.

As they got to the top of Windmill Hill, they saw a man just about the build of Will Clark standing at the corner of Perkins field at the edge of the road. It was almost dusk and they thought he was someone they knew waiting for them, but when they got almost up to him, he turned and walked slowly in the middle of the road down State Street hill. If Will walked fast, so did the stranger; if he slowed up in his pace, so did the other. Will called out to him, "Hold on a minute! I want to speak to you." But he made no answer. He was in front of Ordway's cottage, and all three were looking at him, when, like a flash, he disappeared. No one saw which way he went; it was as if the earth had opened and swallowed him up.

The girls ran, pale and frightened, into Mrs. Clark's kitchen, where she was frying buckwheat cakes for a late supper for them. With teeth chattering they told her what they had seen. She said it was an apparition. She remembered her grandmother saw one just before her youngest son was shot in the War of 1812. She thought probably second sight ran in the family. Just then Minetta came in, and, all three talking at the same time, the girls and Will told their story to her.

As can be seen readily, when Ned Brown went to say good-bye to Minetta Hodsdon, he found her very nervous. She had heard the various stories that the men would not ship a second time. That very day Josiah Hatch had refused to ship, for fear he would not come back from a second trip. Minetta cried and told Ned she had not meant to cast evil on the "Juliet" by what she had said before the launching. She tried her best to persuade him not to go. She did not know a Brown, however, when he had made up his mind to go to sea.

Ned Brown was a general favorite in town. He was tall, well-built and light-haired, like all the rest of the Brown family. He had smiling blue eyes, a frank mouth, in fact, he was a good, wholesome

lad, with honest face and cheerful disposition. He feared neither man nor devil. Unlike most seafaring men, he had not the slightest particle of superstition in his makeup. He only laughed at Minetta's fears and said, "Don't worry, Netta. There's nothing in it. What shall I bring you home for a wedding present, if I stop in Boston or Portland? Remember, our wedding is to be in December, sure."

Minetta blew him a kiss from the tips of her fingers, and, laughing between her tears, replied, "All right, Ned, I'll be ready December 31st."

A trip to the Gulf of St. Lawrence meant very little to Ned, with one brother taking trips to Hong Kong and another brother to South America. The Browns belonged to a sea-faring line. His grandfather, a Scotchman, went to sea and his own father followed the sea until he was injured in some sort of a naval scrap at Gibraltar. Then he came to Castine and went into business. He was a fine old man, very well read, and could spout page after page of Walter Scott's novels and Bobby Burns' poetry. His wife, Ned's mother, was the salt of the earth and fully as necessary, as she comforted and sympathized with all the town's afflicted.

After Ned left Minetta, she went over to the old Gay house to see John Snowman's little wife. She found her a sorry-looking object, as she had cried so much that her eyes looked like two burnt holes in a blanket. She was all broken up at the thought of John's leaving her. She, too, felt that it was to be an unlucky voyage. Bad luck seemed to be in a whisper floating in the air for those who would listen to it. John thought his wife hysterical, but was very kind and gentle with her, as she expected to become a mother late in October. He considered her nervousness entirely owing to her condition. He felt it was hard for her, as she was only a young girl, and he wished he could remain at home. But he needed the money and he needs must go. He left her sobbing on the shoulder of Netta, who promised to take good care of her.

The personnel of the "Juliet's" crew was made up almost entirely of young men. There was Captain Sylvester and his boy. In a fishing trip like this there is not much authority in the captain. All the men own in the vessel and in one sense they are all captains, but one man has to handle the papers and be known at the custom-house as the captain. The list of men was: Ned and Andy Brown, Joseph Bowden and his son, Sam Perkins, Wells Wardwell, John Sawyer, Ira Wescott from North Castine, Perkins Hutchings, Cyrus Wardwell, Charles Eaton, Edward Clark and his brother, and Will Clark, a cousin, and two Snowman brothers, John and Frank.

The "Juliet" left Deer Isle about the first of August and that very night Mrs. Clark, Will's mother, dreamed that she saw the "Juliet" on a great rocky reef, with her hull raised high in the air and her broken mast buried in the sand. Her daughter-in-law,

Sarah, dreamed of seven white horses in a row in their stable, which was a sure sign of disaster to some member of the family.

\* \* \*

"He will take his toll, he will take his toll. Mark my words, the monster hunts for his victim to-night," chanted old Granny Goode-now, as she hobbled along the beach in front of her snug little cabin, picking here and there a stray bit of driftwood, just the right length for her small kitchen stove. She was speaking to that rough old sea dog, mariner Ebenezer Mann, as he sawed for a fireplace a few big drift logs, which she had rolled away from the incoming tide.

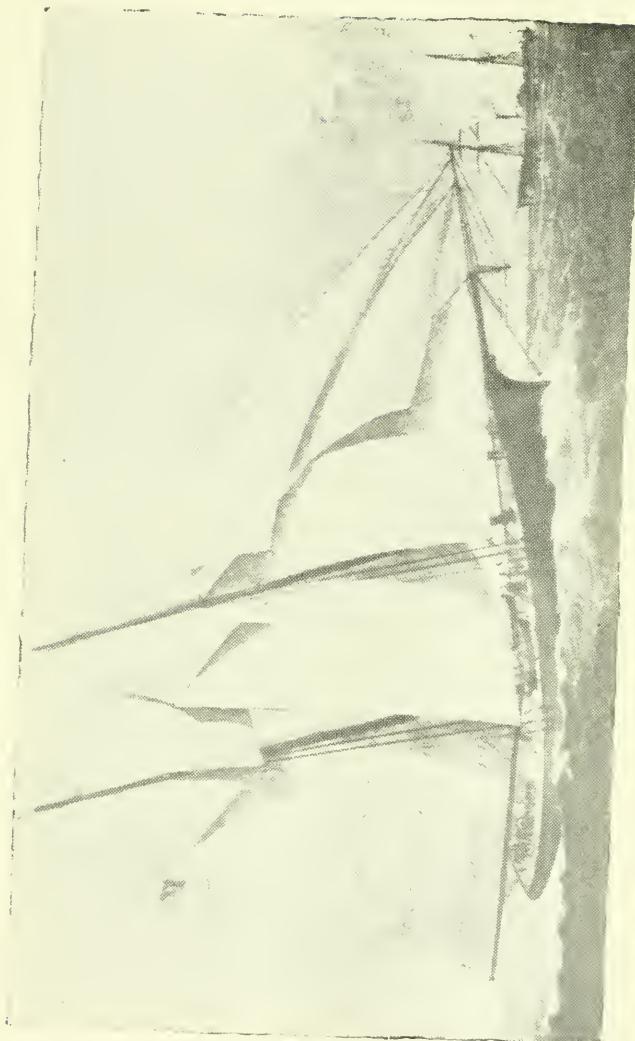
"Yer right, yer right, granny," groaned Ebenezer, as he straightened out his game leg and rested from his labors. "When the wind blows up from Cape Rozier and th' water moans over Naut'lus bar, look out fer a storm before dawn, if the sky-line is streaked with lemin color and perpul, as 'tis ter-night. It war jest sech a night as this when th' British bark 'Jane' war wrecked on Trott's flats."

Granny and Captain Ebenezer had cabins side by side on Oakum Bay at the north end of the town. Neighbors for these forty years, since her husband and his wife departed from this vale of tears, they had found it possible each to aid the other in such a manner as partly to mitigate the loss each had suffered. Many a darned sock bore testimony to Granny's skill with the needle, and never a batch of doughnuts went into its crock without half of it being left at the mariner's door. The sawing of driftwood, the loan of a daily paper and a portion of his sea catch proved equally his neighborly interest.

As Minetta carefully picked her way over the wet stones of the beach and climbed the breakwater into the old shipyard, she heard the words of the two old people. She wondered what they muttered over; who was the monster, what the toll, and where the victim. She was hurrying home before the gathering storm. She had been across the river to Polly Coot's Cove, to gather there some big white scallop shells. She expected five of her girl friends to supper the following evening and she needed some big shells in which to serve the devilled lobster. Their negro cook at the tavern served it like crab meat and lobster was much cheaper.

As she reached the house the wind and spray were dashing madly against the front windows. The rain was already descending in torrents. She ran up to the big front room, which was hers at this season of the year. There she lighted a fire in the big fireplace. As she changed her wet shoes and stockings and dried her damp skirts before the glowing blaze, she cast every now and then a furtive glance out over the black and angry bay. Whenever the house shook in the strong teeth of the gale, she shivered and murmured, "God look out for those we love who are on the sea to-night."

She could not sleep during the two days that the sea lashed the coast and hurled its defiance. Others besides Minetta wondered



The Mackerel Schooner



what was happening north of them and how the little fishing fleet would stand it at the mercy of the pitiless sea.

\* \* \*

The "Morning Star" left Castine two weeks earlier than the "Juliet Tilden." She carried a crew of Castine men only. She got one fare of fish and made for the Gut of Canso. At Ship Harbor she shipped her fish to East Boston and then went to the Bay of Chaleurs for another fare. After she had secured about three-fourths of a load, as the fishing was not very brisk, she sailed down to the Magdalen Islands to try her luck there. She arrived Sunday, September 30th. She went into Pleasant Bay under a gorgeous sunset of lemon and purple clouds.

The Magdalen Islands form a sort of bay. Coffin Island, long and narrow, lies along the northern boundary. To the southeast is Entry Island big and rounded; at the north it grows narrower, and from the end of it a long reef, or hook, makes out; the southern boundary is another large island, called Amherst Island. This, too, has a big, rocky reef, which stretches out toward Entry Island. Between the two reefs is a narrow passage, not safe to try unless you have an experienced pilot at the wheel. Connecting Amherst Island with Coffin Island on the west is a long line of sandy or rocky islets, which, from their shape, are called Sugar Loaf. The entrance to this group is at the northeastern end.

When the "Morning Star" came into Pleasant Bay, a fleet of one hundred and fifty sail lay anchored the whole length of Amherst Island. Many of the vessels were from Cape Ann and Cape Cod, but the greater part were from Maine. They were all anchored single, the usual arrangement, to prevent their running afoul if the anchors drag in a blow. The "Star" tacked across the bay and chose a berth second from the Amherst reef. As luck would have it, the "Juliet Tilden" was the first in the line.

The boys of the "Morning Star" were very glad to go aboard the "Juliet" to get the home letters and news and swap a little sea gossip. The crew of the "Juliet" had had pretty good luck, so they intended to fish here for only a few days and then start for home. It was rather late in the season and storms were likely to brew right away. The crew of the "Morning Star" stayed aboard the "Juliet" until nearly midnight. As they went over the side of the "Juliet" into their yawl-boat, they looked off to the north and saw great black clouds gathering. Ned Brown called down to them, "Looks as if it might rain any minute. I guess we're going to have the biggest blow some of us have ever seen."

Those were the last words from the "Juliet."

In half an hour it was raining torrents and blowing a living gale from the north-northeast. The crew of the "Star" feared they might drag their anchors and go ashore, so they got under way and

beat across; then they hove her short, put in three reefs, and waited for the "Juliet" to get under way, which she did at once. They saw her fill away to the east toward the sandy hook. The "Star" filled away to the east on the same tack. As soon as she got headway enough to come in stays, they tacked ship again, and kept tacking for two mortal hours. Never had the schooner labored in the seas as she did that night. As soon as the first gray glimmer of dawn revealed their bearings, the "Star" crept up under Coffin Island and anchored. The waves were already mast-head high. They could see the rest of the fleet anchoring in the lee of the island, which broke the edge of the sea.

About nine o'clock Monday morning they told the cook to go below and get breakfast. He came up directly, thoroughly frightened, and said he could not keep the pots and pans on the galley stove. As the captain was afraid of fire, he told him to batten down the hatch and leave everything snug below ship. All this time the gale kept growing. Ferdinand Devereux, who was one of the crew, said he had sailed south many years, but he had never met any hurricane that came up to this. They threw out life lines about the cabin and lashed themselves to them. From nine o'clock Monday morning till noon on Wednesday they did not have a thing to eat or drink. At one time it was necessary to take axes and stave in the bulwarks to let the water run off and ease the vessel or it would have been buried by the waves swamping it. It was a fearful sight to look up and see one of those great green combers towering mountain high above and the next moment to feel it break over them and try to dash the old "Star" to the bottom of the bay.

Wednesday noon the wind went down as quickly as it came up on Sunday night. The sea was beautiful and serene. All the fleet got under way and made sail out of the bay to some islands off to the eastward of Entry Island, to finish up their fare, as they were only three-fourths full of fish.

Now a strange thing happened. Explain it who can. All the rest of the hundred and fifty sail went to the eastward, supposing the "Juliet" was with them. The "Star" sailed out of the harbor at the same time, but when the others took the tack east they tacked due south. No one remembered who was at the wheel. Not a word was spoken. They just went along the east coast of Entry Island down south of Amherst. The crew always thought God's hand was on the tiller. They went under the lee of Amherst Island, to put a reef in their mainsail. It was about dusk, when Bill Eaton and a Thombs boy, both about fourteen years old, were fooling with the ship's spy-glass. One of them shouted, "There's a vessel wrecked on that reef." The other boy snatched away the glass and looked through it. "By gum, it's the 'Juliet Tilden'!" By this time it was too dark to make sure. They lowered their yawl boat, but could not get near the reef and the water roared so that they could hear noth-

ing from the wreck. A man on the beach, some distance to the westward, told them at dawn to go to a certain small port, where they could find a good pilot to take them through the dangerous passage between the two islands to the spot where the vessel lay.

The storm had been so great that the island folk had not been able to get off to help the wrecked sailors. All night long the watch saw lanterns moving along the beach. Early the next morning they took the pilot aboard the "Star," and he steered them inside the reef, where, sure enough, was the "Juliet," with her hull in the air and her broken mast buried in the sand, exactly as Mrs. Clark had seen it in her dream two months before.

They lay off Harbor Lebar nine days and in that time picked up the battered bodies of the Castine boys, the flower of young manhood. Some were changed beyond all recognition by the cruel buffeting of the sea. They found poor Perk Hutchins lashed to the cabin, but the pounding of the sea had very nearly worn through the strands of a brand-new cable. Captain Sylvester was found lying face down in his oilskin helmet, which was full of blood, and both eyeballs were resting on his cheeks. Ed Clark was apparently the last to leave the vessel and was found under the upturned yawl-boat.

The government had appointed a man at Pietou to look out for wrecked sailors. He and the Catholic priest, as well as the minister of the Church of England, were very kind and helpful. The houses on Amherst Island are built very low posted, a case of preparedness against the fearful gales of that region. In one of those little low houses, ten rough timbered hemlock coffins were lying in a row waiting for the burial service. The priest allowed them to be buried on the edge of the Catholic cemetery, which was much more convenient if any of the bodies were to be taken up later and shipped to Maine.

They telegraphed from Pietou the news of the disaster to Castine. They remained a few days longer hoping to find Will Clark's body, which was not found till three weeks later, in a ravine up among the Sugar Loaf Islands.

Ned Brown looked the most natural of them all. He had a sweet smile about his mouth, just as he often looked when he was thinking about Minetta. They brought what treasures they could find for the families—a knife, or a ring, or a watch. In Ned's pocket was found a little silver locket, which he had bought in Halifax to take home to Minetta.

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The old Castine House had a beautiful stairway. It was the envy of all the townsfolk. Its reputation was known around the State, and people would go to the tavern just to see the old stairs. It was much like those in the celebrated Salem houses. Minetta was slowly descending the stairs with a big bunch of pink asters in her hand, which she was going to put on the desk in the office. Just then two

travelling men came in. One of them said to the other, "I've been over to the telegraph office to send a telegram. The operator had just received a message from a man on board the 'Morning Star' telling of the awful wreck of the 'Juliet Tilden.' "

Minetta dropped her asters all along the stairs. She ran up to the stranger, took him by the shoulder, sort of shook him and said, "Was Ned Brown saved?" The man not realizing what it all meant to her said, "Not a soul on board lived to tell the story." A great flood of color surged up to Minetta's cheeks then she went white as a sheet, and in a moment more was lying, a little crumpled heap, at the stranger's feet.

She was carried to her bed and did not leave it for two weeks; and she would not then have done so, had she not heard that while she was lying heart-broken, caring for nothing in this world, Ethel Snowman's little baby was born prematurely the night they told her the news of her husband's death.

Perhaps it was the best thing for Minetta, because it roused her from her stupor of despair. Wrapped in each other's arms the two young girls poured out their grief. From that time Minetta took almost as much care of the baby as did Ethel.

Minetta became more and more subdued. She looked frail and delicate. She loved to climb around the rocks at Dice's Head. The neighbors said they often came across her sitting on the beach looking out to sea, her big violet eyes full of unshed tears.

About five years after, Captain Hodsdon had a good chance to sell his hotel to a mining man, who paid him a fancy price, and with his daughters he moved out of town.

Mrs. Juliet Tilden, for whom the schooner had been named, had never been strong and the constant terror under which she suffered while her husband was imprisoned during the Rebellion, had weakened her constitution. Now, under the weight of this fresh disaster to the schooner and the gloom that enshrouded the whole town, she faded away, like a beautiful flower crushed by a ruthless heel.

Under cover of the beautiful serenity of the town lie these griefs hidden in the hearts that never forget. If one probes deep enough, he will discover the unhealed wound in the heart of many a maid, wife, or mother. Oh, these mothers by the sea! Their tear-washed eyes and thin white hands clasped in prayer attest the tragedy of their lives. They hate the sea, and yet they love the sea and cannot live without it.



*MARTHA SMITH OF BERWICK*



## *Martha Smith of Berwick*

*By CORA BELLE BICKFORD*

### FOREWORD.

This is the first time that the story of Martha Smith of Berwick has been offered for publication. It has been obtained only through much research among personal papers, in church records, in state archives, and it should be said that descendants living in Massachusetts to-day have helped to make possible the gathering of this material. The story, connected as it is with historic happenings that so greatly affected the lives of colonial representatives of rival nations in the New World, is of far more than local interest, while the heroic endurance of this pioneer mother must forever remain a monument to the true worth of Woman.

C. B. B.



NA PERFECT June morning in the year 1677, a bridal party lingered before the open door of the log house of Thomas Mills of Wells. The house, on an elevation of land, stood well back from the highway that, by the order of the court,<sup>1</sup> had just been completed at the outbreak of King Philip's War. This road, leading from Saco to York, was continued along the coast that it might better protect the inhabitants, in their necessary journeys, from sudden attacks of the Indians, at the same time giving easy access to the ocean by means of the rivers and streams that flowed seaward. With this consideration it had been continued even to the center of habitation in the province of Massachusetts, and with the yearly growth of the colonies it was coming to be much travelled.

The house faced a broad clearing through which one could see a stretch of sparkling blue ocean with broken hillocks and ridges of sand, heaped here and there by the action of the winds, serving as a barrier to encroaching waves that broke in long lines of feathery whiteness at their feet. On either side of the clearing were forest slopes clothed with varied shades of green, the soft, light foliage of the birches and poplars contrasting with the richer coloring of the maples and elms and these, in turn, clearly defined against a darker background of pines and firs.

A light southwest breeze was abroad. It came hurrying up the hill, gently tossing balsamic odors gathered from the woodland, the delicate fragrance of wild blossoms and a salty exhilaration that could have been the gift of none other than old ocean. Stirring the grass leaves of the soft green sward in front of the house it crossed to a belated crab-apple tree, rosy with bloom, and, rouguishly shaking

<sup>1</sup>Bourne's History of Wells and Kennebunk, page 115.

its branches, sent down a shower of tinted petals upon the head of the young bride standing directly beneath, then passed on to pay its respects to the garden-plot at the side of the house.

In this garden-plot grew mullein pinks, bouncing bets and daffodils. Hollyhocks were sending up tall, pale-green stalks and leafing marigolds were getting ready to flower. There was southernwood, too, with its clean, pungent odor, or lad's love, gillyflower and larkspur already in bud with violets and sweet herbs. It was a garden that in its simplicity reminded one of old England, for Thomas Mills, Exeter-born, had brought from Devonshire, then as now the garden spot of the British Isles, a true love for flowers. Having obtained his grant, he cleared the land, but before he built his house, he tucked seeds away in the rich brown earth, seeds that were the most precious treasure brought from his old home across the sea. These sprang up and blossomed, giving in turn seeds for newer gardens, each year's blooms vying in brilliancy with those of the year before.

The most distinguished member of that wedding party was Rev. Shubael Dummer of York who, less than two hours before, had performed the ceremony that had given Martha Mills to be the wife of James Smith of Berwick. He had been sent for, rather than John Buss, physician-preacher, who for such duties was usually called by the people of Wells among whom he labored. But at that time the name of John Buss<sup>2</sup> was under a cloud and Thomas Mills was a proud man. He was proud that he was an Englishman, prouder that in his adventurous trip to the New World he had acquired such considerable property, but proudest of this daughter than whom there was not one fairer for many a mile. This was the last thing he could do for her in his own home and he meant that there should be sufficient dignity attending the marriage, a dignity he felt was well sustained when he looked at the Rev. Dummer in his wig and gown.

Mary Mills, the mother, another one of the group, possessed a pride of quite a different nature. Had she not trained this daughter until no bride ever went forth to her new home more richly dowered with practical knowledge? No one could turn a smoother web from the loom; she had taught her the art of soap-making as she had learned it in the home town of Bristol. Martha could cook an Indian cake, fry a fish<sup>3</sup> and roast potatoes in the ashes to perfection, dishing up as economical and appetizing a meal as ever hungry man sat down to. With her needle she was deft; and arts that her mother had learned in England had been taught her, so that her wed-

<sup>2</sup>Bourne's History of Wells and Kennebunk, pages 165-166.

<sup>3</sup>Next to fish, the early colonists found in Indian corn their most unfailing food supply.—*Customs and Fashions in Old New England*, Alice Morse Earle, Page 148.

ding gown boasted a border that well might be the admiration of any colonial girl. Mary's pride reached its height when she thought of the marriage Martha had made. James Smith of Barwie had held his grant nine years, 40 rods of land on the Newichawannock river and more than 100 acres in all. The home to which he was to take his bride was one of the most substantial and best furnished in that settlement, much of the furniture having been made by the groom's own hands. Then he had come for Martha, sitting straight and strong on his horse; and she was to go away with him, sitting on the pillion behind, with some of the most precious of her dower stowed away in bags beneath.

Martha could not know of the pride that was in her mother's heart, but she felt the comfortableness of being approved. Her wedding gown of flax-colored linen had a pattern in scarlet thread worked above the hem of the full skirt; the thread dyed after a formula given by a friendly Indian before the outbreak of 1675. The close-fitting cap that covered her head and from beneath which a rippling strand of sunny brown hair had escaped was of the same material, the same scarlet border giving it becomingness. Her low shoes, the gift of her father, had leather soles with tops of cloth, fitting so neatly that hem of gown never cleared a trimmer-turned foot and instep. With fresh complexion, deeply tinted cheeks and lips and clear grey eyes sparkling with hope and courage, she was, indeed, a comely bride.

Beneath one heel of her shapely foot a piece of southernwood was being crushed, for Martha remembered that:

One who hides within her shoe  
A piece of southernwood or two,  
May hope to meet  
Pleasant experiences.

Another member of that bridal party was Thomas Mills, Jr., a lad of sixteen years, who had been watching the others with sober countenance and responding to the request of little Mary, scarce eleven, who had been coaxing him from the shelter of her mother's skirts to break some branches from the apple tree.

But now the time had come to go and Martha gave her hand to her father, curtesied low to the Rev. Shubael Dummer and touched her mother's cheek lightly with her lips. It was her brother's turn next and, drawing down his head, she whispered something in his ear which caused him to blush and brought a smile to his serious lips. Now it was little Mary's turn, but she did not wait for Martha to make the first advance. Throwing her arms about her sister's neck, she held her while she pushed the stem of a cluster of apple-blossoms

beneath the border of her cap. Then, releasing her, she tucked another spray into the fastening of her bodice, whispering:

“It is for my sister and I love her.”

It was all so quickly done, and Martha’s eyes filled with tears as she drew her little sister to her with a tender caress.

There was no longer time for delay; for the sun was climbing high in the heavens and the day would be well spent before the new home in Barwie would be reached. James Smith followed his wife in his good-byes to the family and the reverend gentleman, then, lifting Martha to the pillion, he sprang up in front of her and down the hill they rode together with backward waving of hands until they came to the little bridge at the level of the highway, where the water of a bubbling spring went trickling away to find companionship in some near-by brook.

Here willows fringed the road and just before James Smith and Martha passed beneath their branches, Mary Mills suddenly and adroitly turned the attention of the group on the hill in the opposite direction by exclaiming: “Look, Thomas, what makes the breeze shake the pine tree so strangely?”

Then she could not suppress a smile at the thought that her ruse had been so successful. While the day with its beautiful weather was good omen, it would never do to watch a dear one out of sight; no good luck would be likely to follow.

And Martha Smith, respecting her mother’s superstition, did not look back when they had reached the willows. Turning her face resolutely away from the privilege of a last glance at her old home and the familiar faces, she looked straight before her and so rode with her husband, away and across country.

\* \* \*

Settlers of Berwick, to-day an important town of York County, Maine, were, many of them, adventurers. Influenced by rumors of the great wealth of the New World and eager themselves to be acquiring earthly possessions, they had crossed the Atlantic to cast in their lot with other as hazardous fortune-seekers as themselves. In many cases the fortune materialized and the young man soon found himself proprietor of wooded acres and mayhap a clearing in which stood the house that was to be the home of his future bride.

To this last class belonged James Smith. His first grant of land, recorded in 1668, showed that it lay on the east bank of the Newichawannock, along the river for an eighth of a mile, then running inland with wooded slopes and out-breaking rocky elevations. It was to this comfortable home, in a spot that he had cleared, a dozen rods or more from the river, that he took Martha, his bride.

From the house the land dropped gently down to the water’s edge where there was a small landing and during the open season a

small boat was usually hauled up on the shore or, perhaps, tugged at its moorings when the current was strongest. The river was always flowing, flowing, on its way to the sea and its course was, farther on, through the marshes where it might be seen on a sunny summer day blue with tide-water, then moving on to be lost in the broad, consequential Piscataqua.

It was this river view that Martha loved best of all on the farm, and she often stood at the side door of the home and looked away towards the southwest. As far as eye could see, she could follow the river in its course, then dream about it as it found its way into the restless ocean. The spirit of her ancestors flowed in her veins. Her thoughts were not held by the boundary of that ocean, and she often longed to see that other land about which her parents and husband talked.

Yet she was content with her home and the life that it afforded. Like her husband, she was ambitious and whenever he came to her with the details of another profitable transaction, or talked to her of added acres, her heart responded sympathetically. No man loved an advantageous deal better than he, but he was a tiller of the soil, a laborer as his services were needed, and also a man of affairs. And while he worked out-of-doors Martha put the acquired skill of her girlhood to best account in the home.

Scattered as were those colonial homes, there would have been many lonely lives had not the majority of the inhabitants looked upon life philosophically, allowing happenings of whatsoever character, to entertain or amuse. The passing traveller brought the news; and he was always welcome. He would tell of births, deaths, the findings of the court that dealt with the eccentricities or the short-comings of neighboring settlers—all a part of the panorama that fed curiosity and gave human interest to life. Such a visitor brought a gathering from the homes in the neighborhood and when gossip had been exchanged all regaled themselves with blackberry wine and molasses cake.

Occasionally a piece of news called forth general ridicule as when William Furbish<sup>4</sup> of Wells was reprimanded by the court for abusing his Majestie's authority (Charles II. of England) when he used opprobrious language in calling his officers "Devils and Hell-hounds."

Sometimes indignation stirred the whole settlement. This was true when James Adams enticed the boys of Henry Simpson, as he believed, to their death. Building an enclosure of logs, inhanging so that they could not be sealed, he entrapped the lads there in the midst of a desolate forest. But they dug away the ground with their

<sup>4</sup>Bourne's History of Wells and Kennebunk, page 159.

hands and escaped, finding their way back home after being without food and water for several days.

John Wineoll, who owned a farm farther up the Newichawanock, brought the news that the Simpson boys were home, coming up the river in his flat-bottomed boat, shouting as he went along.

"Ho-ho, Simpson boys h-o-m-e——ho-ho, Simpson boys h-o-m-e," all the way along, the settlers coming to the river bank to get the news, and to hear the finding of the court:

James Adams, found guilty of bad and malicious temper and revengeful spirit to receive "30 stripes well laid on, to pay to the father of children of Henry Simpson 5 pounds each, to pay treasurer of county 10 pounds, and to remain close prisoner during the court's pleasure."<sup>5</sup>

This was the most grievous offense for many years and the matter was talked of for many a day and month, often furnishing material for an entire evening's conversation when there had been no important happening for some time.

Frequently conversation turned to the Indians, a common foe. King Philip's war had carried desolation into all New England. Persistent fighting had subdued the savages in Massachusetts, Plymouth and Connecticut, but in New Hampshire and Maine the Indian hatred of the whites continued to express itself until the treaty of Casco in 1678.

The Indians of this region were principally collective tribes known as the Abenakis. The French, having established relations with them through the missionaries, saw their opportunity and seized it. They persuaded many of these distressed and exasperated savages to leave the neighborhood of the English, migrate to Canada, where they settled first at Sillery, near Quebec, and then at the falls of Chaudiere. Jacques and Vincent Bigot were prime agents in their removal and took them in charge. Thus the missions of St. Francis became villages of Abenaki Christians,<sup>6</sup> like the village of Iroquois Christians at Saut St. Louis. In both cases they were sheltered under the wing of Canada and their tomahawks were always at her service. But though many of the Abenakis joined these mission colonies the great body of the tribes still clung to their homes on the Saco, the Kennebec and the Penobscot.

But there were pleasures of a more wholesome nature to keep the settlers' minds well balanced. Sometimes Martha would ride down to York with James where they would cross the ferry at Goodman Hilton's, James swimming his horse across and Martha paying one penny to go by boat. On the other side Martha would mount again and they would go on to visit with the Moultons and the Littlefields.

<sup>5</sup>Bourne's History of Wells and Kennebunk, page 160.

<sup>6</sup>Parkman's Frontenac and New France under Louis XIV, page 226.

FRONTENAC  
Copied from private plate



Jean Baptiste  
Hertel  
From a private plate



Sometimes the journey was made to Kittery where one got news direct from incoming ships and met friends coming over from England to settle.

None in the settlement had a happier and more comfortable home life than Martha and James Smith with their sons and daughters about them. James, Jr., was the oldest and then came the daughters, Mary and Elizabeth. Baby John, born July 26, 1685, was the youngest. When he was nearly five Martha was 37, yet the years sat lightly upon her. She was a woman of great attraction, as the personal charm of girlhood blossomed into the full beauty of motherhood.

So the life of the colony drifted along until the winter of 1689-1690, a season of so much snow that travel was greatly interrupted. The heavy drifts kept the women and children housed and the men loved to gather about open fires of logs piled high and relate deeds of prowess as they had heard them both in the New World and the Old. In December news came of the forts taken on the Kennebec, the 16th of November, but the extreme cold and snow lulled the inhabitants at Salmon Falls and Berwick into a sense of security. They believed that they were so near the coast, and within such easy communication with Massachusetts that all would be well with them, though the Indians were abroad.

So little precaution did they take that the one fortified house was not occupied and no watch was kept at either of the stockaded forts. The gate of one of the stockades hung by one hinge, left open by a miscreant youth when the first snow came in the fall; and pushed by the winds and the drifts and weighted by the snows that fell upon it, it sagged out of usefulness and waited for spring to come that it might be repaired.

The year 1690 came with no change and thus passed the months of January and February. March was blustering and stormy for the first two weeks, but spring set in early. The soft winds helped the sun, running higher and higher, to start the burden of snow; the men roused themselves from the lethargy caused by the extreme rigors of the winter and the housewives were thinking of spring work in homes and gardens.

The 26th of March was a day like to summer with its blue sky and balmy air. The marshes lay warm in the sun, and the river, free to make its way to the sea, was bearing along the last portions of the icy rim that for weeks had marked its outline.

Martha Smith came often to the door that March morning. She watched Baby John at his play, building ditches and sluiceways that the water might drain off to the river, and she came again when he called: "Mother, come see." She came to direct Mary and Elizabeth how to push the leaves away to see if the daffodils were coming up, and once she stopped to call to the son, James, telling him, as he hur-

ried away in the direction of the nearby woodlot, that dinner would be ready a half hour earlier than usual.

In the evening twilight she came again to linger long, watching the lights as they faded from the western sky. A mist came creeping up from the sea, there was a delicious saltiness in the air and—what was that she heard, a bullfrog croaking in the marshes?—It had sounded strangely like an Indian call and a great fear clutched her heart for the moment. Somehow she had felt a strange unrest all day although there was so much of spring in the air and life seemed full of hope. Surely there was nothing to fear and she turned to prepare the children for bed, for all had promised themselves to be up early next morning.

\* \* \*

“Pas de quartier aux Anglais!”

“Nous plantons la croix de Jesus!”

“Nous gagnons au nom de Frontenac et de Nouvelle France!”

The oaths rang out on the frosty air while the little bell in the chapel of Saint Francois echoed these pledges with clear, ringing strokes. On that winter morning wives and mothers had gathered on the shores of the Saint Francis river to greet the expedition as it came across from Three Rivers and passed on its way up the St. Francis, stopping only long enough for oaths to be renewed. Though there were many heavy hearts among the watchers on the shore, no tears were shed; for was it not for France and a holy cause that the sacrifice was being made?

Of the three parties of picked men sent out by Count Frontenac,<sup>7</sup> governor-general of Canada under Louis XIV. of France, in the year 1690, one was formed at Montreal, one at Three Rivers and one at Quebec. The first was to fall upon Albany, the second to direct its efforts against the border settlements of New Hampshire and the third to attack the settlement in Maine. By the glorious achievements of these expeditions directed against the English, under the combined forces of the French and Indians, Count Frontenac was to retrieve his fallen fortune. He was to aim a blow at his enemies that would help him to reclaim his allies and restore to him sufficient glory to demand the respect and special recognition of his sovereign who had once severely criticised him.

The second of these expeditions, aimed at New Hampshire, left Trois Rivieres on the morning of the 28th of January and was commanded by Francois Hertel. It was made up of 24 French, 20 Abenakis of the Sokoki band and five Algonquins. In part, the French were young sons of landed proprietors who held seigniories

<sup>7</sup>Count Frontenac, the most remarkable man who ever represented the crown of France in the New World.—*Parkman's Frontenac and New France under Louis XIV.*

along the St. Lawrence and her tributary streams. In the company, too, were Hertel's three sons and his two nephews, Nicholas Gatincau and Louis Crevier.

A prominent figure of this expedition was young Louis Crevier, oldest son of Jean Crevier, who held a large seigniory at Saint-Francois-du-Lac and he was the pride and the hope of the house of Crevier. Both strong and brave, he already had training in the attacks made by the relentless Iroquois who looked upon the Algonquins and their friends as eternal enemies. But this expedition lay far away from home and one heart was sad because of the departure. The seigneuresse of Saint-Francois-du-Lac yearned over this, her eldest born now living. During the days of preparation she prayed often in the village chapel and many times a day before the crucifix, and to the Blessed Mother she sent up hourly petitions that her boy might be safely returned to her. She saw that the scapula he had worn upon his breast since his first communion was attached to a newer cord of leather and she hid a tiny *Agnus Dei* in the inner pocket of his blanket jacket. She aided every preparation and at the moment of departure she placed her hands upon the shoulders of her boy and looked long into his eyes. Then he realized that he had his mother's blessing.

The party, leaving the village, moved up the St. Francis river to Lake Memphremagog, marching by long day journeys, though the conditions were much against them, and the heavy snows of winter a great handicap. From the lake they struck into the Upper Connecticut valley, then swung off to the southeast and headed for the coast. At night they camped under vigilant watch, for enemies were ever abroad and the winds might carry secrets.

They marched on snowshoes, each man with the hood of his blanket-coat drawn over his head, a gun in his mittenend hand, knife, hatchet, powder-horn, bullet-pouch and tobacco-bag at his belt, a pack on his shoulders and the inseparable pipe hung at his neck in a leather case. The provisions they dragged over the snow on Indian sledges. The Abenakis took the lead; they knew the way well. So they pressed on, day after day, winter storms and melting snows retarding their speed, until it was two months before they came to the outskirts of the frontier settlements they sought—Salmon Falls and Berwick.<sup>8</sup>

On the evening of the 26th of March they lay hidden in the forest that bordered the farms and clearings. Scouts were sent out to reconnoitre and found a fortified house unoccupied and two stockaded forts, built as a refuge for the scattered settlers, but no watch in either. The way looked so easy that Hertel passed the remainder

<sup>8</sup>Parkman's History of Frontenac and New France under Louis XIV, Chapter XI.

of the night putting his party into three divisions and in giving full directions as to movements.

The attacks came just before break of day when the settlers were still deep in slumber, and the onsets were simultaneous. It was the hush before the dawn when the air was pierced by the first terrifying yell; then all was confusion. With no one on watch at the forts, there was no one to give the alarm and when the French and Indians burst in upon them with fiendish outcries that seemed to set the very stars in heaven vibrating, the settlers were paralyzed with fear, unable even to gather for defense. It was a short struggle; the assailants were successful at every point.

It would be impossible to describe the horrors of that massacre. Thirty persons of both sexes and all ages were tomahawked or shot, among them the husband of Martha Smith. Her oldest boy, James, escaped. It may be that her two daughters were killed. But Martha herself, with her little son John, not yet five years old, was among the forty persons carried into captivity. The foes then turned their attention to the scattered farms, burned houses, barns and cattle, laying the whole place in ashes. It took only a few hours to accomplish the deed, and when the sun was still high in the heavens preparations for the return march were made. Already was the expedition headed for Canada when two Indian scouts brought the word that a party of English was advancing from Portsmouth and the march was quickened. But the French and Indians were overtaken at Wooster river, a few miles up the Newichawannock. There was a brisk engagement at nightfall in which, besides an Indian, young Louis Crevier, the oldest son of the house of Saint-Francois-du-Lac, was killed. There was no time even to consider the dead and wounded; with the recruited body of settlers pressing hard, the retreat continued.

\* \* \*

Then began that cruel march towards Canada. The captives, insufficiently protected, shivering with cold and suffering from hunger upon that long tramp, were forced through melting snows nearly to their knees, through mud and water, over long, icy stretches. If the weak fell by the way, they were tomahawked; the laggards were prodded on by the thought of the frightful death that might await them, and even the bravest grew so sick and weary that every breath was a cry to God to save. Almost blinded by the snow, with hands and feet chilled almost to freezing, with they knew not what before them, they kept on.

Among the bravest of these was Martha Smith. During all the scenes that had taken from her loved ones and home, no weak cry had escaped her lips. The fortitude that had been hers in every circumstance of her life, stood by her now. She carried herself with a dignity that must have impressed even the savage brutes who held

19. Mars. 1657. Baptême du fils de John Smith et de sa femme  
 Martha Smith. Né le 19. Janvier. Il a été baptisé par  
 le pasteur de la paroisse de Berwick. Il a été nommé John Smith.  
 Le lundi 19. Janvier. Jour de peur de l'an mil six cent quatre-vingt  
 trois a été solennellement baptisé sous condition de faire échapper nom  
 et son père. Martha lequel nom lui a été donné au temps l'apothéose a  
 été de la nouvelle Angleterre le deuxième le deuxième de Janvier 1657.  
 Il a également nom de mariage de Thomas Smith natif de Lancastre, en Angleterre  
 et de Marie Ward née de Berwick paroisse Lancastre et aussi de sa femme  
 English. Il a été baptisé en la nouvelle église de Berwick paroisse de Berwick.  
 De l'an mil six cent quatre-vingt trois il a été baptisé le 19. Janvier.  
 Il a été nommé John Smith (natif de France). On paroissait à Berwick  
 plusieurs personnes de Berwick officier dans le débarquement de la guerre  
 à la guerre de la mer, marin, marchand, barchon, ouvrier de marine, n  
 ouvrier pour 2. Ans et cinq ans, marchand, barchon, marin, ouvrier de  
 Berwick, et ainsi de suite.

This copy of the Baptismal record of Martha Smith of Berwick was taken in the Church of Notre Dame, Montreal, on March 28, 1916. Photographed under the direction of  
 Monsieur LaPalice, L'Œuvre et Fabricrique de Notre Dame  
 Établie en 1657



her prisoner. Unflinchingly she looked straight into the faces of her foes and, day after day, holding little John in her arms or letting him trot by her side, went resolutely on. She saw her friends and neighbors struck to their death; she watched the weak grow weaker and the sobs of little children filled her heart with fierce pain, yet her enemy did not know; she was still unconquered.

It may be that this apparent fearlessness had saved her life and little John's on that fatal 27th of March. While he was sobbing out his baby wails of "Mother! Mother!" she bent over him, hushing his cries, and telling him that nothing should hurt him. Then, straightening up, she had looked straight into the infuriated face of a savage with tomahawk uplifted. But behind the face of the Indian was that of Louis Crevier and the arm was arrested before it had time to strike the blow.

In the retreat Hertel led his men and their captives to an Abenaki village far up on the Kennebec, very likely where Norridgewock is to-day. Here they got word that Frontenac's third expedition, that had been directed against Casco, had lately passed southward and the French leader and 36 of his followers started out to join them, leaving the captives in the Indian village until their return.

It was this period of rest that saved many of the heart-sick captives; for when the last lap of that journey towards Canada was begun, summer was at hand and the way was less hazardous. The season brought with it warm winds, sunny skies and beauties of nature that for a time diverted the thoughts from the sorrows of the past few months.

What would be their destination when the end of the journey was reached, was an unanswered question among the captives and Martha could not have known that she was to be taken to the home of the dead Louis Crevier. Since this was so, it is evident that she was to have been his special prize. By an unwritten law of such forays, each man of the expedition, Frenchman or savage, was given one captive as his personal property. These captives were not prisoners of war but "esclaves" (slaves), being simply a part of the booty, thus accounting for the wide distribution of prisoners once they reached Canada. This, also, explains why so many of them were left in Indian villages.

It was well that Martha could not foresee the result of that journey since it was to offer her the last drop in her cup of bitterness; when fifty miles from Montreal and some miles from Saint-Francois, Baby John was taken from her. That she was allowed to take him in her arms and whisper a good-bye instruction to be a good boy and not cry, but to do as his leader told him, was through the kindness of Hertel, himself, a privilege for which she felt always thankful.

But her heart was breaking. What mattered it now what the future had in store for her?

That the lord and lady of the Seigniory knew of the returning of the expedition, hours before it arrived, was evident, for a swift messenger had been sent on ahead. Since the late spring they had known the fate of their boy; their nephew, Louis Gatineau, had been sent on as a government courier to tell them the result of the expedition when Hertel first reached the Indian village on the Kennebee.

By some irony of fate it was a June evening, not unlike that when Martha, a bride, had entered the home prepared for her at Barrie, when they arrived at Saint-Francois. They reached the shore of the Saint Lawrence, where it widens into the beautiful Lac-Saint-Pierre, just before the sun went down, its reflected rays trailing in splendor across the smooth blue surface.

When the boat pushed off from the shore towards the island home of the Creviers, Marguerite stood before the door, shading her eyes from the rays of the setting sun. When the boat drew into one of the sheltered coves below the house, she walked slowly down the path to meet the occupants, and Martha, looking for the first time into that strong, sweet face that told of its own sorrow, knew that she had found a friend.

\* \* \*

“Ma chere soeur. Que la Vierge Marie vous benisse.”

Marguerite Crevier, the lady of the seigniory, stood looking down at Martha as she lay still sleeping on that first morning after her arrival at Saint-Francois. In repose the face spoke more plainly of her suffering and Marguerite breathed a prayer.

“Let her sleep,” she said as she turned to leave the room, first stopping before a crucifix on the wall near the head of Martha’s bed again to cross herself and say an *Ave*. Then, going to the rooms below and from there to the front of the house where the children, Jean Baptiste, 11; Marguerite, 7, and Marie-Anne, 4, were playing roll the ball, with shouts and bursts of laughter, she cautioned them that they must not wake the lady in the chamber above.

“La femme, elle malard?” asked little Marie, running to her mother’s side and speaking in a whisper.

Marguerite explained that she hoped that la femme was only tired but she must not be awakened and then the children took their balls and went down towards the fort to play.

\* \* \*

These June days, like all others of the year, brought many tasks for Damoiselle Marguerite, for the seigniory of Sieur Crevier, her husband, was one of the most important. Situated fifty miles below Montreal, where the Saint Lawrence river widens into Lac Saint-Pierre, it stretched for five miles along the shore. It had been obtained by him in 1673, with all the titles thereto appertaining, and

here at the mouth of the Saint-Francois river, for many years he had been acquiring tenants as vassals until their narrow, lath-shaped farms formed a considerable settlement along the river front, reaching far inland.

His own buildings were upon a large, wooded island at the river's (Saint-Francois) mouth and here was a strong fort. The seigniory house was of stone, low and covering much ground, but substantially built with its interior of heavy, hewn timbers. On the ground floor were several large rooms, one of which was the family gathering place. The flax and spinning wheels were here; Marguerite brought her sewing; here she taught her daughters to spin and weave, and here her husband came to talk to her about the propriétés. Together they planned for laying in provisions for the winter and talked over the needs of the mission six miles up the river or surprises for Father Louis-Andre<sup>9</sup> when he should come on his quarterly visit. Here was a seat on the chimney bench for the old grandfather, father of Jean Crevier, when it was not warm enough for him to sit on the bench outside the door, and also a corner where an aged aunt of Marguerite sat with her knitting, talking to herself gently of days long ago in far-off France, or nodded in her chair, smiling as she dreamed. There were muskets on the walls and powder pouches; for always one must be ready for defense with the Iroquois about; and there were trophies, a bearskin that Louis had taken himself when a lad of 17, a bunch of Iroquois arrows and the beautiful branching antlers of a caribou and a buck.

While the family room was so closely associated with the life of the Creviers, other parts of the great manor house were important. There were the large kitchens where the family and the guests of the house ate. Usually it was a considerable family, counting the attendants, the soldiers at the fort and the members of the war expeditions who always stopped at the island when they returned from their forays, so that sometimes for weeks together the large dining-rooms were filled at meals. Then there were the provision rooms and the vault-like cellars, filled with supplies to last through the long, cold winter.

On the second floor were small, cloister-like sleeping rooms, each immaculate in its neatness, for Damoiselle Marguerite was looked upon as the most wonderful of housewives and home-makers by the inhabitants of other seigniories as well as that of Saint-Francois. And was it not as it should be? Was she not the daughter of Sieur Hertel de Rouville and a sister of Francois who had led the expedition, under Frontenac, into the settlement at Salmon Falls and Berwick? And were not both father and brother recognized as "brave, courageux et hommes de tête?" Marguerite Hertel, married now

<sup>9</sup>Father Louis-Andre had come to the parish of Saint Francois in 1689.

to Jean Crevier for 27 years, was yet but 41 years of age, young enough to have pride in looking after every task connected with the life of the household, while Jean, who had seen 47 summers, regarded his wife as exemplary in all that is womanly and capable.

This morning the Damoiselle had a new duty, the sister above stairs must be fed, and when she had set all the household attendants to their morning tasks, she prepared and carried to Martha's room a wooden bowl of steaming porridge.

As Marguerite entered the room for the second time that morning, Martha opened her eyes and sat up, then sank back, shading her face from the bright light of the morning. There could be only sign language between them, and Marguerite held out her hand as she approached the bed, assisting her to rise, then left her while she went for fresh water and a towel. For nearly three months Martha had tasted no really palatable food and when she had eaten she was physically soothed and again sank to slumber, from which she did not awaken until late in the afternoon when Marguerite came and led her to the family room below stairs.

Here she was greeted by the members of the family and a chair was placed for her. As the twilight made itself felt, little Marie came to her and resting her head upon Martha's lap, whispered: "Que je t'aime."

Though Martha understood no word, there was a heart language that she could interpret and, reaching down, she took the child in her arms and cuddled her as she would have cuddled Baby John had he been there. Reaching up, the child put her arms about Martha's neck, and then was born a friendship that saved the captive from many hours of despair in the days that were to come.

Martha's place in the household now became one of much usefulness. Marguerite treated her more like a sister than a servant. She was left much with the children and, caring for them, learned the language and their simple ways of living. When she was not thus employed she assisted Marguerite with daily tasks about the household and while her heart cried out daily for her son, she realized that it was best for her to be always busy. Why the world should hold so much bitterness when nature was so beautiful, she could not understand.

\* \* \*

But Martha was to experience other terrors. She had been in her new home but a few weeks when she again knew all the horrors of an Indian attack. It was at hand, what the old voyageur called "the time of the leaves and the butterflies and the Iroquois." They had come from the vicinity of Albany by way of Lake George, Lake Champlain, and the Sorel river, one hundred and fifty Iroquois thirsting for the blood of their brothers, the Algonquins, and of the French, who were the Algonquins' friends.

Before it was known, they had encamped on the very island where were the fort and the stockaded buildings of Jean Crevier, and it was one of the attendants who first gave the cry:

“Voiei les Iroquois. Cachez-vous en sûreté; au fort! au fort!”

Jean led his soldiers with reinforcements from the mainland and attacked the enemy in its camp. It was a bloody battle, fourteen of the whites were killed and several wounded. The Iroquois were routed, but they carried with them four or five prisoners, among them Jean Crevier himself.

Now it was Martha's turn to act as comforter to the lady of the seigniory, who might, like herself, be widowed. Or the husband might meet a fate worse than death. In the weeks and months that followed, the two women became closely endeared to each other, and each day held some tender experience. But Jean Crevier did not return nor was he heard from.

November came, the saddest month of the year. The last of September there were preparations for the winter's supplies. Herbs had been gathered for salads and soups and packed with salt; the bins had been filled with vegetables and as soon as the weather became cold enough, venison, game, fowl and fish were frozen and put away in the cellars especially built for them.

It was the first of December—Christmas was approaching. The men had brought in the evergreen from the forest, for a branch must be tacked above the door of each room and over the big fireplaces, else it would not be Christmas. But no one seemed really to have heart. Every one was *triste* even to little Marie who sat by herself much and often wished aloud for her papa.

Just a-week-to-Christmas was a gloomy day; the dark shut down early. Martilde, the aged aunt of the seigneresse, muttered almost a ceaseless prayer as she hugged nearer to the hearth of the open fire. Grandpère Crevier leaned his chin on his cane and kept his eyes closed as if he would shut out the sorrows of the world and little Marie, finding her mother *distract*, came to Martha and begged her to sing to her.

Possessing a voice of much sweetness, she had first amused the children with little English songs, but had now become sufficiently familiar with the new language to use it understandingly. Taking the child in her arms, she drew her chair within the warmth of the fire and began that old lullaby, “Roll The Ball,” a song that French Canadian mothers and grandmothers in the States will tell you was sung to them by their mothers when they were children, and by other mothers and grandmothers for centuries back:

“Derrière chez nous,  
Y tung, Y tang,  
En roulant ma boule,

Trois beau canards s'en vont baignant  
 Rouli, roulant, ma boule roulant,  
 En roulant ma boule,

“Trois beau canards s'en vont baignant  
 En roulant ma boule,  
 Le fils du roi s'en va chassant  
 Rouli, roulant, ma boule roulant,  
 En roulant ma boule,

“Le fils du roi s'en va chassant,  
 En roulant ma boule,  
 Avee son grand fusil d'argent,  
 Rouli, roulant, ma boule roulant  
 En roulant ma boule,

“Avee son grand fusil d'argent,  
 En roulant ma boule,  
 Tué la noir, blessé la blane,  
 Rouli, roulant, ma bouli roulant,  
 En rouli ma boule, roulant,  
 En roulant ma boule.”

\* \* \*

Once through, and at Marie's request, Martha was beginning again when there was a great shout, as of welcome, outside, and all, hurrying to the kitchen, found the Damoiselle crying and praying over her husband, Sieur Jean Crevier, who looked lean and gaunt but with a very satisfied expression, recounting his escape from the Iroquois and how he had made his way back home aided by a friendly Huron.

Everybody was happy, and Martha, still a prisoner, slipped away and sat by herself in her own room. These friends were kind; she had a comfortable home, but she was alone. If she could only be with those she loved. It was so that Marguerite found her, calling as she came: “Come, Father Louis-Andre is here. It is good news for you. Come.” And Martha followed her to hear the story from the good Father's lips:

He had found her little son, John. He had seen him but the week before. He was in the family of M. Argenteuil in Montreal, in their service. He was a fine boy and was growing well; he would be a good man. The others rejoiced with her and Jean and Marguerite promised to take her to Montreal to see him. It was her Christmas as well.

It would seem that only one thing remained to complete the happiness that was Marguerite's at the return of her husband. It was

the salvation of Martha's soul that she craved and for which she prayed. Her love for the English captive had grown very great; it was as if Louis had sent her to be his mother's special charge. Sometimes she pleaded with her gently and Father Louis-Andre often urged baptism.

It was nearly three years that Marguerite's prayers were unavailing and then they brought the news that Martha's young son had been baptised<sup>10</sup> into the faith in the church of Notre Dame on the third of May. Six weeks later in June, 1693, she, too, stood before the altar in the same church and received the sacrament of baptism by the sprinkling of holy water on brow and breast.

That day Father Guyotte wrote on the church record:

“Le lundi vingt neuvième jour de Juin de l'an mil six, cens quatre vingts treize a été solennellement batisée sous condition une femme Angloise nommée en son pais Marthe, lequel nom lui a été conserve au batême, Laquelle née a Sacio en la Nouvelle Angleterre le huitième de Janvier (vieux stile ou 18 nouveau stile) de l'an mil six cens cinquante trois du mariage de Thomas Mills natif d'Excester en la vieille Angleterre et de Marie Wadeo native de Brestol proche Londres et mariée a defunct Jaques Smith Habitant de Barwie en la Nouvelle Angleterre y aiant été prisele 18 Mars de l'an mil six cens quatre vingts dix par Mr. Artel, demeure depuis trois ans au service de Monsieur Crevier a St. Francois. Son Parrein a été Monsieur Pierre Boucher Ecuyer Sieur de Boucherville, Officer dans le detachment de la marine, Sa marraine Dame Marie Boucher, veuve de Monsieur de Varennes Gouverneur pour le Roi des Trois-Rivieres.

MARTHA MILLS  
MARIE BOUCHER  
E. GUYOTTE

Boucherville

The godfather was Pierre Boucher, former Governor of Trois-Rivieres and now “ecuyer” and owner of the great fief of Boucherville, opposite Montreal, and he was a brother-in-law of Damoiselle Marguerite. The godmother was his daughter Marie, the widow of De Varennes, also in his time Governor of Trois-Rivieres, the signatures of the noble godfather and honored godmother appearing with Martha's on the record.

But the great joy that filled the heart of Marguerite on the June morning when Martha took upon herself the vows of the church was

<sup>10</sup>Martha's son was baptized as John Baptiste Smith.

not to be of long duration. Scarce a month after her return to Saint Francois Marguerite suffered the most cruel blow of her life. Again the Iroquois descended upon the island and carried off her husband who was at work in the fields with some fifteen workmen, and he probably died at Albany from his wounds and suffering involved in his captivity.

\* \* \*

Summer suns and winter snows counted off the years to 16 and Martha Smith lived on in the home of Marguerite Crevier. The long struggle between the French and English for supremacy in the New World still continued, now quiescent, now breaking forth with stinging hatred. But the power of the Iroquois had been broken, the allied tribes found matters of graver importance nearer home to hold their attention, so that savage forays across the Canadian border were becoming less and less, while New England was being more strongly peopled by colonists from the Old World.

In the year 1706 there was a general exchange of prisoners and that year Martha Smith and her son John, now to manhood grown, probably came back to the old home in Berwick, since after that date their names do not appear among those remaining in Canada. Martha must have been sorrowful at the thought of leaving the friends at Saint-Francois, and especially Marguerite whom she had learned to love as a sister; but she must have been stirred by far deeper emotions at the thought of returning to the scenes of her girlhood and married life, to the old home and the old friends.

And John? He was but a young man and quickly found companionship among the friends of his parents. He married the beautiful Elizabeth of Kittery and when experience was added to his years, he was made an elder in the old Congregational church at Berwick. He became a man much esteemed, lived to an honorable age with his family about him and in the faith of his ancestors he was gathered to the fathers.

#### AUTHOR'S NOTES.

On August 31, 1963, Governor Fletcher of New York writes in a letter that the Iroquois had a prisoner named Mr. Crevier of St. Francois; that they had torn out his finger-nails and were preparing to burn him at the stake, when Colonel Peter Schuyler, in command of the garrison at Albany bought him for fifty louis d'or and that the poor captive was then very sick in that city. "Jean Crevier," says Sulte, "doubtless died at Albany from his wounds and from the suffering he underwent during his captivity among the Iroquois." The next year his eldest son signs as seigneur of Saint-Francois.

The account of Martha Smith's captivity is drawn in great part from her long baptismal entry in the church of Notre-Dame at Montreal and from a scarce pamphlet in French, Sulte's "Histoire de Saint-Francois-du-Lac," the latter a critical re-statement of the facts on ancient records concerning the family of Sieur Jean Crevier, in whose household Martha passed so many years; L'Abbe Maurault's "Histoire des Abenakis," the Massachusetts archives

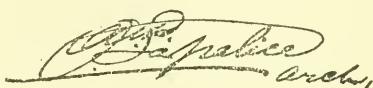
and the York County records. The baptismal record is the copy made by C. Alice Baker, deceased, and is now in the hands of Emma L. Coleman of Boston.

The Abenaki reservation is located at Pierreville, Canada, and on land given them by Marguerite Crevier before she died. There is a small chapel and upon an interior wall a tablet to the late U. S. Senator Matthew Stanley Quay of Philadelphia, a descendant of Abenakis. He also gave \$5,000 for a library for the mission.

In nearly every New England city where there are French-Canadians of any distinction one finds descendants of the Abenaki Indians through the marriage of Joseph-Louis Gill. The record of the family is a most honorable one.

The following personal letter from Archbishop Lapalice attests the genuineness of the baptismal record:

Le papier jauni par le siècle, et l'encre  
un peu altérée ne permettent dormer un  
résultat plus satisfaisant. Le photographe  
a pourtant bien réussis, et a donné  
des copies littéralement aussi lisibles  
que l'original. C'est la dimension  
exacte. Puisque, vous les recevez  
à temps

  
Archb.



*BACK TO THE ARMY*



## *Back to the Army*

*By GERTRUDE LEWIS*



ICE CAKES grated against the rocky beach. Each wave tumbling them over, sending forward its rush of foam, left behind an icy film. Slipping, stumbling, red-coated soldiers; somber-clad, hooded and muffled civilians, men, women and children, an eager, curious crowd, pressed to the water's edge, heedless of the foam crawling over the numbed feet and the cutting wind off the ice floes of Penobscot bay.

Bitter cold was February of the year 1780!

"Hurrah! Long live King George! Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!" shouted the "red-coats," while the Tory rabble waved their arms and stamped their feet; working up both warmth and patriotism as a sloop cleared the ice drift at the harbor entrance.

"Guess Peleg will catch it!" shrilled a small boy.

"You bet!" guffawed the crowd.

"Tut, child!" reproved an old man, cuffing the urchin into silence. "Speak not so of your betters. A smarter general never stepped on this peninsula."

"Look out, Uncle! Your smart general's goin' to find Castine hotter for him in February, than ever he found it last July!" blustered a voice from the crowd.

"Eh! But it was mighty near he came then to sending you all to where you'd never cool off!" muttered the old man, withdrawing to the edge of the crowd.

"Ah, well met, Thomas Wescott! These fools, these—"

"Softly, softly, Samuel Veasey."

"Speak not 'softly' to me! Oh, but it was a scurvy trick! Home on a three days' leave! They do say that he was sitting alone with his wife, drinking tea, when into the room marches Lieutenant Stockton an' his twenty-five 'red-jackets!' Twenty-five to one! British courage for you!"

"He had a guard, didn't he? Sleeping, were they?"

"Sleeping! No! As for a guard—well, three or four, may be. He should have been as safe in his own home as in Heaven, but for these cursed Tory spies! Maybe you are one, yourself? I'm past caring! Shot him down like a dog, before his wife!"

"You are beside yourself. The Lord's will—"

"Stop your prating, Thomas! There's more of the devil than of the Lord in this business, I'm thinking! Here they come!"

On the road, directly back of the beach, with a flourish and prodigious jingling of accoutrements, the mounted guard from Fort George drew up; while the rattle of the anchor chain was borne to the expectant ears of the crowd, as the sloop swung abreast the landing. Immediately a boat was lowered, four sailors taking station at the oars; several figures seemed to be helping or carrying another to the stern. With powerful strokes, the rowers made swift headway against the heavy swell.

“There’s Stockton in the bow!”

“Where’s the damned Yankee?”

“There he is! That’s him!”

“Hurrah for Stockton! He’s—”

Making an imperative gesture for silence, Lieutenant Stockton arose in the bow, as the boat beached; his non-committal British features were unmoved. Quickly the soldiers separated the crowd, forming themselves in a double line from boat to mounted guard. Somewhere a hiss started. With upraised arm, and by that quality of the officer which demands obedience, Lieutenant Stockton compelled silence as, turning with courtly gesture—offering the respect of one brave soldier to another—he assisted a man, wrapped in an army cape, over the boat’s side, General Peleg Wadsworth, prisoner, who, but a few months since, had so nearly in battle won that fort to which he was now being taken captive.

Not so tall as the Lieutenant, but broader-shouldered, more rugged of feature—a presence and a face of command—a moment General Wadsworth stood steadyng himself against the bow, oblivious to the curious stare of the watching throng, his face, tense with lines of pain, paled beneath its wind-reddened surface. He straightened, threw back his head, stepped forward, stumbling as he did so, on the ice-coated pebbles, and half fell. The military cape, slipping from his shoulders, revealed a bandaged arm and shoulder wet with fresh stains of blood. Recovering, at the side of Lieutenant Stockton, between the line of soldiers and through the silent crowd, he walked slowly but steadily, to the waiting escort.

\* \* \*

Propped against his pillow, General Wadsworth, with one hand, clumsily adjusted loose sheets of paper on the table, placed at the side of the narrow cot; drew the ink nearer: “Now my quill, Barnabas?”

“Here it is, Sir!” said the waiting attendant, “anything else you would like, Sir?”

“No, no, Barnabas, you may go now,” adding, with a wry smile, as the face of the guard looked in through the glass pane inserted in the upper half of the door, “yes, you may go, for I shan’t be alone!”

Barnabas hung the dipper on a nail over the water jug; straightened the one chair against the wall; gathered up the few dishes in

which had been served the morning meal; lingered uncertainly by the table. "Nothin' more, Sir?"

"Why, no!" answered the General, looking up surprised, "go now!"

"Yes, General." Slowly Barnabas left the room, the guard bolting the door behind him.

My beloved Wife: (wrote the General slowly)

By the courtesy of General Campbell, Commandant, I am permitted to send you assurance of my well-being. On my arrival, I immediately applied for a flag of truce, that you might receive one letter from the garrison. I trusted—and not in vain—under the, to you, so distressing circumstances of my capture, that my confidence would not be misplaced.

Much courtesy has been extended to me by the officers, soldiers of the King first, but also British gentlemen!

Be not uneasy regarding my wound—Dr. Calef, regimental surgeon, seems a man well skilled.

General Campbell most kindly permits me, also, to send, under this same flag of truce, an open letter to the governor of Massachusetts. I doubt not but that an exchange may be made ere long!

Meantime, my dear wife, my heart misgives me, knowing that I can frame no words so skilful as to calm your anxious fears.

Stay not alone! Mayhap, our sad young friend, Mistress Fenno, will find her own best solace in comforting you? Oh, those two foolish lovers! Let our misfortunes teach them not to trifle with that "gift of the gods"—True Love—while it is yet theirs! Perchance she will be kinder to my good friend, Major Burton, if the fortunes of war again spare him to her!

Trusting God, that our misfortunes be but temporary,

Your affectionate husband,

PELEG WADSWORTH.

\* \* \*

Wearied, restless from the pain and fever in his wound, General Wadsworth pushed aside the papers. Sinking back on the pillow, he dozed but a few minutes, rose and unsteadily paced back and forth before the one window, heavily barred, his gaze absently traveling over the trodden snow of the enclosure (some 50 feet wide) beneath his window, to the 20 foot wall of the fort. On its top, the figure of the sentry, silhouetted against the gray sky above, the snow below, seemed to be suspended in mid air. The bolt slipped, admitting a dapper young Lieutenant of scarce 20 years. Saluting, "Lieutenant Moore—John Moore—at your service, Sir. General Campbell presents his compliments, and begs that you will dine with the officers' mess in the guard room."

Turning, General Wadsworth, with hot eyes, looked confusedly about the bare room—the barred window, the door with its square of glass—to the fresh-faced English lad. With quick comprehension, Lieutenant Moore drew the General toward the cot, “You’re ill, Sir,” he exclaimed.

Many restless nights and days, General Wadsworth tossed on the narrow bed, his mind sometimes clouded, sometimes clear, as the suppurating wound ran its fluctuating course, under the drastic treatment of Surgeon Calef. The doctor bled the patient, applied his leeches, while nature, sure ally of the powerful, clean-lived man, reinforced by the faithful Barnabas Cunningham, armed with his jug of fresh water, made persistent counter attacks. The third week they carried the outposts; by a night sortie, at the beginning of the fourth week, completely routed the enemy.

The General awoke with a wonderful sense of coolness, of rest, that delightful languor which follows cessation of pain and fever. He drew deep breaths of cold, moist air; faint, but unmistakable, came to his ears the first voice of spring, a distant cawing of crows; turning, he saw Barnabas Cunningham, birch-broom in hand, standing before the raised window. Curiously the General watched him, thin, stooping, narrow-chested, hair grizzled over hollow temples. Finally, “hello, there, Barnabas!” he called.

“Why—why, General,” stammered Barnabas in excited pleasure, “but it’s fine you’re lookin’ this mornin’!”

“You’ve been mighty good,” said the General, frankly extending his hand, “and you—a servant of his Majesty!”

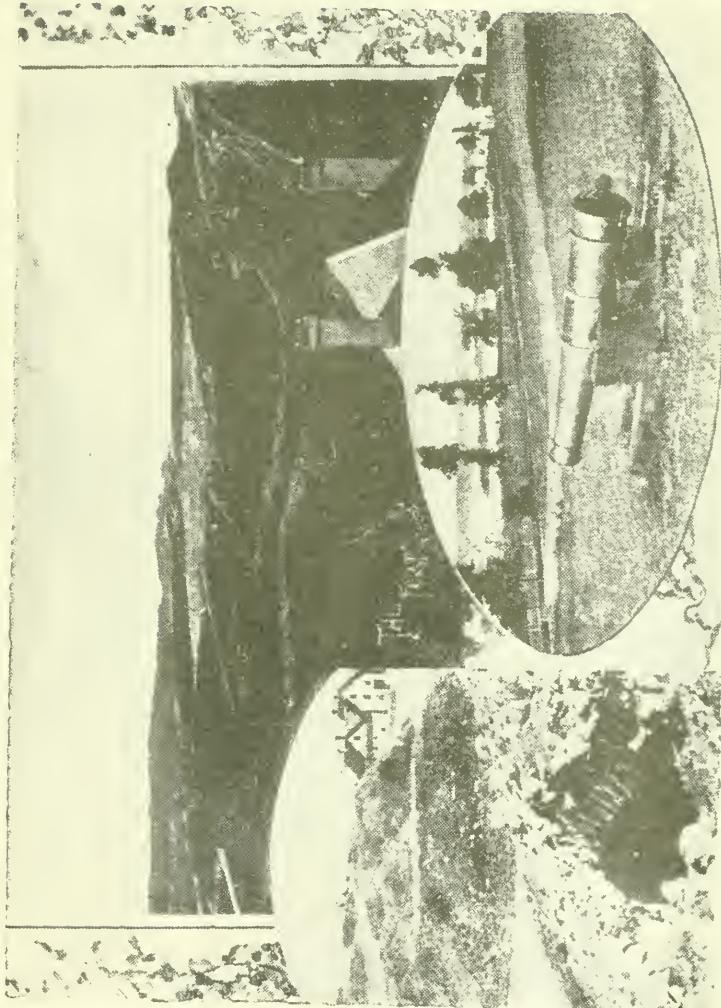
Smiling quizzically, “aren’t you afraid King George will string you up, when he learns that, thanks to you, there’s another ‘damned rebel’ to be reckoned with?”

Flushing, Barnabas, with a hasty glance toward the door, swept under the cot bed: “Wal, it’s this way, you see, General,” he began in an undertone, “General Campbell, he’s right here—and General Washinton, he’s a long way off!”

“That does seem to be the situation at present!” smilingly interposed General Wadsworth.

“And my old woman, she says to me, ‘Barnabas, don’t be a fool! Ye ain’t spry enough to kill a jack-rabbit!’ An’ one o’ them red-coats come up to me when they wuz buildin’ the fort, last year; an’ he punched me in the stummick, kinder jokin’ like, with the butt of his gun, ‘Can you cook?’ says he. ‘Not so you’d notice it!’ says I. ‘None o’ your sarce! Come along up to the officers’ barracks!’ says he, pokin’ me agin. I came an’ I been here ever since. But I ain’t relished it!”

The General gave a low whistle. “So,” said he, with a keen glance straight into the old man’s eyes, “so the wind blows fair, does it?”



The Ruins of Fort George



"It does, Sir!"

"Ah, good morning, Dr. Calef," as the door opened, "and a fine morning, too! Barnabas here, has been telling me that it's about to clear from the northwest!"

"Well, well," blustered the rubicund little man, "knew those leeches would fix you! Knew they would!" Laying a hand on the cool wrist, "You're as fit as the morning, yourself! A bit shaky, may be, but you'll be up soon now."

"Up and out, I trust!" ejaculated General Wadsworth, "I applied for parole, some time ago."

"Better off where you are, Sir! Better off where you are! Heard something about your parole this morning—here's Captain Craig now," he added, as an officer's figure appeared behind the glass pane in the door. With an expression of relief, Dr. Calef stepped back as the regimental captain, accompanied by an orderly, entered.

Saluting, "General Campbell's compliments to you, Sir," said Capt. Craig. "He regrets to state that parole cannot be granted to an officer of your rank. A communication in regard to your case, Sir, has been sent to the commanding General at New York."

"My respects to General Campbell," replied General Wadsworth. "I await his orders."

\* \* \*

The quadrangle, behind the officers' barracks, was soaked in the slush of melting snow and mud, till, whipped by the March gales, dry islands appeared here and there. A faint tinge of green warmed the base of the 20 foot wall. The sentry, pacing at the top, no longer beat numbed hands against his breast. Outside the General's door, even the two guards in the drafty entry, seemed to thaw out; were heard to talk occasionally to one another in cheerful undertones. As the days slowly lengthened, the "feel of the spring" sometimes penetrated the barred window. At such moments, the prisoner valiantly buoyed his sinking hopes for a speedy exchange.

General Wadsworth's frantic impatience to rejoin the army now shook his steady calm. Doubly guarded; an arm crippled; baffled in every suggestion for escape—the General's rapidly returning strength mocked his impotence.

At dawn, one morning late in April, an unwonted stir and hurry through the barracks, a joyful hallooing in the distance, betokened some unusual event. "The 'Packet,' General," announced Barnabas, coming in earlier than his custom, "stores from New York and mail. Did ye hear 'em, Sir? Whoopin' up General Clinton, they wuz!"

In an agony of impatience, doubt and hope, the slow hours dragged. At sundown, Lieutenant Moore entered, in his hand an opened letter. "Mail for you, Sir!"

With strong will mastering excitement, General Wadsworth extended steady fingers for the open letter. “ ‘Tis most welcome,” said he quietly, recognizing the handwriting of his wife. He looked searchingly into the face of the young officer. “ Is there no other? Did General Campbell send me no message?”

“ This is all that he gave me. There is no message, Sir,” answered the Lieutenant, his candid face flushing slightly under the keen eye of the General.

As Lieutenant Moore left the room, turning to the window in the fading light, General Wadsworth unfolded his wife’s letter. “ Castine!” he exclaimed, “ Here!” Hurriedly he read on: “ be not angry,” the letter ran, “ it comforts me to be near you, although I cannot see you—neither am I alone—Mistress Feno accompanied me. Poor child, I sometimes think her sorrow is greater than mine; I at least know that you are yet living! We have had no word from Major Burton, these many weeks.” Twice the General read the letter—a message of home and love—naught else could pass the censor at the fort.

Again the guard slipped the bolt. Barnabas entered, bearing the supper tray. Standing back to the door, placing dishes upon the table with fingers which shook, he spoke softly and rapidly: “ Thar’s ben a heap o’ talk all day, Sir. I knowed them officers never had thar heads together for nothin’! I wuz moppin’ the entry floor by the guard room, when the Colonel and Captain Craig come out, a-talkin’ busy—I drawed back s’quick they never seed me—‘ Yes,’ the Colonel wuz saying, ‘ General Clinton says by no means consider exchance of so distinguished and so able an officer.’ Them wuz his very words, Sir! The rest I didn’t catch, mebbe you will, Sir. Captain Craig wuz talkin’ about somebody or somethin’ goin’ to England.”

“ Yes,” said the General slowly, “ I think I do understand—too well! Thank you, Barnabas. Go, now!” he added, as the face of the guard appeared before the door.

In the fast-gathering twilight, General Wadsworth stood long at the window, gazing out with unseeing eyes at the dim figure of the pacing sentry. His anxiety for wife, friend, the perilous future, merged in heavy oppression for his country’s losses. The gathering gloom of manifold treacheries and disasters was deepening. The night of failure, in that dark hour, seemed close at hand.

\* \* \*

Across the quadrangle, clouds of dust now eddied and swirled, at every passing breeze. The dandelions, whose shining buttons decorated the fort wall, gayer than the coat of an officer, had faded and gone when, one morning in late May, the tramp and jingle of heavy feet in spurred riding boots, came down the General’s corridor. The door was flung open. “ In here, Sir!” said an officer’s voice.

A soldierly figure stepped forward, wearing the uniform of a major in the Continental army, so worn and mud-stained that its insignia were barely recognizable. Of fine physique, scarce 30 years of age, brown hair and beard unkempt, darkly tanned, hollow-cheeked, there was yet an impression of abounding vigor about the man.

"Your fellow prisoner!" said the new-comer, extending his hand.

"Major! Major Burton!" cried the General. "In God's name, how came you here?"

"As you did, Sir! 'Misfortunes of war;' a cavalry raid; separated from my command; an ambush; rode straight into it—and here I am!"

"Tell me," begged the General, gripping his hand, "tell me and tell me quick—the news! It's for the truth I'm starving, fed on Tory lies! Washington?"

"Ready and waiting to strike a blow, I've faith to believe!"

"Thank God for that!"

"Yes," assented Major Burton gravely.

"Georgia is overrun and Savannah still in British hands—d'Estaing, having instructions to aid Washington with his fleet (after Savannah), cowered and slunk back to France like a whipped dog! They all fail the General! Naught but fine promises have come from France since the year opened! In South Carolina, Lincoln is hard pressed—a brave man, but slow. Clinton, himself, with 8000 men, they say, is starting for Charleston—"

"Charleston will kill the 'fatted calf,' ejaculated the General, "all of South Carolina is but another hot-bed of Toryism!"

"Never, in the history of the world," continued General Wadsworth slowly, low-toned and intense, "never has there been a war where every true man and patriot was needed, as every man is needed now—not one can be spared! While we," he added ironically, "we sit here!"

"Not like to sit here long," answered the Major—" 'tis an open secret with them now—I was sent to meet the privateer, due here in a few weeks. She takes you and me, prisoners, to New York or Halifax—thence straight to England and her gracious King!"

The General leaned across the table; face to face, tense, silent, each questioned the other.

"Take us—alive?" breathed the General.

"No—dead," steadily answered the Major, pledging his word with a firm grasp of the General's hand.

The steps of the sentry approaching the door, hastily Major Burton fumbled for his tobacco pouch, and laughingly handed it to General Wadsworth who, as the sentry looked in, smilingly continued in a low conversational tone, lighting his pipe, "if we make the

break, there is a chance of one of us getting through. Better one Yankee back in the army—than two Yankees in an English prison!"

Major Burton gave a low chuckle, "if neither of us gets through, we can reckon on squaring up an account or two."

As the steps moved away from the door, "That fellow gone?" asked the General without looking up. The Major nodded. "Just cast your eye on the ceiling, will you?—Well, what do you see?"

"A fine assortment of pine boards—selected sizes."

"If the middle one was taken out, a man could squeeze through the hole, couldn't he?"

"We could!" promptly replied the Major.

"Good!" agreed the General. "My idea is this: (and by the way, you will find no slouching in discipline—first class corps of officers—we can't reasonably count on any aid of that sort) Two guards at the door, out in the entry here, two at the outer door, extra sentinels, etc.; more of these details later—(to the main idea)—cut this board; drop it out at an auspicious moment; haul ourselves up; crawl to a third and unfinished entry, not usually guarded; drop through an opening in this ceiling (Barnabas tells me there is one)!"

"Can you trust this man, Barnabas?" quickly interrupted the Major.

"I believe so. Once in the third entry—make a dash!"

"I see," mocked the Major, but with kindling eyes. "We open the front door or the back, whichever comes handiest, knocking down any or all in our way; dash up that twenty-foot wall; pass neatly between the sentinels; plunge lightly down the other side! Let's see, there's a chevaux-de-frise at the bottom, isn't there?"

"There is, and well spiked!"

"A trifle!" grinned the Major. "Also the mile run to the shore!"

"You ought to know that ground," interrupted the General, half amused, half irritated. "You fought over it long enough last summer!"

"I said that was easy," returned the Major equably. "The isthmus well sentinel, I suppose?"

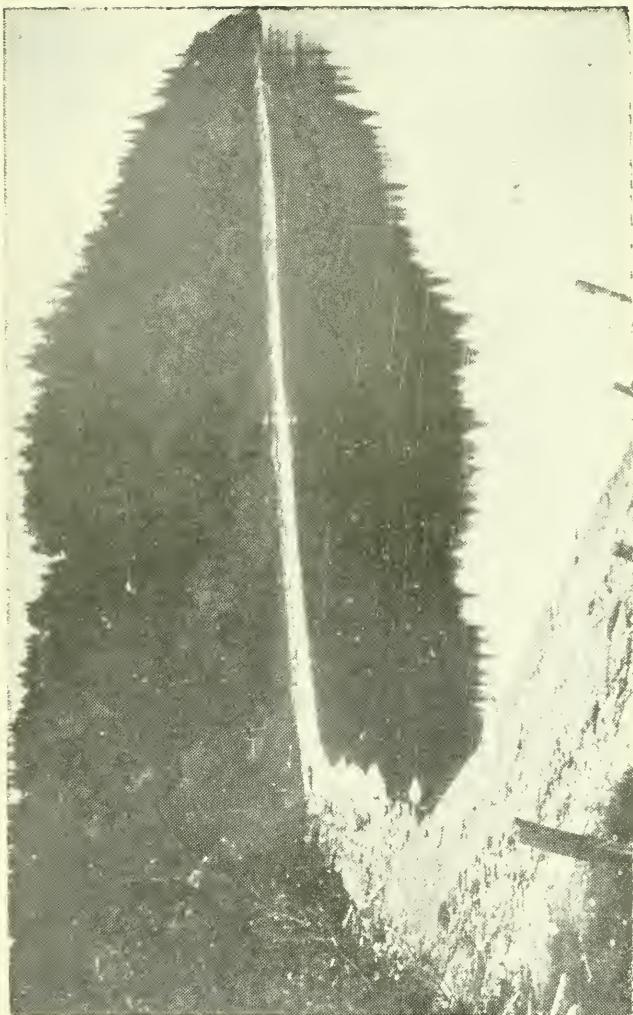
The General nodded. "Probably impossible to pass—swim the cove!"

"Just so, Sir," agreed the Major. "Swim the cove and on through the woods to the further shore. Wade the Penobscot!"

"I'm with you, General!"

In silence, absorbed in thought, they waited as Barnabas came in with the evening meal.

Presently, with change of tone, the Major asked, "Have you had any word from home, General?"



Wadsworth's Cove



"By the Lord Harry,—forgive me for a selfish brute! A blind ass! A man needs his wife in these matters!" exclaimed the General, while he fumbled in his coat pocket, smiling into the astonished eyes of the Major. "Here, read these lines," he said, unfolding a letter and thrusting it close to the sputtering candle. As the Major took the paper in fingers which trembled slightly, with kindly tact General Wadsworth stepped toward the window.

There was a long silence in the room; till a shaking hand was laid on the General's shoulder. "General, I thank you," said the Major, steadyng his voice, "you and your good wife. Mistress Fenno, here! And to have known that all is well between us, before we knock down the garrison!" he said, masking emotion with a jest, adding reverently, "'tis a miracle that passeth comprehension. It should be a good omen, General!"

With infinite caution, after their light was out, and the first change of sentries made, the General drew his pocket knife; mounted a chair; and plunged the rather dull blade into the wide center board. Hampered by his stiffened arm, unable to more than scratch the tough pine, the Major took his place, while the General stood guard by the door. Whenever the sentries passed, both General and Major lay asleep upon the cot!

All night Major Burton hacked and whittled; he also made little headway upon the stout three-inch plank. At the first gleam of dawn, they filled the crack with chewed bread, smearing it over with dust wiped from the floor. "Too slow!" commented the Major. "It will take us six months, at this rate, General."

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"Barnabas," exclaimed Major Burton, as they were finishing breakfast, dropping a silver piece into his empty tea cup, "the General and I are getting bored! We lack occupation. What do you say to finding us a gimblet, to-day? It would furnish good amusement.

"'Tis an awful handy tool to have about, Sir," agreed Barnabas, quietly.

"You understand?" questioned the General sternly.

"I do, Sir!"

The old man's stooping shoulders straightened, unflinchingly the faded eyes met the General's keen gaze. "'Tis a better soldier I'm sending back to General Washington, than ever myself could have been. That's how I understand, Sir!"

"Thank you, Barnabas," replied the General, his eyes softening. "If we get through, we'll not forget."

Each night, hour after hour, Major Burton perforated the board with gimblet holes, while (as before) the General gave warning of a sentry's approach. In the dark, with fumbling fingers, they filled each hole with chewed bread; at the first ray of light smoothed over

and grayed the surface with dirt; gathered up every grain of sawdust.

Steadily the work progressed, but slowly—so slowly that each day, more tense with anxiety, they awaited news of the coming of the privateer. At the close of the third week, a fishing schooner came into harbor, reporting an English ship, becalmed in the lower reaches of the bay.

Working feverishly through a hot night, dawn found the last hole bored. A knife could now sever quickly the slender partitions yet holding the heavy plank in place.

On that morning of the 18th of June, 1780, the sun rose red from a bank of murky haze. Steadily, throughout the day, the heat strengthened, grew more oppressive, the air more lifeless, while the haze slowly rose and overspread the sky. Toward evening distant thunder muttered and grew louder. Darkness fell early, lit by forked lightning from zenith to horizon. Swiftly the storm rolled up. The wooden barracks shook in mighty gusts of wind. Great drops of rain pelted upon windows and roof, then descended in a steady crash. Almost incessantly lightning flashed, while thunder pealed as though the granite hills themselves were splitting.

Rapidly Major Burton and the General worked, under cover of the storm. In less than an hour, the board dropped into their waiting hands. Instantly Major Burton swung himself up, making fast a blanket, by which the General, handicapped by his wounded arm, more slowly followed. One second's pause, while the General knotted the blanket about his shoulders; stooping under the eaves; crawling over beams; till a flash, from below, lit an opening over the third entry. Dropping down, they stood in darkness for a tense heart-beat of time; a second flash revealed a door. Without, a dash of wind and rain struck like a blow in the face! One moment's stumbling in a blackness, as of the Pit; then flash and fire of blinding blue light! Each ran forward, but failed to see the other!

Clinging, with bleeding fingers; digging his toes, here into loose rock, there into a bit of earth, by sheer force of will General Wadsworth worked his way up the twenty-foot wall; how, afterwards, he never knew.

Sentries were changing. Revealed by every flash of the lightning, pressed flat to the wall, he waited. Head down, slanting body against wind and rain, the sentry, in the fury of the storm, passed unseeing!

Springing up and over, knotting his blanket about a picket of the fraising, the General swung himself down, feeling with his feet for the iron-tipped spikes of the chevaux-de-frise. Dropping, he cleared the ugly entanglements, but pitched forward on hands and face. Up again and through the encircling ditch containing three or four feet of water, on he ran, in the blackness, down the rocky

hillside. Headlong, through thick undergrowth, wet branches smiting head and face with stinging blows; stumbling in the hollows, on he plunged, with neither rest nor pause, toward the shore.

Distinct, above the clamor of the storm, shots from the fort rang out. To the right, at the head of the cove, lay the isthmus—its cordon of sentries now roused. Straight to the beach and into the water, the General headed. Too long a swim! But by the second blessing of Providence that night, the tide was low. A half mile across the flats he waded, in three to five feet of water, guided by the lightning, now abating. Up the bank and over the fields and pastures of a deserted farm, burnt by the British the year before; on through the woods to the further shore.

Afar off the thunder rumbled; overhead the clouds were breaking; a few stars shone out. By their dim light, the General slowly picked his way along the beach, pausing often in anxious fear, for sight or sound of the Major. It was about 2 o'clock, judging by the stars, and some seven miles from the fort; clambering over a ledge of rocks, he found himself face to face with Major Burton!

"I was looking for you, General!" cried the Major.

"Thank God!" he breathed, as they gripped hands. "I've found a canoe about half a mile beyond," he continued joyously, "Some good Indian's!"

Warned by the paling stars, they hurried on.

The river lay clear in the breaking dawn, as, launching the canoe, with swift, noiseless strokes they shot out from the shadows of the bank.

"Hark!" whispered the General—his paddle poised in air. Motionless they floated, breathless in suspense. Up the quiet water, came, unmistakably to their ears, the rhythmical dip of oars, the click of oar-locks. Below, bright in the eastern glow, lay an open reach of water; as they watched, into full view came the barge from the fort.

Back into the shadows slipped the canoe. With strokes, swift, powerful as an Indian's, bending with the strength and weight of their whole bodies upon the paddles, racing with the daylight—they shot the canoe up stream toward a rounded point where yet, beneath a low hill, the long shadows of the dawn all but met reflections from the opposite shore. Here, they swung across, sprang out as one man, swift as thought slid the canoe up the beach, and up the bank into the concealing bushes.

"Let us rest, one moment, Sir!" said the Major, turning in anxiety to the older man, from whose splendid strength, long months of prison life had taken toll.

Panting, pale, but undaunted, the General smiled. "One moment!" he assented.

Leaning against the trunk of a white birch, whose drooping branches lightly brushed the water, they watched the glory of the June dawn, in their hearts a paean of thanksgiving. Close by a thrush sang his full-throated melody. Behind the low hill, which concealed the town and fort, a golden glow leapt, lit the wide reaches of the river, sparkled upon every rain-wet leaf and blade.

Major Burton lifted his hand in salute—"To the army!" he cried, adding softly, with shining eyes, "and to Mistress Feno!"

"Amen!" repeated the General reverently. He parted the branches. Together, they plunged into the wilderness.

Scattering a shower of drops, the dripping boughs swung back; hung motionless above the still water. The thrush sang on, while up the empty river rowed the British barge.

A ROMANCE OF MOUNT DESERT ISLAND



## A Romance of Mount Desert Island

By BEULAH SYLVESTER OXTON

*“List to a tale of love in Acadie.”*



T WAS Indian Summer. A golden haze brooded over land and wave. The winds were stilled and the surface of the sea was undisturbed save by gentle tide currents eddying in and out of harbor, creek and bay and running so smoothly by rocky ledge and point that the brown seaweeds rose and fell as if toyed with by tender hands.

The huge shoulders of the granite hills, lifting their rugged heights in solemn grandeur above the tranquil tide, seemed touched by magic; their towering summits, wreathed with violet mist, loomed less distant and austere through the glowing, palpitating ether.

The spicy odor of pine and fir filled the air as their branches exhaled forest incense, a tribute to their deity, The Sun. Within their shadows the atmosphere was warm and mellow, while out on the bare capes and headlands it held almost the sultriness of mid-summer, intensified by glowing clumps of goldenrod that garlanded their heights.

All nature rested in perfect peace and quiet. The only sound that broke the stillness was the cry of the seagull, as it circled on graceful wing or settled to the sea.

On this scene of matchless beauty Delphine Beauvais gazed with happy eyes, as with loitering steps she climbed the slope leading from shore to woodland. Such a day as this seemed too rare to be devoted to homely, indoor tasks.

Indeed, why must one work at all when the great Outdoors seemed resting in dreamy quiet and each succeeding hour only added to the beauty and enchantment of the scene. The girl paused often and gazed seaward, shading her eyes from the sun's glint on the water, while she watched the fast lessening sail of her father's boat hanging limp in the morning calm as the fisherman labored patiently at his oars that he might early reach the fishing-grounds.

“Delphine,” he had said, when she kissed him good-bye, “how could Jean Beauvais content himself with his hard, rough life did not his little girl make it bright and happy with kind deeds and loving words? Le Bon Dieu send you, some day, the good fortune you deserve.”

And her heart echoed his words. How could he manage without her now that grand-père was tied to the house with rheumatism,

never able to aid at fishing, while poor grand-mère was deaf and almost too blind to find her way about? And over in the shadow of the pines slept her own mamma, laid there when she herself was placed, a helpless babe, in her father's arms.

With this thought she hastened toward the cottage that was their home, and singing a blithe song went busily about her morning tasks.

Though petite and delicately built, this young daughter of the desert isle radiated the glow of rugged health. Her limbs, though slender, were well rounded and beneath the soft skin played muscles, strong and supple. Her step was quick and elastic and her movements were as the flit of a bird from bough to bough. The ripe red of the wild strawberry was on her cheeks and lips, and in her dark eye, the sparkle of the dancing waves.

So close had been her girlhood years to the wild, free life of the great Outdoors that she resembled nothing so much as the robin that fearlessly built its nest in the balsam-fir growing beside the cottage door, or the wild blue-bell that graced the rocky cliffs of her island home. "Oh, fair in sooth was the maiden!"

She loved the sea and often spent days with her father in his fishing boat where she sat in the bow, gazing out over the ocean's wide expanse, dreaming dreams and seeing visions as only a young girl may. But not all her days were spent in romping or dreaming. She could spin and weave, knit and sew, bake and brew, and do all that a housewife should. In truth, she well deserved her father's praise, for since her grandmother had grown so blind, Delphine had kept the house and kept it well.

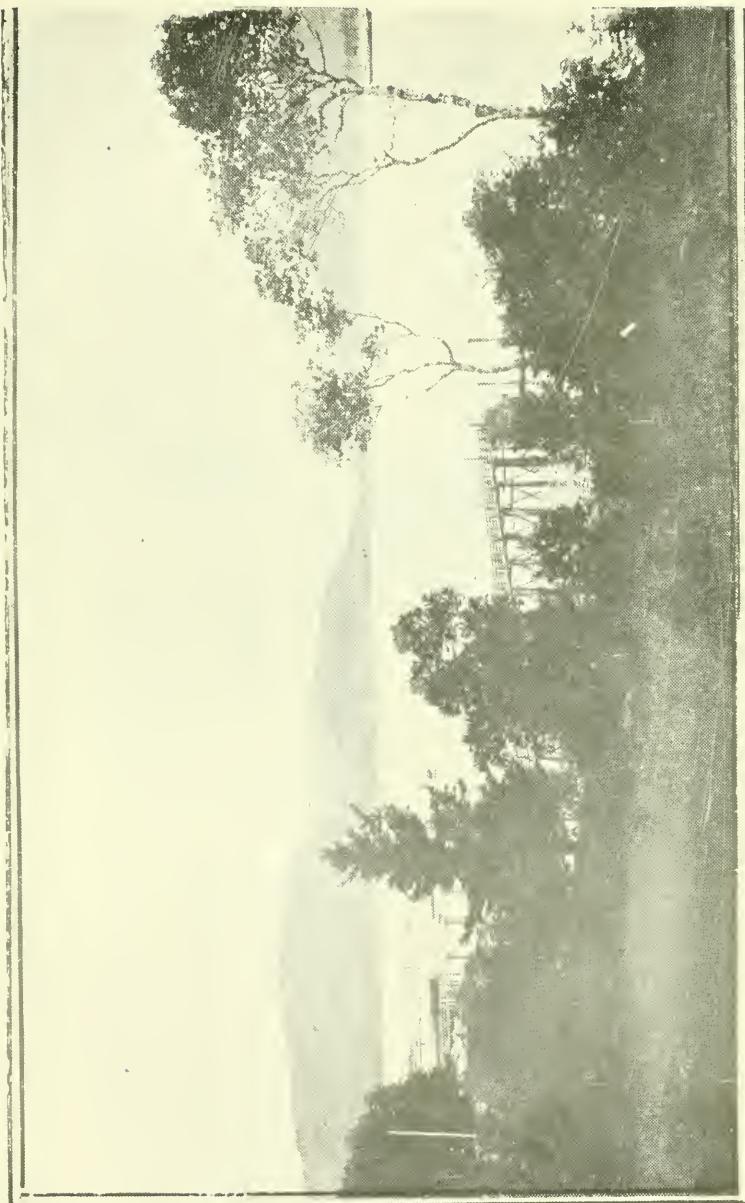
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The cottage of Pierre Beauvais, Delphine's grandfather, was one of a small settlement that had taken root on the rocky shore of the Isle de Monts Desert in those years before the coming of the Gregories in 1788, but of which history contains no record and of which only a tradition now remains. At the head of what is now Southwest Harbor this little colony of fisher-folk, isolated and remote, maintained its existence against all hardships and privations.

Pierre's cottage, like the others of the colony, was built in part of stone, in part of rough-hewn timbers. The chimney with its wide fireplace was made of stone, chinked with clay from the seashore, and though the winters were long and cold, these houses were snug and warm. The furniture was of the simplest and made by hand from the material that nature plentifully supplied. But as these fisher-folk were of simple tastes, they were contented and even happy.

They had no time to sigh for the comforts that perhaps some of the older ones had known in earlier years, for life was a struggle for bare necessities and each must do his part of hard, rough toil.

The chief source of livelihood was the never-failing store of cod and haddock, mackerel and shad with which the waters along the



The Isle of Monts Desert, where the Little French Colony was Settled



coast teemed. These were dried or otherwise cured and taken to the larger settlements to be exchanged for needed supplies of food and clothing.

But sometimes, if the catch of fish was large, a doting father or admiring lover bought some little trinket for a loved child or sweetheart. So Jean Beauvais on his last trip to Falmouth had bought for Delphine a bit of gay muslin for a new dress and a string of shining beads for her pretty neck.

The muslin had been fashioned into a gown of simple beauty that enhanced the girl's charming face and figure, and when she clasped the beads about her slender throat, her proud parent exclaimed, "There is not another in all New France so lovely as my Delphine, and were she in the old land over sea, she should win the heart of some gallant lord and adorn his chateau with her grace and beauty!" The dress had been worn for an hour or two, then carefully folded away in the big chest to await some festive occasion, or, who could tell, perhaps the coming of a lover.

The morning, filled with household tasks, sped swiftly and happily. Old Pierre sat on a bench beside the door and smoked and dozed in the warm sunshine or, in memory, lived again his early days in far-off, sunny France, his adventures here in the New World when life was all before him, his fortune to be won, and the long, hard years that had passed since then.

After the simple noon-day meal, Delphine had placed a cushion on the bench beside Pierre and assisted her grandmother outside, where the old dame, though nearly sightless, spent the sunny afternoon, busily knitting. And Delphine, close beside her, sat at the flax-wheel, singing or listening to the endless tales she had heard a hundred times from her grandparent's lips. And while her hands were busy with the flaxen thread, she spun a golden skein of romance on fancy's wheel.

Nightfall brought an orange sunset whose brilliant hues were long reflected by the placid sea and distant mountain tops, till purple sea-mist rising veiled them in its shadowy folds.

The old people went early to rest, but Delphine sat long by the open door "watching the moon rise over the pallid sea" and the mystic figures of her imagination that came and went in its silvery path of light. Then she, too, climbed to her bed in the tiny loft.

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The weather of the Maine coast has ever been uncertain and changeable, so it is not surprising that the unusual heat and calm of that autumnal day in 1753 was followed by a storm that burst out of the northeast with tremendous fury—a blizzard of sleet and snow and a wind that soon became a gale.

The sea, that yesterday lay silent and peaceful, now bellowed and roared and thundered as it lashed and tore at the jagged cliffs, leap-

ing up their sides in clouds of spray that froze as it fell. The entire landscape was blotted out by the driving cloud of snow that, fine and dry as dust, sifted into every cranny and crevice.

The air was stinging cold, intensified by the gale that increased in fury from hour to hour. The great boughs of the hemlocks and spruces writhed and groaned as gusts of wind wrenched and contorted them. The fisherman's cottage was shaken to its foundation, and though the fire leaped in the chimney and great sheets of flame darted nearly to its top, the inmates sat round its hearth and shivered. In their hearts was a sickening fear for the safety of the absent one, somewhere in his frail boat on that dangerous coast, and a prayer was on their lips for his keeping. Not only in the home of Pierre Beauvais were fear and anxiety; for Jean was not the only one away on the sea. Others had fared forth, all unconscious of the coming peril. In those days no storm signals flew from cape to cape, no lighthouse-tower held aloft its beacon light through the blinding snows, no warning bell tolled o'er the surging deep to guide past treacherous reef and sunken ledge, no brave Life Guards patrolled the sands or peered through the storm for boats in distress. Small wonder that some who went out that Indian summer day should never see again the harbor lights of home, or that brave Jean Beauvais should be numbered among that silent company!

All day and night the storm raged until its fury was exhausted. When the second morning dawned the wind had fallen and it had ceased snowing; but the air was still biting and heavy, leaden skies gave no hint of sunshine. The waves still roared and hissed, heaving in from sea in prodigious combers.

Golden autumn lay dead, but through its hours of travail lusty winter had been born.

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On this second day, as the anxious watchers looked seaward for some sign of the fishing boats, hoping they had found safety in the lee of some sheltering isle, a strange craft made its way into the harbor and came to anchor. She was a large vessel, a ship of war as her guns and portholes showed, but of what nation none could tell, for no flag waved at her peak. That she had been caught in the storm was plainly to be seen. Her canvas hung in ribbons, some spars were entirely gone, while others hung as they had fallen when snapped by the gale; all entangled in sails and cordage.

The rattle of her anchor chain had hardly ceased, when a boat was lowered away and put off toward the shore. As its bow grated upon the beach, one of its occupants, evidently an officer, sprang ashore and hastening up the slope, approached the cottage of Pierre Beauvais, standing nearest the beach.

The "Bon Homme," a French frigate, was on her way to Quebec, but by a series of gales that had swept the North Atlantic, she

had been driven far out of her course. Upon approaching the coast she had been caught in the blizzard and nearly wrecked upon the dangerous rocks that lie about twenty leagues to the southeast of Monts Desert. The mountainous seas had washed three of her men overboard and nearly swept her clear of sail and spar. She was so strained that her hull leaked dangerously. Her crew was exhausted with their terrible battle with wind and wave and suffering from thirst, for their water butts were either over-turned or filled with salt water. Hence she had sought the shelter of this harbor and her commander asked permission to cut timber for new spars and inquired for some spring where their water supply might be replenished.

This was the tale the captain told when Pierre had bade him enter the cottage, the while his restless glance noted quickly the details of the humble dwelling and more quickly still the fair young girl who had so gracefully placed a seat for him before the hearth, then turned industriously to her flax-wheel in the corner, where she sat with downcast eyes and blushing cheeks. And he thought that a face so lovely he had not seen in many a day if, indeed, in all his life, which was a great compliment, had she but known, for the captain was a young nobleman who had seen many a high and titled beauty in the salons of the gay French capital. But though Delphine looked not up, she felt the admiring gaze and could not hide the blushes that mounted to brow and cheek.

Blushes? Yes, blushes. Had not the great ship come at last to the harbor, and had not its handsome young commander sped straight to her cottage door just as in her dreams it had always been?

“And what was the end of the dream, Delphine?” “Oh, it was as father always said, we sailed away to the wonderful land of France where a noble chateau awaited the coming of her who should ‘adorn it with grace and beauty’!”

With quick intuition the young nobleman guessed something of the thoughts that held her eyes so steadily on the distaff and caused the warm waves of color to mount to the ringlets, framing the piquant face, and determined that this should not be his only visit to the home of old Pierre, nor would he leave the harbor of the Desert Isle until he had plucked for his own, this sweet, wild flower.

For ten days the great ship lay in the harbor while her busy crew fashioned new spars and wrought new sails and put the ship in condition to continue her voyage.

Meanwhile, the fishing boats had returned, all but Jean Beauvais', and in spite of the hope that his boat had been blown off the coast farther than the others, or that he had been picked up by some merchant ship and carried to a distant port, old Pierre knew he should see his son no more, though he kept this knowledge locked in his aching heart for the sake of Delphine and his poor Marie. And if Jean

were gone, what would become of them? Just in the hour of need had not Le Bon Dieu sent this young captain to solve that knotty problem! Pierre might be an old man now, but he had once been young and gay and he knew it was not to talk with him that the handsome officer, night after night, sought their humble fireside. Yes, Delphine should be a lady, and she would not forget her old grand-père when she had gold at her command.

Thus, between the old man's scheming and the girl's romantic dreams, the Bon Homme's captain found fair sailing on the sea of his heart's desire.

Night after night he sat by the glowing hearth and talked with Pierre, filling the old man's pipe with fragrant tobacco and his mug with sweet, red wine from old Burgundian vineyards—telling, the while, tales of his adventurous life upon the sea or of Pierre's old home in Normandy. But when the old folks at last retired, he was free to tell the tales more pleasing to a young girl's ear: tales of the grand chateaux that, vast and high, rose above rich gardens and ancient woods, even as the tall cliffs of her lonely isle rose from the encircling sea; tales of the beautiful women and brave men, who, dressed in gorgeous satins and velvets and sparkling with jewels, made gilded halls and salons gay and brilliant with feasting and dancing, music and song; tales of wonderful Paris with its flowers and fountains, bridges, parks and drives, its marvelous shops and bazaars and its beautiful churches, dim and sweet with incense that burns continually before splendid altars: tales of palace and king, of lords and ladies of high degree and the glittering life of a magnificent court.

And Delphine no longer sat with downcast eyes, but hung upon his words with cheeks and eyes aglow and with hands, always so busy before, now lying idly in her lap. Her whole body tingled with excitement, her mind was spell-bound with wonder and admiration.

Then, drawing closer and taking her little hand in his, the captain poured out a tale of passionate love and promises. Some day, if she would but return his love, she should see all these grand sights of which she had heard, and should herself become one of those elegant ladies and dress in soft satins and lace; for he was an heir of a noble line and over-seas his princely chateau awaited the coming of a little bride who should adorn it with her grace and beauty. And Delphine, wild little blossom of the desert isle, gave into his keeping her trusting heart and the jewel of her fair young life.

So the last night had gone. At morn the "Bon Homme" weighed her anchors and stood to the open sea. On Delphine's finger showed the captain's ring, on her lips and brow and eyes still clung the rapture of her lover's kiss, in her ears the echo of his last sweet words and in her hands she held a purse of gold. Again

she must take up her round of homely household cares, again she must spin the flaxen thread; but with the whirr of the flying wheel, ever she heard her lover's voice: "No wind so high, no sea so wide, that can keep me long from my darling's side!"

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Again it was Indian Summer. Again the golden haze enveloped land and wave, and the sea was still. Again Delphine looked across the waves, but not at the fishing boats. Instead, her gaze swept the far horizon for some sign of the returning sail that should bring once more to the desert isle him who had her heart in his keeping.

What changes one short year had wrought in the fisherman's cottage! No word had come of Jean Beauvais and at last Delphine had given up all hope.

Over in the shadows of the pines another mound was made where they had laid poor old grand-mère, just as the tender green crept over the forest and the little birds had come again to sing among its branches. Pierre, as before, sat on the bench beside the door in the fragrant shade of the balsam boughs, but Delphine sat within, and this time it was a lullaby she sang, for on her breast nestled a little son.

If she had been fair to see that other day as she sat by the wheel and spun a skein of reverie, now she was beautiful indeed! The divine light of mother-love shone in her eyes as she looked on her little one and spun for him another skein of fair romance, as she dreamed of what he should grow to be in the coming years—the heir of a noble line. And to-night as a year ago, Delphine sat by the open door watching the silvery path of moonlight on the sea. But was it a dream-ship that she saw looming on the distant verge and nearer, ever nearer, in the wavering, mystic glow draw on toward the silvery shore!

No, not a phantom; for into the harbor, as before, sailed the great "Bon Homme" and in the hush of the autumnal night Delphine was clasped again in her lover's arms.

Sometimes there come to mortals such days of supreme delight, such hours of exquisite happiness that whatever of pain and sorrow the after years may bring, the heart can bear it all for memory of those past sweet days.

So to Delphine came that hour of bliss. Again she and her lover sat beside the glowing hearth while between them slept their little babe, and as before she listened with beating heart to his tales of love and promises: tales of their life that was to be in that fair, distant land of sunny skies, when she should take her rightful place, as his wife and mother of his heir. And for their son another tale of fancy bright: he should be trained and tutored by the greatest minds and given all the advantage of his father's name and become, in time, a trusted courtier of his lord, the King.

But patient must Delphine be and await the day when he could take them from the lonely isle to live that happy life in far-off France. And if the gold in her purse was gone, then here was a larger store; she should not lack for aught that it could buy. Then, with the dawning of another day, before the sun had risen from the sea, his ship was gone, and with it vanished the romance of her life.

Let us not count the lonely years that follow, when Delphine watched and waited for him who never came. Not once did her trust or hope give way, and when the "Bon Homme" came not back and neighbors urged her lover's faithlessness, she always met the charge with good excuse; the wars had kept him over-seas, or else the ship was ordered to some distant port: he would redeem his promise in good time, else death had claimed him. But no thought of infidelity could poison or corrupt her love nor the steadfast faith she had placed in him.

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Old Pierre at last lay sleeping with those others beneath the pines, so Delphine had only herself and little one for whom to work and plan. And what a joy it gave her to do for her child; to care for his little body and to make his pretty clothes, to teach him to lisp a prayer and to sing her sweet old songs. Every day was devoted to his welfare and almost her whole existence centered in his happiness. He was indeed her blessed treasure, her precious, darling boy. How sad that his papa should miss all these delights of his son's babyhood! But then, perhaps it was only fond mammas who found such happiness in their children's infant years.

Only one event had brought deep sorrow to Delphine's heart. One day, when little Maurice was just learning to walk, a dreadful thing happened. Busy one morning about the cottage, Delphine took from the crane in the chimney a pot of scalding water and was about to turn it into a tub when the little toddler caught her dress and pulled her to one side. Some of the boiling water had fallen on her darling's feet and so deep was the burn that the little toes were crippled and the child made lame for life.

Delphine never ceased to grieve over the accident, both because of her tender love for the child and because she thought he never could fill those high positions his father had planned for him. And with what sorrow, mayhap anger, that father might reproach her for such seeming carelessness!

But though lame, little Maurice was an active child and played on the beach, or climbed the rocks, or frolicked beneath the branches of the pines with the other children of the settlement. Sometimes he went with Delphine to the cliffs on the point where she would sit, looking far away across the water, and tell him tales of his gallant father and of the wonderful things that he should see and do when papa came to take them from the little cottage to sail with him across

that shining sea. And the child, another little romancer like his mother, had already begun to dream dreams and see visions.

\* \* \*

So the years flew by. One morning of a warm spring day in 1761, another ship dropped anchor in this harbor of Monts Desert. A boat was lowered away and once more a stranger ascended from the beach and knocked at the cottage door. Delphine and her little boy had gone to the forest in search of the sweet, wild flowers that grew in the pine tree's shade, and the stranger turned to another house that stood not far away. His errand was soon told. He sought a child, a boy, the age of seven, whose name was Charles Maurice, and whose mother's name was Delphine Marie Beauvais. Did such persons dwell in their settlement? But why did this serious-faced gentleman, a stranger from a foreign land, seek these two on the Mountain in the Sea? That he told to Delphine alone when she returned from the forest.

Some natures are endowed with an unusual power, almost an instinct, by which they feel the foreshadowing of good or ill to befall them. Delphine possessed this power. From time to time, during all that pleasant spring, a vague uneasiness overshadowed her usually merry heart.

On these unhappy days she remained close by the cottage and could not bear to have little Maurice go beyond her sight. No harm must come to him, no unkind fate must take him from her side. Oh, she could not even brook the thought! So she gathered him close in her loving arms and strained him to her heart.

At the first sight of the new sail in the harbor and the stranger at her door, that vague sense of danger crept over her like a chill, the color died in her cheeks and her whole body trembled visibly at the sound of his deep, low voice.

At last the story was told, at last she knew the bitter, bitter meaning of her dread forebodings. How could her loving heart receive such a stroke and yet not break! Gone, yes, gone forever was her gallant lover, her brave captain, the father of her child! After all the years of patient waiting, never to know the joy of meeting, never to be clasped to his heart again, never to look into his dear face or feel his caress! Oh, cruel, cruel fate, more bitter than a thousand deaths!

But even that was not the keenest sorrow she had to bear. She must give up her precious child and send him away with this strange gentleman to that still stranger land of his father's birth. "Must," did he say? "No, never!" He was her own and she would hold him against all the world! Now that his father would never come again, what did life hold for her except to love and to be loved by their little child? So in the agony of her tortured heart Delphine cried out when she could bear no more.

But the stranger seemed not greatly moved by her suffering, and saying he would talk with her another day, returned to the ship in the harbor.

All night in that humble cottage Delphine fought her terrible battle alone, but when the first, gray light of coming day broke o'er the sea, she sank on her couch in a death-like sleep. "And into her soul the vision flew." When she awoke she understood its meaning.

It was his father's wish. Their son was the heir of a noble line and he must not spend his life on that desert island. He must go to far-off France to his father's home and people. His uncle would love him and guard him as one of his own and see that all his brother's wishes were fulfilled. Yes, she would let him go. It was hard, only God knew how hard, but she would make the sacrifice. Her love should prove its worth; she would bear all for the loved one's good.

Thus M. Neveu, the grave Paris lawyer, discovered a great change in Delphine when he next came to her cottage and it was soon arranged that little Mauriee should accompany him to France, the ship sailing the following day, for her captain was anxious to be off the coast before a storm should arise.

And how did the child receive this wonderful news? At first he clung to Delphine in terror, for he had been ever a shy child with older persons, and could not be induced to make friends with this stranger. But when the lawyer had given the boy some tempting sweets, the like of which Maurice had never seen or tasted, and some curious toys brought over-seas for this very purpose, Maurice had been quickly won. Then, too, Delphine, since her decision was firmly made to give him up, used all her arts of pleasing tales to fill his mind with fair imaginings of all that awaited him across the sea, until he was impatient to be on his way.

All that last, sad night Delphine sat by her child's bedside and gazed through her blinding tears upon his little form. All night her prayer went up to Heaven that God would shield him from all harm, that he might find room in some mother-heart beyond the sea and grow to be a great and learned man, an honor to his father's name and noble family.

The morning dawned with cloudless sapphire skies. A fresh warm breeze sang through the piney woods and set a-dancee the blue waves of the sea. All the world seemed free from care and joyous with the springtime's blossoming.

The great ship shook her canvas free, like some huge sea-bird, spreading wings for flight, and with the freshening breeze and ebbing tide, turned proudly from the harbor towards the sea.

And Delphine stood on the shore waving her hand and smiled, that her child's going and his last memory of her should be a happy

one. Then, out on the Point's highest cliff, she watched the departing sail until it was lost to view in the purple mist of the far horizon.

\* \* \*

Once more the fleeting years had brought the glory of an autumn day and Monts Desert glowed like a jewel on the breast of the tranquil sea. Softly the dreamy haze wrapped in its folds each mystic mountain top. The quietude of nature's resting-time lay over the ancient wood among whose dark pines and hemloeks shone the oak and maple, resplendent in their richest colorings, while in their shadows silvery lakes reflected every tint and line in wondrous beauty. No handiwork of man with brush or pen could e'er repeat the glory of the scene.

Again a stranger from a land far over-seas had sought the mountain isle; had sought that sheltering harbor and the hamlet of the fisher-folk; a gentleman, familiar with the splendid life of courts, who talked with Europe's greatest monarchs as a trusted friend, one whose mighty brain was yet to fashion a great Nation's destiny. What thus brought this famous man to the home of these lonely ones?

That something which, since the world began, has made the humble and the proud akin; that sacred, holy, blessed thing, the memory of a tender mother's love.

There, in the softened light of the pine tree's shade, a son knelt by his mother's grave and did not the loving spirit of Delphine Beauvais know that all her prayers had been answered? For, bending above her quiet resting-place, was the son of her love and tears,—the heir of a noble line—Charles Maurice, Duke de Talleyrand.

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AUTHOR'S NOTE: The historical claim for Mount Desert as the birth-place of Talleyrand will be found in Williamson's History of Maine, Drisko's History of Machias and Sylvester's Maine Coast Romance Vol. V.



GOVERNOR KING



## *Governor King*

*By IONE B. FALES*

### FOREWORD.

William King was born in Scarboro in 1768, and his family was one of the most illustrious of his state. His grandfather, Richard King, came from England and settled in Massachusetts in the 18th century. William was one of the younger members of the family and the least favored in educational advantages, as his father died when he was but a lad. Entering the saw mill business in Topsham at the age of 21 years, he soon advanced to ownership of the business, and had extended his interests to extensive ship building and ventures. At the age of 27, he had already made a name for himself in politics, both locally and in national issues. In the War of 1812, he took an active part in the defense of Maine against the English and won military honors for himself. For years he was a Maine representative in the Massachusetts legislature and it was due largely to his efforts that Maine was finally separated from the mother state, in 1820. The people honored him with the position of Maine's first governor and he filled the place for a year with honor and dignity. In 1821, he was called by President Monroe to make one of a commission to settle the United States claims in Florida and left Maine for a time to take a place in national affairs. He died at his home in Bath on July 17, 1852, at the age of 85. In that city, Maine has erected over his resting place, an imposing granite shaft to mark his tomb.

\* \* \*



HE ERRATIC cawing of a thieving crow, whirring in low flight above the cultivated fields of Scarboro, over a century ago, in quest of the tender tips of some luckless farmer's sprouting corn, snapped the impassive quiet of a country noon-day.

To the stalwart country lad, halted at the fork of the Portland and Portsmouth pike, the harsh note of the raven seemed a voice of good omen. He lifted his eyes from idle contemplation of the separating highways before him to follow the course of the bird in its flight. Beside the boy, grazing half-heartedly by the edge of the road, two coal black steers were standing, in no more haste than their master to be on their way.

Young William King, just turned 21, even in the crude homespun of his mother's weaving, bore his tall figure with a dignity that neither youth nor clothes could alter.

He had been standing at the cross-roads for some moments before the crow's call had solved his problem for him. Before him, to right and to left, the two highways gave their invitation. On the one hand the road lay cool and serene, a damp brown ribbon of turf leading through tall aisles of forest trees.

On the other hand, the vista was of equal worth. The pike, hot and dusty, reached out through cultivated fields and flowering

meadows with the low roofs of farm houses visible at uneven distances along its path. Cattle were feeding here and the newly planted crops of corn and potatoes were growing toward a harvest. These evidences of practical industry offered themselves in mute contrast to the undisturbed serenity of the forest lane.

“Caw! Caw! Caw!”

The rude hunger song of the crow burst loud upon the air, then grew fainter and fainter, as the bird faded to a small black speck and was finally lost in the distances of the Portland pike.

“I’ll follow the crow,” thought William King. So calling to his steers and driving them before him, he continued down the highway past the cultivated lands, where the crow had pointed out the way.

Young King had that morning left his mother’s home at Dunstan’s Landing, a little settlement of the town of Scarboro and had started off with his steers, his sole heritage from his father’s estate, to make his way in the world.

In due time, he arrived in Portland and attempted to dispose of his cattle there. But Portland at the early date of 1789, was scarcely larger than Scarboro and offered no great advantages to an ambitious young man. No one, which was of greatest moment to him at that time, seemed desirous of a bargain in steers. Failing of a market, the young man continued his journey, this time turning his course to Bath, passing from there to Brunswick and thence to Topsham where he settled. Somewhere on the road, he had disposed of his steers and with this small capital in his pockets, William entered the saw-mill business in that village.

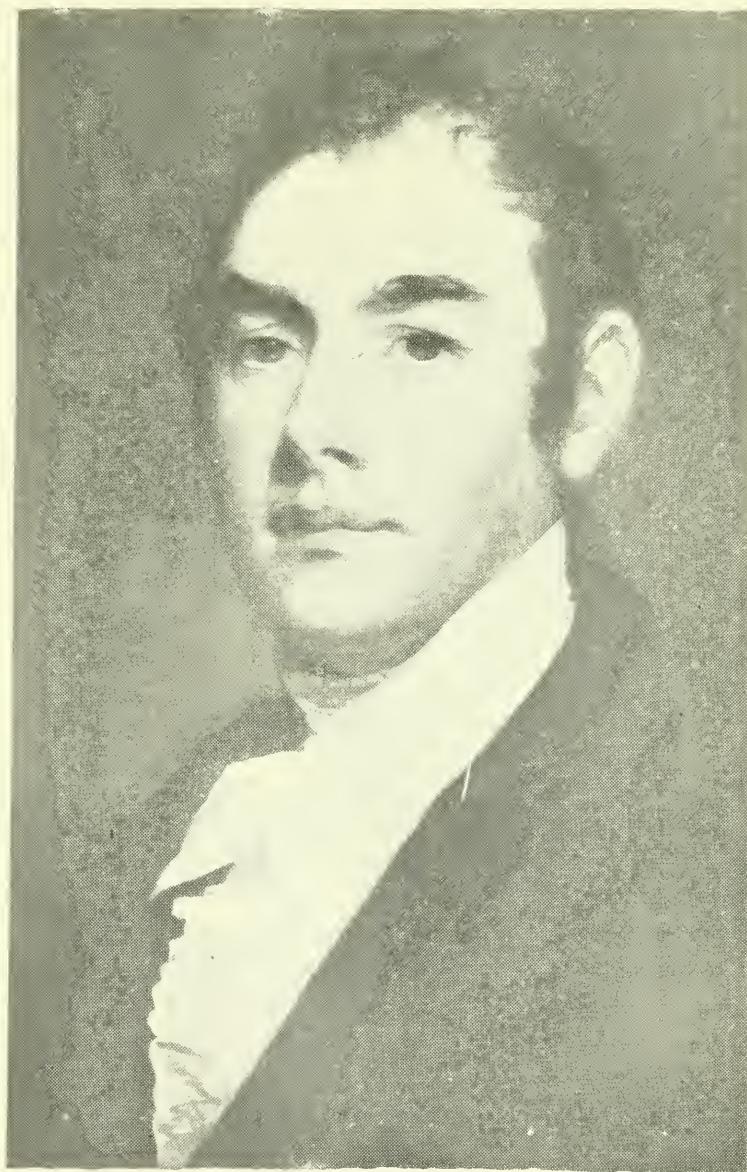
On so small a happening as a raven’s flight, that summer day, was a page in the later history of Maine determined and one of her greatest sons preserved to her whose steps chance might otherwise have turned to the sister state of New Hampshire.

Such is the earliest glimpse that Maine history or legend, call it as you will, gives of her first governor, his Excellency, General William King.

\* \* \*

Of William King, the governor, the soldier, the statesman and the captain of industry, the social leader and the polished gentleman, history is replete. Facts of his wonderful sway over the fortunes of Maine and his inestimable services in making Maine a separate state from Massachusetts, can be had in any volume of the history of his times.

But the personal touches which should give him the niche he deserves in the hearts of the later generations of his native state, have escaped the pages of history and are learned only by sympathetic gleanings among the stories handed down by friends and intimates of the splendid governor’s own day.



Governor William King

This picture of Governor King, secured through the courtesy of Hon. Harold M. Sewall of Bath, is reproduced from a painting by Gilbert Stuart, made shortly after the Governor's marriage and in payment of a debt, the Governor having loaned Stuart money. The original of the painting is now owned by William King Richardson of Boston. So far as is known, this is the first time a picture from this painting has been published.



Sidelights upon his personality, gained now from the reminiscence of an old servitor, but lately dead, now from personal letters to a friend, and again from tales handed down to their children by some of the first families of early Maine, give intimate, human details of the life of the great man.

History pictures him as a stern, just man, of wonderful ability in trade and politics, successful in both affairs of state and affairs of his home. It gives him a dignity and graciousness, eminently fitting to Maine's first governor. But it leaves the reader overwhelmed with his coldness and aloofness to humdrum every day problems. To unwritten history is left the duty of infusing into this historical picture, the warmth of the personal touch.

During the lifetime of the father, Richard King, young William had served his apprenticeship in the saw mill trade under a rabid old Saco lumberman, and his harsh but thorough training now served him in good stead.

It was but natural that the boy with scant resources at his command, should turn to the one trade he did know and gladly step into the opening a vacancy in the Topsham mill afforded.

King went to work with a will, but genius was not to be smothered under a mechanical occupation and he had scarce become known in Topsham before he was rapidly striding to the front in business and politics. In partnership with William Porter, a brother-in-law, who also came to Topsham, he soon became owner of the mill business and immediately began to push his trade to the building of ships. Financial success was gained immediately and it was but six years after he had come to town that, at the age of 27, he began to be a state figure in politics.

William King, early in his political career, was sent to represent Topsham at the Massachusetts Legislature. In company with the Hon. Peleg Tallman, he set out for Boston. The old story has it that King and Tallman were the only men in Maine at that date whose boots were good enough to wear to the capitol.

At any rate, while there, the wise young politician got possession of the immense tracts of land where the town of Kingfield is now situated. The town gained its name from its former proprietor, Maine's first governor. Countless acres of land in the Dead River district were granted to King and Tallman by the legislature with the understanding that unless the territory was settled within a certain date, the tract was forfeit. As the years passed and the terms of the grant were not fulfilled, the matter again came up before the Boston session. King was always strong at arguing and Tallman left it to him somehow to circumvent the letter of the law and keep possession of the land. So, in a witty and able speech before the legislature, with Tallman on hand to second his efforts, King convinced the Boston law makers that the Kingfield district was rightfully his and that upon payment of a certain sum by him and Peleg Tallman

their claim should be confirmed for all time. His eloquence and personal magnetism prevailed. Tallman started post haste for Bath to secure the needed money. King stayed calmly at Boston, signed a note and had paid for the land before Tallman could return.

This irregular method of closing the deal, turned a friend into an enemy and nearly brought on a duel. King refused to fight, however, saying it ill befitted the makers of the law to break it. Tallman was more fortunate than appearances first indicated. He died possessed of \$600,000, while Governor King, though rich in land, was practically penniless at his death.

King built for himself a huge homestead in the village which bears his name and in an annual journey to the Dead River region, encouraged his settlers to clear the land and erect dwellings. The old King place is still standing and is the chief historical landmark of the town which celebrated its one-hundredth anniversary in August, 1916.

On a Sabbath morning in one of the last years of the eighteenth century, the first families of Bath were calmly making their way to the Old North church. The ladies in the elaborate costumes of the period, with flaring silks and quaint beribboned bonnets, seemed to be occupied with other matters than the orthodox Sunday thoughts. They were talking excitedly with each other and with the men of the congregation in half-suppressed whispers of expectancy, while to right and left, strict watch was kept as though to herald the approach of some looked-for stranger.

“She was the belle of the season in Boston society, last winter,” murmured a stately dame to a companion as they paused at the entrance of the church.

“Indeed, she is the biggest beauty of the year,” commented a serious-faced gentleman to a group of his fellows.

“And as charming as she is beautiful,” added another.

“And as wise as she is charming,” remarked a dignified citizen in military coat who had just entered the church yard.

“Her gown should be of the latest Boston style,” hopefully suggested a fashionably attired girl whose thoughts seemed strangely strayed to worldly subjects.

The church bell tolled its final summons and the curious throng passed within doors and settled themselves in the sombre-cushioned pews for the morning worship.

William King was that day to bring his bride to Bath and, as was the custom of the times, her first appearance was to be at the services on that Sabbath morning at the Old North church. King was one of the most distinguished and most sought after young men of his day in the aristocratic community of Bath, while his bride rumor had hailed as one of the beauties of the decade. The young statesman had been to Boston on state business, it was told, when the charms of Mistress Anne Frazier had quite captivated him. He



The Doorway of the Old Stone House  
Showing Cathedral Window



had pressed his suit with ardor and had sent fine messages home to Bath of his bride's surpassing loveliness.

Service had begun in the Old North when the hush of the darkened church was gently broken by the rustle of a silken skirt and the bridegroom and his lady appeared. Down the aisle they came, observed by all the eager watchers. She indeed fulfilled the rumors of her grace. He, his tall figure clad in the famous military coat of blue, with its vivid scarlet lining and with his face alight with pride, looked every inch the "king" his name proclaimed him.

The young couple took their places in the pew and divine service was begun. But following it, on the church green, the ladies and gentlemen, leaders in the social and civie life of Bath, welcomed Mrs. King to the place of leader, which she filled so graciously until her death.

At the time of his marriage, William King still retained his business interests and home in Topsham. But as his ship-building trade had increased and his political importance had enlarged, he had built for himself an imposing homestead in Bath, where he could superintend from his own grounds the construction and sailing of his ships along the Kennebec. He was as well known in Bath society the last few years of the eighteenth century as he was in the home village of Topsham and was living a greater part of the time in that community. In 1800, shortly after his marriage, he moved to Bath with his bride to make of the mansion there a permanent home.

From the very beginning of his connection with state and national affairs, King had always been a soldier. But it was during the War of 1812, that his services for Maine brought him into military prominence.

His correspondence with the war department was voluminous and to him was entrusted the safeguarding of the Maine coast in such sections as it was feared the English might land.

War duties took him, now General King, back to his childhood home at Dunstan Landing for the first time since he had left it as a boy leading his steers. Here the danger from the British was most feared and the intrepid leader of the Maine troops was called upon from every side to defend the homes of his native town.

It was at this time, so one of the favorite legends of Saco tells, that the doughty old saw mill owner who had treated young King with scant courtesy back in 1785 when he was a raw country lad, learning his trade, now came to him, a quarter century later, and besought him for old times' sake, to protect the property of his former master. That King with a royal forgetfulness of personal injury, did all in his power for this man as for others, is never questioned.

The years following the War of 1812, were again full of political strife for General King. In the Massachusetts legislature he put up

a vigorous fight for the separation of Maine from the mother state. His forceful personality and his marked eloquence undoubtedly did much to support this cause.

In 1820, when Maine became a Commonwealth in its own right, King was a prominent member of the body that formulated the State constitution, and his personal genius is responsible for some of its leading articles.

His attitude toward prohibition soon brought him into difficulty, for Maine, even from its earliest history, has conspicuously concerned itself with the liquor question. He was not a drinking man, as such things were rated in 1800, but wine was ever served upon his table. He believed in temperance, but not in prohibition.

Various quaint stories of his testy humor remain to emphasize his views. It seems that once he was entertaining a famous general from out of the state, and in due course during the dinner, wine was passed.

"I never drink," was the reply to this courtesy.

Later when melons were served at dessert, Gen. King poured wine upon his fruit and his guest did likewise. King said nothing, but the incident was not forgotten by him.

It chanced that a few days later a judge, living in Bath, was a guest at the King mansion. When wine was proffered him, the judge refused.

"Will you have it served with a spoon?" testily inquired his host. "A fortnight ago, General Blank refused to drink any of my wine but ate it with a teaspoon."

At the first state election in 1820, General King was the one natural candidate for the office of governor. His election was practically unanimous. Everyone in Maine knew him. His personal history was a public record; his political life was an open book that any might read, while his universal popularity was almost phenomenal. For one year he served Maine as her first magistrate.

The governor and his lady were a royal pair and in the old King mansion where the Bath customs house now stands, many of the nation's greatest men found hospitality.

Though entirely successful in politics, in trade, and in his home life, Gov. King found not so much harmony in the church. His troubles there were continuous as his views were far too liberal for the orthodoxy of early Maine.

The card parties of a Sunday afternoon, at the big house, were a source of never-ending controversy between him and the ministry. Often it was the custom of the governor, strolling home from afternoon service, to invite a group of intimates to the big house for a hand at whist. In the long parlor of the King mansion, with the breeze from the Kennebec blowing gently through the room, many a gathering of this nature passed a quiet Sabbath afternoon. The old

governor was passionately fond of the game and would elap the cards down upon the table with a thund'rous noise. But never was he known to forget to be the perfect host, and always there was wine for the gentlemen and tea for the ladies. After the cards were put away, the huge old coach of the Kings would be called forth and the guests would be whirled away through the summer twilight behind the governor's own fast horses.

Some worthy of the Old North church, considering it his sacred duty to remonstrate with the governor over his evil ways, took him to task with the remark:

“Card playing means cheating. I could never refrain from it if perchance I were to play.”

Quick as a flash the retort came from Gen. King, whose temper never was of the finest:

“I dare say this is true. But have no fear for me. I never allow myself to play in such company as yours.”

Matters went from bad to worse until the governor in a rage severed his connections with the Old North and with a sudden shifting of course, joined the rival organization of the Old South. He tried in vain to induce his wife to join him, with the highly characteristic though rather profane remark:

“Jine, Nancy, jine! Good God! Ain’t you as good as I am?”

His argument seems not to have greatly affected Mrs. King as no record of her attendance at the Old South has ever been found. Later, the governor again had religious difficulties and returned to his allegiance at the Old North Church.

“It’s about like this,” said his Excellency. “Once there was an obliging young chap of a woodchuck who had dug a hole for his winter home and had stored it full of nuts and good things for his winter’s food. The storms came on and it was bitterly cold, but Mr. Woodchuck was comfortable in his warm bed.

“A shiftless devil of a skunk came along, whining in the cold and asked to be let in. Little Woodchuck opened his door and gave him hearty welcome.

“Well, Skunk got warm and time came when he should have thanked his host and left. But he didn’t. He stayed and stayed and ate the Woodchuck’s food and slept in the Woodchuck’s bed. Then by and by he began to smell like a skunk and pretty soon things got so bad that Mr. Woodchuck had to move out.

“Then Mr. Skunk settled himself for a long sleep in the warm shelter the Woodchuck had made, while poor Woodchuck had to live out the winter as best he could in the cold and snow.

“Now that’s about the way it was with me and the church.”

In 1821, at the call of President Munroe, Governor King refused renomination as governor of Maine and accepted a place on the commission appointed to investigate the Florida claims of the United States.

Though at the time he won much adverse criticism by his act from Maine people who felt he should have continued to serve his own state rather than turn to federal affairs, Gov. King gained much distinction for his work on the commission.

With other notable qualities the stern old governor had a keen wit and sense of humor. While on his government mission concerning the Florida Treaty in 1821, he was walking with another distinguished gentleman, through the streets of a North Carolina town. His splendid figure attracted the admiration of two girls who persisted in following the general and his companion. The men turned down a side street but the girls still pursued. At last the patience of William King, short at best, was exhausted, and turning abruptly, he remarked:

“Ladies, I assure you, we are not members of Congress.”

Needless to say, the general and his companion continued their walk without further embarrassment.

Toward the last of his life, the mind of the splendid old governor lost much of its brilliancy and his later years are clouded with poor health, enfeebled intellect and a long series of domestic sorrows, which were ended for him only at his death.

It was on July 17, 1852, at the age of 85 years, that William King passed away in his old home city of Bath. The state, in recognition of his services to her, has erected an imposing granite shaft which marks the resting place of one of Maine’s greatest sons.

A visit to Bath discloses much of interest to the sight-seer, interested in the life of Maine’s first governor. The old mansion by the Kennebee is now the site of King Tavern, while a few miles from the business section of the town, a quaint old stone house, with tall cathedral windows and with the gay garden and spreading trees of an olden time, is still standing, just as it was when Governor King and his lady so royally welcomed guests to the summer home.

NOTE: Erastus Cunningham of Edgecomb, 80 years old, is one of the few men living who attended the funeral of Gov. King. Mr. Cunningham was made a Master Mason soon after he attained his majority. He was raised to the third degree in the lodge at Wiscasset. In his capacity as a Mason he attended the funeral of Governor William King at Bath, said funeral being, to quote Mr. Cunningham, religious, civic, Masonic and also under the auspices of the State. To hear Mr. Cunningham tell this story, as we heard it on the porch of the grocery store and post-office at Edgecomb on a Saturday in late August of 1916, one would think they buried the old governor about six times. We tried to obtain from this very old man some personal memories of this funeral, but we found they were very scant. He remembered that it took all day, but he could not remember the year or the time of the year, or any of the incidents. Mr. Cunningham has perfectly good hearing; fairly good eyesight, though he says it is failing; a perfect understanding of current affairs; and is a consistent, unfailing, prompt, and unregenerate democrat. “I never voted anything but the democratic ticket,” said he, “and I don’t never intend to.”

A. G. S.

UNDER JACKSON'S CLOAK; OR THE SAWYER'S  
*INHERITANCE*



## *Under Jackson's Cloak; or the Sawyer's Inheritance*

*By MRS. HARRY DELBERT SMART*



EVENTY miles up from the Maine coast it lay, this little village of Stillwater, lush green gardens dotting it, meadows and billowing hills of pasture land encircling it richly, then melting into the hardwood and evergreen of the great forests beyond. Westward from the Penobscot, Stillwater River divided the village, belying its name as it threshed noisily over falls and through mill races and then, remembering to whisper softly under clumps of elms and willows, crept beneath the rustic bridges and sang past lawns and gardens. And at the end, its work accomplished, the fair stream slipped gently into the embrace of the broad Penobscot. Cleanly sawed boards in huge heaps of sunny brown hugged close to the Stillwater edge mirrored in its blue. Tall, clear spars clambered tier above tier as if striving to peep farther down the Penobscot in search of shipping, well knowing they held the destiny of broad canvases of many nations, for when the vessels put out from the Maine coast, their sails set toward foreign seas, great loads of lumber filled their holds, and only when in a quarter circle of the globe they had traded this for cargoes at twenty ports did they turn their weary prows homeward, to be met at last with much rejoicing as wanderers of hazard.

Across Stillwater River a low, weather-stained building, peeping from among huge elms, rejoiced in the name of the Cradle of Liberty. Gay ribands and Sunday coats drifted up its aisles, decorous Bible classes met for gossip and instruction, and under the well-smoked ceiling spirited discussions arose sometimes upon the Lyceum Question, or more often voices grew hoarse upon the imperious topics of the day.

Andrew Jackson's broad garment of state-craft had slipped to the meager shoulders of Van Buren, wrapping them in heavy folds 'brodered with disaster. It was a year of vast import, this year of 1836. The National Bank reeled drunkenly beneath repeated withdrawal assaults. States' Banks sprang up luxuriant as mushrooms and with as little real substance. To secure the needed treasury ballast States' lands were offered for sale. A wave of speculation swept the country; fortunes grew from promissory notes; men were named after their holdings; finance drowned itself in a mad wassail.

A tidal wave from the breaking surge came rolling in upon little Stillwater. The steps of the Cradle had gathered its nucleus of the

wealth of the town, the setting sun lay broadly over eager faces. A tall man was speaking with a diplomatic drawl:

“ ‘Taint like land out west, ‘n yer can’t expect ter find cities there, but ef it’s lumber yer wantin’ I’ve got stumpage.”

“What’s that No. 6?” Township No. 6 was a strip of land up the East Branch and proved a salient title for its owner.

“It’s this way, Grindstone, you’n Webster Plantation are nigher and cost less fer toting, but me’n Suncock have never seen an axe, we’re surely in fer white-water drivin’ beyond the blazes—with *timber*. Sawyer hez my contract fer a million.”

“Haint’ got any more ter sell off’n yours, hev ye? Must be good ef Sawyer’s in it.” Rigby sat up jerkily. “Thought he took of Winslow.”

A soft breeze from the river brought the sound of fallen gangates, the mill-crew call for supper which served for all the town.

Among the goodly houses of lumbering and shipping owners was the home of Enos Sawyer, with its lawns and gardens. The wide kitchen brooded over many children, warmed by the huge, cordial fireplace, and fed from the contents of the mysterious, craterous brick oven, ever redolent of past feasts and hankering for the fat geese, haunches of venison and choice spare-ribs its ravenous interior could reduce to the savoriness of the flesh pots of Egypt.

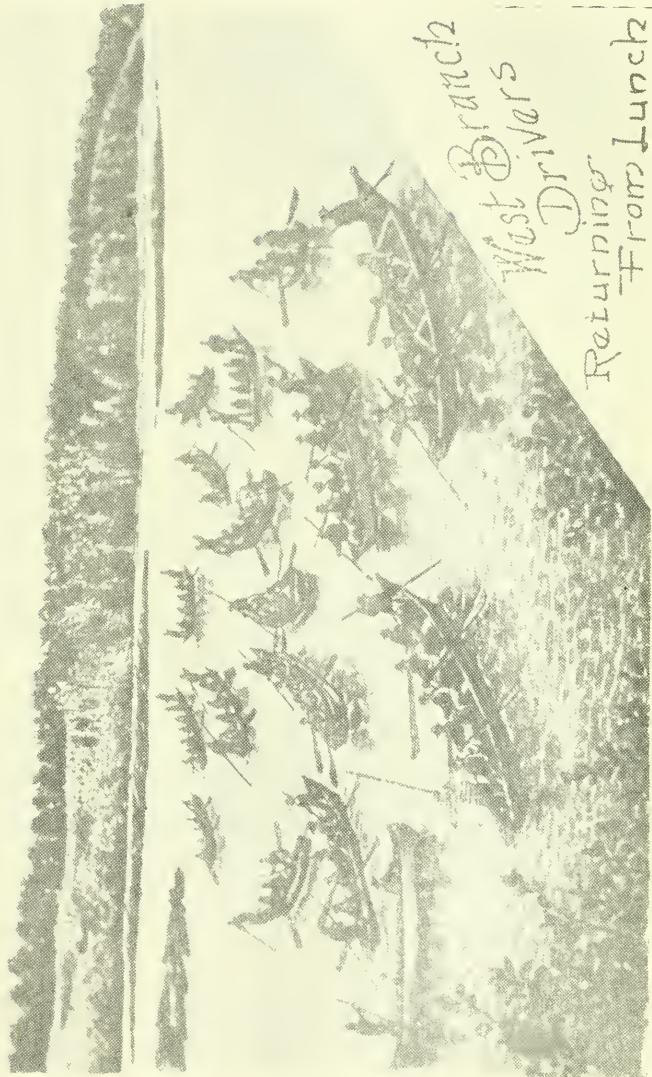
“Art all alone, Grandma? Where is General Veasie? The engine is nigh about ready.”

It was a boyish leap through the window open to the breath of the bland, Indian Summer day, but William Burlingame was deferential enough standing before the old dame, who, gazing out across the river, seemed to have peopled the sunny morning with the ghosts of other years. A reluctant glance met his.

“Sit you down, William, you’re that tall my eyes get tired looking up so far. Is it the locomotive you are all mad about that brings you? Keep clear of its path, William, for it hath an eye like destruction.” Deep age-lines that had cut through the fine contour of her features could not rob them of their lofty expression. Her glance wandered to the damask-spread table across the room, dainty with old silver and china.

“It isn’t far to see it start, Grandma,” William’s voice was persuasive.

“Of what use?” her hand caressed a dark, inlaid cabinet upon her knee, “I have lived past my day these many years. It were sacrilege that I peep farther into the future. I would people it with splendors from the past, William; they are the heritage of my line; the Mayflower carried many a scion of a noble family on its voyage of destiny. Courts and palaces were as ashes upon the lips to the adventurous spirit of these daring men—and it was thus with John Sawyer. The wide stormy sea—the wilderness—the great, new



Returning  
From Lunch

West Branch  
Drive



world, all opened arms to him from out the gates of the sunset. His spirit still lives, William. And it is a grand heritage waiting across the water—kings and princes showered favors upon the Sawyers, here are their tokens, the grant of Cape Elizabeth, the records of gold in the Bank of England, and even the ducal coronet. Our Almira must have her own.

"The papers lie in this cabinet, William. They are the circle of my life—free my hands that I may rest." She gazed with unseeing eyes at the freshly kindled log on the hearth and a bitter impotency grew in the strong face.

"None seem to know, or care" her lips shook with a hard breath, "It lies with you, William—"

Her voice was lost in the lilt of a song coming across the great parlor. Welcome shone in the eyes of the two. Nigh a century is a far seeing to recall a young man's personality transfigured in his granddaughter, but the carriage, the gold in the curls, the blue of the eyes were very like and the old dame smiled at the craft of two generations.

And now the town's people had gathered beside the car track—men and maidens, old and young. Their cries reached the kitchen:

"She will never start, never—never!"

"She has—she does! 'Rah! 'rah!"

"Ho, she has tripped! Pick up your feet, Monster!"

"A stop, a stop! Ha, ha, stuck!"

A wave of derision filled the valley.

"Fools and their money, Mose Greenleaf! Fools and their money, Sam Veasie!"

The last cry silenced itself in suspense; slowly, surely, the baffled mechanism ground along, grumbling, shrilling, around a curve—gone.

It was a proud toast pledged across the wreckage of Thanksgiving feasting in Enos Sawyer's kitchen, and a genial host makes keen wits, it is said. This one may have known, for his flagons held somewhat of the contents of the hold of his brother's brig, "Lightfoot," since the sunny slopes of the Argonne lie in the route of trade with the looms of India. Certain it is the momentous day of November, 1836, slipped out bland and smiling as if with regrets that it must leave that gracious atmosphere of congratulation, and in the dusk Grandma Sawyer was saying softly as to a visible presence, "An' it were stately banqueting halls your Almira were fitting, Enos—it is a splendid heritage."

Taverns did a thrifty business along the wood's trail of the Penobscot, their homely fare and rough beds a haven to the weary men and beasts on that far trail. Up beyond the way houses many a camp crouched back in the woods, sweet with balsamy fir and within sound of logging bells and rippling waters, and even the ring of steel mingled with the deep boom of falling trees.

It was the last month of the year, clear and mild. The Matawan Trail was guided by a new blaze high above the fallen leaves. Here choppers, limbers and swampers followed each the other among the trees, ever in the three bands, and whether in the eager strength of morning or the lag of noon or night time a frequent call came for the number of trees between, sometimes in jest, but always with that bit of feeling that cut in the pride of the woodsman. It came out clearly now in the lusty shout:

“Close up, close up, Willie Michels!” the cry was a challenge. “That’s it! There you are, ha, ha! Now at his heels! Ho, there, Kinkade! Treed—treed by a curly-haired lad in his teens! Walk up and take an axe bit, Willie!” The ringing mockery deafened the chopper to another and sharper cry:

“It cracks, my God, it is going—Willie, Oh, Willie!”

They cut away the branches frantically, even Kinkade, the fierce fire in his eyes gone out. The afternoon sky showed brilliantly blue, the sunshine lay on a still form, a lad’s curls holding its glory there above a deep splotch in the temple. Men with caps hanging from tense hands stood by, a yoke of oxen hitched to a team drag waited patiently. Back in the woods a sound of chopping trembled on the air with a driver’s distant call, a bluejay trilled out vibrantly and under the leafless December branches panting, boyish lips grew still.

A sound of hoofs beat earth and air as a rider cantered into view among the trees. He knew the meaning of that stricken, potential group, in a moment was kneeling on the sear leaves. None saw the curtain of blue slip out from the sky, nor a gray-white bank fill in the northwest; a wolf’s far cry quivered in the slow rustle of the wind down the valley, growing more and more potent, harassing the softness of the air; an ox lowed uneasily as the sun dropped into the gray smother, and another wolf call was answered as though a seent lay lightly on the air. The man beside the lad arose—it was Sawyer, his stern face grieving.

“I shall start for home with him to-morrow; tell Shannon to make ready.”

But the morrow wakened to a white waste of snow, earth and air one confusing element. Men and teams were glad of shelter. Dawn followed dark in a gray march, the drifts piling up and up. It was only when half-light and dusk had counted off five days that the sun shone out and a little band issued forth from the camp; they made a bed for Willie Michels under the century-old pines and set a wide, green slab, deeply scored with his name, at its head. Down in Stillwater his mother grieved, grieved sadly, but understood. It was only one of the many tragedies beyond the blaze.

\* \* \*

The bitter night nipped sharply at travelers abroad, but within the great parlor a keen blaze had crumbled so many logs in magic

transformation that an atmosphere of benignant summertime lay over the logger in his arm chair by the fireside, and even in the far corner over the dark, old loom against which William Burlingame leaned lightly. There his dark eyes and locks were in sharp contrast with the fairness of the girl at her work.

In other nooks a medley of yellow heads and brown located rippling, subdued voices, knitting needles clicked rhythmically, the presence of a mother made itself felt, and in the cosiest corner of the hearth, grandma, in her deep rocker, rested her hands in a gleam of ebony beneath them.

"Could you make use of another man up the Trail, Mr. Sawyer, to take Willie Michel's place?"

The lathe of the loom ceased to swing.

"I could were he a man. What could you do with the hands of a woman? Strong work lies up the Matawan Trail."

A quick color arose in the face of the two by the loom, the steady resolve in Burlingame's eyes grew.

"I'll not disappoint you."

And now Sawyer swung his chair to face the corner in time to catch a quick shaft of sympathy not intended for him. The treadles bent with the rapid shift while the bright shuttle slipped between the threads on a swift errand and the reed beat up the pattern of fine linen.

"I have to send two yoke of oxen, loaded, and drifts are nearer than camp, besides," hesitating, his keen eyes on Burlingame's face, "Rigby said the wolves closed up on his team so he had to shoot." The room seemed strangely still for a minute. Sawyer laughed shortly. "Know your way across Matawan Lake if it snows?"

"I have been across."

"Make Watson's place first night—ten good days ought to find you at the lake. May get there in time to send a team across."

"That you, Winslow?" as the outer door swung back to admit a tall, stooped figure.

"That's me, Sawyer. Heerd yer was down an' 'bein' int-rusted in loggin'—Haow's my town's timber turning out, man?" He drew a chair close to the logger.

"Proper style, Winslow, proud deal that, proud deal!"

"How's the Cradle nowadays? Changed your mind on the Mexican Policy?"

"No, no. Not 'less Rigby has. Can't agree with him. Ef he's fer, I'm agin'."

"Right or wrong?"

"Right! I'm right which ever. Only need him ter reg'late by. Heerd frum Lish, yer say? Kent's darter, Vietory, like ter slip under William's crown—he that low? The long journey comes to us all—mebby he's done his share of mischief so quick—poor man! Gladstun refused a peerage!"

"Aye; and O'Connell sits for Ireland in the Imperial Parliament before Emancipation has given him the right of candidature. Now Ireland stands; and there is a man for you! What's the world comin' to with trouble brewin' in India., Guess I'll stay home and keep store."

What was that vibrant tone in her son's voice? Grandma stooped toward him with intent eyes. Had a long silent chord responded, after generations, to the old-world cry for his birthright? Before the aged vision a vista opened. It was adorned with a splendid brocade woven of cloth-of-gold and the people who walked were courtiers for this highway was the highway of the King. The space between mother and son changed—took on form and seeming. She heard his incisive voice in the halls of Parliament, the steady eye, steely blue with unwavering purpose, and her words came brokenly in breath too soft for sound,

"Ah, William! You may have a master hand at the stylus in tracing life scrolls, and Almira—"

The huge forestick lurched between the andirons burned through its middle, the blaze snapping and flaring up the flue. Winslow had gone, there was a sound of mother and children on the broad staircase, and in the far corner the now silent loom shrank farther back into the shadows that enveloped the two in the deep window-seat.

"Think you these months you are to lose will not put you at the foot of your class, lad?" The girl's words and tone did not fit her smile hidden in the gloom, "then what would become of Grandma's Legacy you promised me for a dowery against the time when my Knight should come riding by—"

"Knight and Legacy are both pledged, Madam," bowing in mock humility, "and as for lessons, they are a sweet breath. It is your father who is the dragon in my road," ruefully. "I look up to him an he were a planet."

"And his daughter, Sir!"

"I have not his permission to say—but she is dear to me past telling."

In the dusk Almira's lashes fell.

Sawyer turned his eyes from the heaped coals and the two brands smoking in the corners of the hearth to the dark, old cabinet in grandma's lap. Was he seeing with a man's clear vision and did the broad lands, even the ducal coronet and cloak of scarlet with all they implied find favor at last, or did they still lie like ashes on the lips—the new world hold with its appeal.

Long before daybreak the light from the kitchen flooded the yard as hoofs crunched and creaked in the crisply packed snow. The door closed sharply and the colt sped up the road taking sight and sound of logger and sleigh bells out of ken and leaving only the silent oxen with loaded sleds, dim in the shadows.

"You will wait for father at the lake, William?" Almira dropped the toaster, her face flushed by the open fire. "And the wolves—are you not afraid? They are sore hungry now the snow is so deep."

William's face was anxious.

"I'm not afraid—of wolves, but Greek and Latin does not make for logging."

"Then why do you log if your talents lie not that way?"

"It is the measure of a man to a logger and holds no hardship aside from failure. Your father hath a grasp of that business beyond my knowing. I would not be a humiliation to either of you." The lad's face betrayed the stress of his emotions.

The firelight lay softly over the kitchen with its warmth and brightness, the daintily spread table, the high-backed rockers, rich chests of drawers and broad dressers reflecting in polished tops the cunning of potter and fineness of clay. It rested as tenderly on two figures by the hearth. A softness crept into the girl's eyes raised in reply.

"You could not be that, William, it surely is beyond your knowing. You will do us all proud in the story of grandma's box."

"Your tongue hath a convincing quality, Madam, and your will is—my law."

\* \* \*

Laced with black branches, the deep-hollowed road stretched on and on under the low-dropping moon, the hoar frost silvered tree trail, then the delicate flush of gray dawn grew into gold and, in the lee of a clump of firs, a splendid purple light quivered and changed like a thing of life. Was there an indescribable presence lurking in the shadows of the tall pines, blowing its weird harp in vanishing music, filling the vast reaches of hardwood growth and deep evergreen coppices with the call of the wild? Cold, rain and snow wrapped the woods trail in turn, or mingled. It was a long way to fare for the woods road slid off or sank into slushy pools, the downpour drenching all abroad while a pale mist from the river fluttered like diaphanous drapery among the bare, mossy, seeping trunks; and now Lake Matawan lay before the traveler in a great sheet of ice, dark as water for the most part, but in places beat up into a fluff of treacherous honeycomb, in wavering, shelly rifts. A far search with hand-shielded eyes revealed a horse and sleigh zigzagging across the darkened lake. A fox barked shrilly among the dun flowage on the north shore and a sharp wind parted the gray drift to let a splendid shaft of sunset turn to jewels that sudden frost shower.

The colt drew up, fretting and stamping. Sawyer busied himself inspecting the loads beneath the great sail-cloth.

"Hard trip?" he asked, turning to Burlingame.

"Ordinary, I guess." William stepped beside the leaders and swung his goad.

"I got chilly driving, wind is keen. You may take my place for a while," with a kindly glance. "You've tramped a bit of a way. Tell me about it when we get to bunk."

The tall, lean frame of the lumberman swung out over the ice in great strides; the weary, sluggish oxen, responding to a master's voice and touch, set out briskly. Wadleigh took the other team and Kinkade drew the rein over the colt. William tucked himself among the robes, his frozen slicker keeping out the wind. Then, free to look about him, he saw the heavy sled glide out over the ice, saw the old lumberman in the lead and Wadleigh closing up behind. Suddenly he straightened.

"Why don't they separate if the ice is dangerous?"

"Better ask Sawyer, guess he thinks he's boss here," with a laugh at the sharp demand. "Might be int'rusting ter hear his views."

"I care not what you say!" William's voice was tense and angry. "Drive within hail, Kinkade, that will not implicate you!"

The man smiled patronizingly.

"I'll trust Sawyer with what's his'n"—and even as he spoke the great logging sleds slipped out into the night. Powerless but unconvinced, the young man strained his vision in the dusk. Only the sound of team bells rang back, mingling with chimes from the sleigh. Warmed from the cold, his muscles relaxed after the long journey, William drowsed at intervals, but ever caught himself listening, searching the night and listening. The horse was going at a walk, Kinkade finding it advisable, often, to take the lead and try the ice in order to avoid rifts; the hours seemed a strange, uncanny age. They were nearing the head of the lake when a sound, as of a cannon, boomed across the darkness. The ice beneath the sleigh shivered with the shock that sent the colt on her haunches.

"It's that—they've broken through!" William seized the reins from Kinkade's trembling hands.

"You don't mean—?" weakly trying to ward off positive assurance.

"We must find them," the lad wheeled the horse sharply in the darkness.

"Easy, now!" Kinkade snatched at the lines, "you'll have us under water, too. There's chance in this lake to sink an army. Lord, man! have a care," but a struggling mass came into view and William sprang from the sleigh flinging the lines to Kinkade.

"Drive for men, tackle and blankets, and drive—drive!"

It was a frightful mass in the black water—the heavy splash of the oxen and those horrible, groaning breaths. In the light of the lantern four black heads still arose above the surface.

Sawyer and Wadleigh held, with desperate strength, to a line of rigging attached to an ox yoke, grimly battling to keep the brutes' heads above the water. Running steps and a flare of the lantern on the ice at his feet assured Sawyer of Burlingame's proximity.

"Take my place, lad, and use your strength. The tongue must be cut to loose the sleds or they go down."

William saw the dark shape of the man creeping farther and farther out over the shivering ice, hugging flat; heard the axe fall heavily with the hampered blow and clung with chilling hands to the fast freezing rope. The heavy axe plunged surely again and again. He thought a distant chime of bells was growing nearer, the wind pierced him, the dark closed around, but the circle of the lantern's rays outlined the jagged ice and the black water with the helpless beasts struggling in its depths—another splash and the axe had ceased to work. William held his breath listening. There was no sound. He threw the rope to Wadleigh and grasping the sled tongue slid down, was between the laboring oxen. A body washed heavily against him, thrust by the heaving of the animal on his right as the water surged with its stroke.

Was Sawyer stunned? He lay heavy and inert in the boy's grasp. Drowning men grapple. Many lights blinded the lad, voices shouted and a rope end fell by his face. Mechanically the line knotted in his fingers about the motionless body, and, loosed of the weight, his knees tried weakly to follow his hands in the climb up the sled tongue, but the humming in his ears grew past endurance.

Such a heap of logs piled, cross-piled, with red, reeking tongues of flame creeping with a whirring sound through the interstices, rising in a united flame up and up. William watched it wearily, not caring to think. Presently the log walls about him took shape, and he wondered if stars were peeping down the opening through which the smoke arose in volumes, voices came as from a distance.

"Poor lad, he's about out. It was a grand plunge—quick hands and a clear thinkin'—it is life Sawyer owes him."

\* \* \*

Red dawn crept in at last, its ruddiness promising hopefully. Sawyer and Burlingame saw its light as from out a great blank. With the return of consciousness came knowledge of the stress of business and from his bed the logger gave orders to his crews.

The weeks slipped by with every man at his post as spring drew near, the freezing at night lasted but through the hours of morning, and now the under-thaw was sapping even the main roads. Breakfasts were served at midnight and empty sleds came to camp over the slush of noontime. It was a good fight and winning, but the cough and chills which followed the plunge in the lake grew rather than lessened and Sawyer remained in camp.

"You'd better git home on the snow," Shannon cautioned him, "you've had 'bout enough for one winter 'n I can handle all here now—hev Burlingame take ye."

Despite the cough and weakness every man in camp was surprised to see Sawyer quit the woods before the last stick of timber

was on the lake and perhaps none were more so than Sawyer himself.

"I don't understand it!" he muttered again and again on the Trail, "but I must get home—home."

\* \* \*

Burlingame threaded a strand of linen through the harness of the loom and tendered it to Alniira for drawing in the reed.

"It was grand what you did, William. You know father never says much, but he holds you what—you are."

"And what may that be?"

"An awkward lad if you upset the baskets and tangle the web."

"Lad! When shall I be a man, Miss?"

"It is a long journey, William, and does not lie in years—alway."

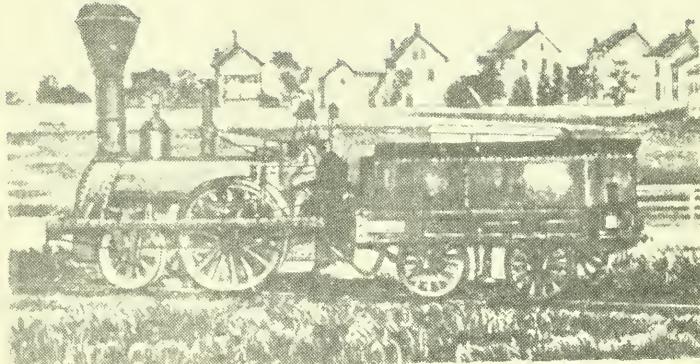
Through that strange spring the last of the logs were dragged over made roads, and the ice broke up in the lakes leaving a clear line to the sea by the middle of April.

Back at the landing the Matawan boss was ready with men and tackle for booming the lakes and now great fires were kindled all along the river. Boat crews separated each logger's cut, the men working day and night for the river never slept and there was no other chance to catch the logs for sorting. A sharp change of temperature chilled the rain to snow that beat in the faces of the drivers, icing the log marks past recognizing. Clothing was soaked and then frozen, a slip on the icy logs might mean life pounded out by the oncoming drive. Many logs drifted out to sea; others, lodged by a rapid fall of water, choked the streams. Summer came.

The great financial panic of 1837 was permeating every branch of industry. Money that had been issued by national and state banks came in already repudiated; metal had paid for the importation of luxuries from across the water; the country was without hard money save for that one foresight of Andrew Jackson which required that public lands be paid for in gold and silver, and even these had changed hands so many times that their present holders had given script to men who had themselves given script. This paper was now due. Men, who had paid hard money for chimerical western cities giving paper for a part loan, were swept off their feet to meet panic stricken demands.

In Stillwater many stores were closed till lumbering settlements could be made. Mills had ceased to work and the river was filled with logs waiting to be sawed, but with no money to pay workmen. A silence fell over the little village. Men lounged about in groups, talking abolition and the last battle with the Seminoles, then went home with empty hands to empty cupboards.

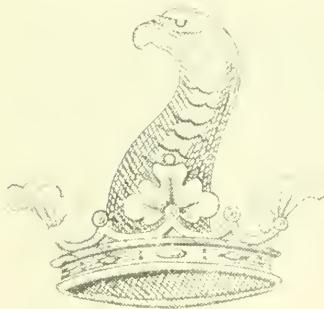
Winslow had closed his store with the rest, remarking: "They all want to pay paper fer corn'n tea, an' wholesalers wunt take it. I can't feed all Stillwater," jingling the few coins in his pockets.



“The Pioneer”

First Locomotive Ever Run in Maine

This Engine was built by Robert Stephenson & Co., of Newcastle-on-Tyne, in 1835. Its first trip over Bangor, Oldtown & Milford Railroad, November, 1836—Last Trip August, 1867.



The Sawyer Coat of Arms



Elmira Sawyer



"Is it because my stumpage hasn't been settled, that you do this?" Sawyer asked from the hearth rug of his parlor. His lean frame was thin to emaciation now and a restless weariness was in his movements, a great pity and impatience lay in the deep eyes.

"No, no, Sawyer! No hurry. I'm hevin' my little corn mush, 'n' bein' mush 'stead of loaves and fishes it wont boil the kettle fer all Stillwater. Keep you quiet when yer gold comes in an' I'll bury it in an iron pot like Captain Kidd did. It'll be safer thet way—guess we all would be," chuckling grimly. His eyes met Sawyer's and winced as from a thrust.

"Mebby you hed better git inter business. Better look inter yer affairs," rising jerkily.

"When Lish comes. I'm tired, Winslow; and it won't be a lad's work to do everything that needs reckoning these days."

Winslow's suggestion was repeated by many men, but always elicited the same reply. "When Lish comes I'll settle. I'm tired now."

\* \* \*

Summer slipped by and the great oxen, that had been rescued from the lake, grazed with others on the sunny pasture slopes, fruit came in its season, but gardens and plowed fields flourished weeds instead of grain, and the pinch of want crept into homes that had known only plenty. Then, one day, Enos Sawyer slipped out very quietly. Men, hearing of his going, came from far and near for he had dipped deep in business and finance, and they laid him away—a comrade in the work of the world.

And now his paper began coming in. While the man, himself, sat by the fire or looked from his door, confidence had remained unshaken for it was a clear eye and able hand in control, but now he was gone.

"I can't git over it," Winslow grumbled.

"Let's see! Was that stumpage settled?" Rigby quizzed.

Winslow eyed the man from head to foot, his lean, stooped figure almost straightening itself. "All men don't hev jackal thoughts, Art Rigby. Him that's gone was a man."

The mother of the bereft family, Clarissa Sawyer, now broken and worn, searched for records, tried to recollect the few words her reserved husband had spoken on business, turned a face of unswerving faith and patience to all.

"You shall have what is yours. He would want it should be so," was ever on her lips.

Gradually the work slipped into William's hands. He had been with Sawyer and in his confidence as much as any. Records were turned over and over again and again to no purpose. The fabric Sawyer had built, sapped here and there by paper money and dishonesty, crumbled. The National Bank may have had his gold.

Biddle never admitted it—and there was but one result of such inquiry. Anxious and distraught Burlingame came into the Sawyer parlor. A September glory of warmth and color lay over the room, goldenrod heaped the hearth, apples red as wine filled a basket on the table, while asters in delicate shades leaned out over the mantle vases. The spindle and loom grew quiet. It was this they had waited for through the long days. Words were slow in coming.

“You will have this house and lot—” He missed the shriek of saws down the river perhaps for the first time, his lips getting stiff. Across the river the Cradle of Liberty must be humming with recitations. The children were gone from kitchen and parlor, even Enos and little Mahalah. He turned from the window and lifted his face to the three women.

“—That is about all.”

The mother of the brood stepped into the kitchen with a brisk word and the door closed.

Grandma slipped up to her room closely clasping the dark box and whispering:

“The crest has the strawberry leaves—that is a duchy, and the falcon—Ah, William! You will heed now, and my Almira—”

In the long parlor William sat down weakly, his head in his hands. Had he done his best—if he knew—if he but knew! It was such a bitter ending and they had trusted him. The sunshine mocked his baffled desire for service. Of what use was the good work he had done in his books? What need to go on?

And now through the confused irritation of his mind came a shaft of light. Perhaps Grandmother’s Legacy had a real working basis even for his mind. He would empty the inlaid box of its contents, work out the long line of heredity and, then if it might be, lay the title to lands and gold, even the ermine and crest at the feet of its rightful inheritor. He saw the girl regally clothed, her fair face shining out like a star. Saw, among courtiers, the hand that had plied the shuttle, bearing the silver rod of her estate. Wooing and betrothal flashed out in the picture and the brows of the thinker got damp in his hands, the breath of his lips hurt; there was a princely wedding and the old line proudly made its offering of brave sons and fair daughters who, equally loyal, should perpetuate—in love and honor.

William Burlingame stood up and the familiar room, mellowed in sunshine; the dark, old loom; the spinning wheel; even the fresh tufts of goldenrod on the hearth had a look of unreality of the frame of a picture with a blank in the place of a dear, accustomed face. He was seeing the girl half the distance of the room away, realizing how much wider that distance must grow by his own efforts only, for the blue eyes were meeting his full of understanding for his recent defeat. As he gazed a shyness crept into the imperious face, the

glance avoided his; was he only to hold this trust till another came to claim—never gather for himself? He told the girl his plan very quietly; that his resolve was made and that it but needed the records he should find to win a circlet to bind her brow.

A joyous laugh brought the picture back to its setting.

"A pretty romance, truly, Sweet William, but not befitting a New England maiden who hath John Sawyer for ancestor and with her knight—pledged. Or else, so it please you, she will wait till another come riding by."

"You gave no pledge, Almira; I only—" And now the curls fell over the flushed face for the distance no longer lay between them. "Shall we keep it together, Almira—here?"

"Aye, William."

Neither of the two saw grandma at the door. She was standing with her clasped hands over her heart, an inlaid box hugged tightly beneath them; a white, set strangeness crept over her features, her eyes held a haunted darkness. A joyous call came up the river path. "Uncle Lish is home with the 'Lightfoot'!" but she heeded it not. The two young people went to meet him down the hill, and in the eyes of William Burlingame lay the trust that had become his. The chatter of school children hovering about the bronzed, old seaman reached them and they joined the happy throng.

The lumber had sold well, the hold was full of stores, the lockers of gold. It had been a good voyage and this was truly a glad welcome home. The parlor door swung back to admit the gay company.

Before the hearth sat grandma, white and crumpled like a bit of parchment, an empty inlaid box was open on her knee and under the scorched goldenrod between the andirons lay a heap of blackened papers.

\* \* \*

AUTHOR'S NOTE: My authorities for my story are Sketches of Oldtown by David Norton, The Sawyer Genealogy and Family Tradition, stories of early logging I have heard and the story of the Sawyer Inheritance as told me by my great-aunt, Mrs. Alvin Lenfest, in substance as follows: The Sawyers were of English family holding a duchy, of which the strawberry leaves in the crest is the emblem. Of these Sawyers an Edmund Sawyer died, leaving no wife, children or will, and a large fortune was never administered upon (I find this latter a fact from data in our Bangor library). A grant of Cape Elizabeth to a Sawyer with papers proving titles, genealogy, etc., was supposed to be in grandma's cabinet. Grandma had been so sure that William Burlingame was to be a scholar and bring about the great desire of her life that the loss of her son's fortune made for delight, bringing the necessity of this nearer. The shock of finding that William had decided against school and therefore the probability that the claim to the inheritance never would be proved, caused her despair culminating in the destruction of the papers.



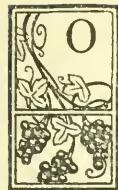
*FATHER RASLE AND HIS STRONG BOX*



## *Father Rasle and His Strong Box*

By HENRIETTA TOZIER TOTMAN

### *P R E L U D E*



N THE picturesque waters of the beautiful Kennebec no village of the Indians presented more attractions than Old Point, where stood the pleasant little hamlet of Narrantsouk.<sup>1</sup> "A lovely sequestered spot in the depth of nature's stillness, on a point around which the waters of the Kennebec, not far from their confluence with those of Sandy River, sweep on in their beautiful course, as if to the music of the rapids above; a spot over which the sad memory of the past, without its passions, will throw a charm, and on which one will believe that the ceaseless worship of nature might blend itself with the aspirations of Christian devotion."<sup>2</sup> And one will turn from this place with the feeling that the hatefulness of the mad spirit of war is aggravated by such a connection with nature's sweet retirement.

"Rasle's<sup>3</sup> Village," a name oft used in place of Narrantsouk, was built on the land as it gently rose above the intervalle. The huts were erected on either side of a path some eight feet wide. The church, surmounted by a cross, was neatly constructed of hewn timber and was by far the most imposing building in the place. It stood somewhat back from the narrow path, at the lower end of the village.

Graphically described in the following lines of Whittier, is the chapel, the scenery and, lastly, the Jesuit priest.

"Yet the traveller knows it a house of prayer,  
For the sign of the holy cross is there;  
And should he chance at that place to be,  
Of a Sabbath morn, or some hallowed day,  
When prayers are made and masses are said  
Some for the living and some for the dead;  
Well might that traveller start to see  
The tall, dark forms that take their way,  
From the birch canoe on the river shore  
And the forest paths to that chapel door;  
Marvel to mark the naked knees,

<sup>1</sup>Father Rasle's spelling as used in his letters to Vaudreuil, Gov. of Canada  
—Narrantsouk—Indian name for Norridgewock.

<sup>2</sup>Francis in his "Life of Father Rasle."

<sup>3</sup>Jesuits' M.S. Dictionary of the "Abnaki" language gives spelling Rale (often used), Rasles or Ralle, used by different writers.

And the dusky foreheads bending there.  
While in coarse white vesture, over these  
    In blessing or in prayer,  
Stretching abroad his thin, pale hands,  
Like a shrouded ghost the Jesuit stands.”

The church, richly decorated with pictures of the crucifixion and of other events in Biblical history, was well adapted to make a deep impression upon the minds of the Indians. “Silver plate was provided for the sacramental services.”<sup>1</sup>

Father Rasle—for it is he around whom this story centres—with apostolic self-denial and zeal, had been laboring amidst the solitudes of that remote wilderness for a period of thirty-five years. He had made many converts and had won, to an extraordinary degree, the love and devotion of the whole tribe.

By birth he was a gentleman of illustrious family, possessing accomplishments and education, isolated from home and friends, living in a cabin in the woods in a country foreign to his birth and surrounded only by the “white man’s friends” as the Indians chose to call themselves. And yet in his letters to his nephew in France never can we detect a murmur in view of the hardships of his life.

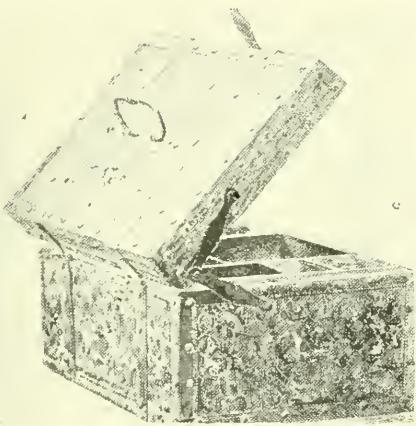
It seems difficult to imagine any motive sufficiently powerful to induce a gentleman of refinement and culture to spend his days in the wigwams of the savages, endeavoring to teach them the religion of Jesus, unless that motive be a sincere desire to serve God.

The English Protestants brought with them to the new world a very strong antipathy to the bigoted Catholicism which had been the bane of the Old World. They did not love their French neighbors and were greatly annoyed at the recession of the Acadian provinces to France. The troubled times very speedily obliterated all the traces which the king’s commissioners had left behind them.

England was far away. The attention of her contemptible King, Charles II., to the remote colonies, was spasmodic and transient. It was to Massachusetts alone that the widely scattered inhabitants of Maine could look for sympathy in time of peace or for aid in war.

There were no bonds of union between the Catholic French of Nova Scotia and the Puritans of New England. They differed in language, religion and in all the habits of social life. Those very traits of character, which admirably adapted the French to win the confidence of the Indians, excited the repugnance of the English. The pageantry of their religious worship, which the strong-minded Puritans regarded as senseless mummary, was well adapted to catch the attention of the savage. Thus the French and the Indians lived far more harmoniously together than did the Indians and the English.

<sup>1</sup>Williamson.



Father Rasle's Strong Box



The Chapel Bell



Captain Moulton had been an active military man in his younger days; but having been severely injured following the Rasle expedition, he had withdrawn to a country estate and passed his best years there with his wife and child. After he became a widower, a spirit of unrest seemed to drive him over the earth, and it was only from time to time that he made a brief appearance among his old friends. He was a stately, handsome man, even yet. His hair, although streaked with gray, stood thick and curly above his high, bronzed forehead and in his eyes gleamed a quiet fire which told of imperishable youth.

At the time our story opens, in April of 1744, we find him and his idolized daughter, Sylvia, guests in the home of his sister in the prosperous village of York.

## SCENE I.

AT THE FIRESIDE.



F WHAT were we speaking," asked Captain Moulton, "was it not of people's inability to imagine situations which they themselves have never been through? How can one expect it of them since the individual himself cannot always comprehend what he has undeniably felt. When I look back to those troublous times and observe everything calmly from a distance, I almost question—perchance Father Time is playing sad tricks with this memory bump," tapping his head by way of emphasis.

The conversation now turned to the early days of 1722. "Yes," said the Captain, "the waves of party spirit ran high. So much discord existed between Gov. Shute<sup>1</sup> and the House, that he, at length, tired of war controversy, without popularity, pleasure or emolument, formed the resolution of leaving the chair which he had filled some six years, and in December he embarked for England.<sup>2</sup>

"Our relations with the Indians had been assuming a bad posture and in some measure to overcome the feeling of hostility the government changed its more vigorous or violent measures to schemes calculated to soften the asperities of the Indians, and to Bomassen, an old, influential sachem of Norridgewock, they sent a valuable present, hoping to enlist his influence on the side of reconciliation."

"But why a present to Bomassen more than to chiefs of other tribes?" asked Erick Lynde, who had just returned with his friend, Lawrence, from Fort Richmond, where they had been sent as commissioners by Gov. Shirley, to consider the rightful fishing sites and

<sup>1</sup>Samuel Shute, Governor 1716 . . 1722.

<sup>2</sup>Samuel Shute, Governor. Left for England, Dec. 27, 1722.

hunting grounds of the natives, as claimed by a number of Sagamores who had convened with them there. "To me it never seemed clear, Captain Moulton, why Norridgewock and Father Rasle were ever in the greatest danger. Oft during the first few years of my life did I hear the Indians, when lying at easy length on their fur robes, talk of the French as their friends, and you, the English, as against them. They complained that you had broken the treaty of Arrow-sick.<sup>1</sup> In heated discussion they accused you of erecting no trading houses; of providing at public charge no smiths or armories for the accommodation of the Indians; of establishing no public places where, in fair barter, furs and skins could be exchanged for ammunition and clothing. Opened seemed the veins of war when, through the good father, word reached them that the General Court resolved that there were reasons still existing, sufficient to prosecute the Eastern Indians."<sup>2</sup>

"Well do I recall that decision, my friend, for it called me away from my wife and my daughter—Sylvia, you were then in swaddling clothes, a mere baby. This old leg of mine was not disabled then. I could travel the streams and the rivers and pierce the unbroken forests with the 'best of blood.'"

Somewhat remote from the fireside, sat Aunt Anna, busily clicking her needles, while a stocking fast grew 'neath her fingers. "Captain," said she, "memory with me is a bit tricky, but I seem to recall the day when you came to me and, taking my two hands in yours, said, 'Sister Anna, I am ordered to Norridgewock to seize the notorious Rasle.'<sup>3</sup> Anxiously we awaited your return, I, baby Sylvia, and her mother. And when at last you were with us, I can seem to see how breathlessly we waited for your account of the perilous expedition, for it was the month of December exposure and hardships. Tell us to-night, as you did then."

"Well! then, to begin," replied the Captain. "Our expedition in '23 was fruitless, not having caught sight of a single Indian. The storms of winter beat down upon us and its drifting snows encumbered our path. A warm rain followed, known in Maine as the 'January thaw.' The deep snows melted. A swollen torrent seemed every stream. Not till Feb. 6 did we reach the falls of Brunswick. It was not wisdom that, at that season of the year, dictated such an enterprise. A 'thousand livres'<sup>4</sup> was the price set upon his head, thus you can see there was a strong universal desire to make Rasle

<sup>1</sup>William . . . p. 92. Treaty of Arrowsick.

<sup>2</sup>Williamson says: "Both in and out of the legislature there were men who doubted whether a war upon the natives would be justifiable."

<sup>3</sup>Williamson, 1723.

<sup>4</sup>Collections of Mass. Hist. Society, Vol. VIII, p. 266. A livre was a French coin valued at about eighteen and three-quarters cents. It is now superseded by the franc.

a prisoner.<sup>1</sup> We toiled on and by a totally unexpected route thought to take the Indians by surprise. We arrived at the village undiscovered, but before we could surround the Jesuit's home, he escaped into the woods, leaving his books and papers in his 'strong box.'<sup>2</sup> This we took and no other damage was allowed. Among his papers were his letters of correspondence with the Governor of Canada, by which it appeared that he was deeply engaged in exciting the Indians to a rupture and had promised to assist them." Here he paused, as if buried in thought.

Aunt Anna broke the silence. "But, brother," said she, "there is more of interest. Have you forgotten the sealed package? You remember the faded name it bore—Arich Synde—and then in a clearer hand the words, 'From your loving mother.' "

"Yes, yes, it all comes back to me, Anna. To be sure, memory plays strange tricks with us old people. I used to think that perhaps I might find the lad, but in all my travels, never once have I heard the name; let me think, we called the name 'A rich Syn-dé—am I right, Anna—and where is the box and the package?'"

"I will get it for you," she replied and quietly retired from the room.

"We don't want to weary you, Uncle," said Lawrence, "but that story of Captain Harman and yourself. It is the most thrilling of all and Erick, you know, is leaving us on the morrow."

"Captain Moulton, your story draws a tear from my heart. It carries me back to my first recollection of Father Rasle and his followers, dearest among whom was the wife of Mogg,<sup>3</sup> 'The Fearless.' I can almost feel the warmth of her hand and the love in her song as she oft rocked me to sleep on her bosom."

Turning to Lawrence, he said, "You know somewhat of my life, those twelve years ere the saintly father was killed by the hands of the English,<sup>4</sup> and more I will tell you, but continue, Captain Moulton; it is the thread of your story that holds me. Perchance you may hold the link between me and my people. God grant it! I have wandered far and near since those days, when a wigwam was all the home I knew, and had it not been for the death of a son in the home of Thomas Leighton I might never have felt the warmth of a home fireside. He and his wife have given unsparingly of their love to me, but there is yet one prayer unanswered. May it please God to some day give me knowledge of my parents! There's but one known link

<sup>1</sup>Rasle's letter. 8 Coll. Mass. Hist. Soc. p. 266-7.

<sup>2</sup>Williamson speaks of the "strong box" as having been stolen by the English at this time.

<sup>3</sup>Mogg—famous Indian chief—Norridgewock.

<sup>4</sup>Williamson: "The general feeling of the British towards Rasle was that of the most intense hostility."

between me and my mother—'tis this baby ring and the words engraved on it, "Erick Lynde Sept. 7, 1710."

"We want more of Erick's life story," said the Captain, "and the box, we will open that, yes, here comes Anna!—but I will first tell you of my last expedition." He paused. "Ah, but 'tis sad to relate and I would that it were not to pain you, Erick! You loved Rasle, 'Father Rasle' as you called him and what I have to tell you, may it never sever our friendship."

"Never fear, Captain Moulton, here's my hand; 'Once your friend, always your friend,' is my motto!"

"Well, then, here's my story and don't ask me for more, Lawrence. Age softens and dulls the edge and now I find in my heart love and pity for him who was friend to the 'redskins.'"

Then in his direct, brief style he began his narration of the last expedition to Old Point. "Norridgewock being still the residence of Rasle, early in the fall of the year 1724, I think it was August, and the date of your birthday, Sylvia. You remember after my return that I taught you to draw with a stick in the sand, the figures 19; well, that was the date! I was about to tell you that I, together with Captains Harman, Bourn, and Bane (all good men), commanded a detachment of 208 men divided into four companies to march against Norridgewock. We left Richmond Fort, our place of rendezvous opposite Swan Island, on the 19th of August, 1724, and ascended the river in seventeen whale-boats, accompanied by three Mohawks. The next day we arrived at Teeonnet, where we left our whale-boats and Lieutenant with a guard of forty men.

"The residue of the forces commenced a rapid march at daybreak of the 21st, through the woods to Old Point, hoping to strike the foe by surprise. On the eve of that day, just as the sun was setting, we saw three natives and we fired upon them. The noted Bomassen,<sup>1</sup> to whom Governor Shute and the House had sent that valuable present<sup>2</sup>, was one of them and with him his wife and daughter. The chief, while trying to escape through the river, was shot, his daughter we fatally wounded and his wife we took as a prisoner. A little after noon of the 22d we came in sight of the village where we had decided to divide the detachment, thereby hoping to encircle the village and cut off all escape. Captain Harman, imagining he saw smoke rising in the direction of Sandy River, and supposing that some of the Indians might be at work in their corn-fields, marched off sixty men, while I formed my men into three bands nearly equal in numbers. Two of these were placed in ambush, while the remainder were marshalled for an impetuous charge.

"I commanded my men to hold their fire until after that of the Indians, then boldly and quickly advance, in profound silence. This

<sup>1</sup>Drake's Book of the Indians—Bomassen's death.

<sup>2</sup>Governor Shute, 1719.

they did and before their approach was suspected they were within pistol shot of the Indians. One Indian happening to look out of his wigwam discovered us close at hand. He gave a war-whoop and sprang for his gun. The consternation of the whole village seemed terrible. About sixty of the fighting Indians seized their guns and fired, but in their tremor they overshot and not a man of ours was hurt. Then followed the discharge from our men which disabled and killed many; this was returned without breaking our ranks. Then, fleeing to the river to escape, they fell upon the muzzles of our guns in ambush. Several instantly fell, others attempted to swim and some to wade across the river which was not more than six feet deep and about sixty feet wide.

"A few jumped into their canoes but in their excitement, they had failed to take their paddles and thus were unable to escape. The old men, women and children fled in every direction. In their mad rush fire faced them on every hand. It was thought that not more than fifty landed on the opposite bank of the river, while only one hundred and fifty made their escape into the thickets who were pursued by us, but not overtaken.<sup>1</sup>

"Our men then returned to the village and here we found the Jesuit and an English boy<sup>2</sup> in one of the wigwams firing upon a few of our men who had not followed the wretched fugitives. One of our captains, who has a 'spreading tongue,' said that he saw Rasle shoot the boy through the thigh and then stab him in the body,<sup>3</sup> though he ultimately recovered, such I know for a fact as he was taken captive by the Mohawk who set fire to the village, and a year later accompanied Captain Bourn to Canada. I had given orders to capture but not to kill Rasle, but Jaques, one of my lieutenants, saw the Jesuit wound one of our men, and he then broke open the door and shot him through the head.<sup>4</sup> I recall that Jaques in his effort to justify his disobedience, alleged that when he entered, Rasle was loading his gun and declared that he 'would neither give nor take quarter.'

"Then there was a noted chief, an aged man, Mogg by name. Captain Bourn told us that he saw one of the three Mohawks fall when Mogg fired into their midst and this act so enraged the Indian's brother that he returned the fire and the old Sagamore fell dead. The soldiers quickly dispatched his squaw and children. Of his squaw I shall have something to tell you later; something quite foreign to

<sup>1</sup>Opinions differ as to numbers.

<sup>2</sup>Several authorities state that an English boy about 14 years of age was taken captive by the English, 1724—"Last expedition to Old Point."

<sup>3</sup>Hutchinson (2 Hist. p. 282) says this act of cruelty was stated by Captain Harman, senior in command, upon oath. (But still is doubted—8 Coll. Mass. Hist. Soc. 2d series, p. 257.)

<sup>4</sup>Williamson.

man's nature, but close to the heart of a woman. But to go on. Near night after the massacre was over and the village deserted by the Indians, Captain Harman and his party arrived, and placing a guard of forty men, the companies slept in the wigwams. In the morning, when it was light enough to see, a search was made and, including Rasle, there were thirty bodies found cold and stiff stretched on the ground; Mogg, Job, Carabesett, Wissemement, and Bomassen's son-in-law, all known and noted warriors, were among them. Three captives were recovered, and one, who for years had found kindness and shelter in the wigwam of 'Mogg the noted,' and four prisoners were taken"— and Captain Moulton paused and sighed as though wearied by the painful recollection.

Lawrence started to speak, then turned to Erick, his friend, but observing his clinched hands and unusual pallor, he asked—"Are you ill? Does your wound pain you, Erick?"

"No, thank you, not ill, but the fate of the boy captive has stirred my heart." And in whispered words continued, "Mayhap, I, who did live among them, who have known neither father nor mother, may be that most unfortunate English boy."

Captain Moulton, who seemingly had seen not nor heard this brief conversation, took up the thread of the story and continued:

"The whole number killed and drowned was eighty or more. Our plunder consisted of plate and furniture of the altar, a few guns, blankets and about three barrels of powder.

"After leaving the desolate homes and well on our march to Teconnet, Christian, one of the Mohawks, whether influenced by some member of the party or of his own accord, suddenly left us, returned to the village and set fire to the chapel and cottages." Then, waxing eloquent as he oft did when he neared the end of a story or argument, "From the celebrated Canibas tribe, dating from this bloody event, the glory departed, to return nevermore. And down through the annals of history, since the death of King Philip no more brilliant exploit, in the Indian wars, has been recorded than this, our last expedition to Old Point.

"You know me now as Lieutenant-colonel, but here by Anna's fireside, I am always 'Captain,' and I like it! Promotions are sometimes hard to win, but the men said that the distinguishing recompense belonged to me, but Harman, who was senior in command, proceeded to Boston with the scalps and received a reward for the achievement, the commission of Lieutenant-colonel. My men said that 'Superior rank had shaded superior merit,' but the universal applause of this country was mine and that was enough. My title of Colonel dates back to the days of Pepperell when I was made Lieutenant-colonel in the militia under his command.

"I neglected to mention that while we were on our return to Fort Richmond, and without the loss of a single man, my old leg here was

disabled—due to the blow of a savage? No, due to a falling pine of the forest that made *me* a target."

He rose. "Give me my cane, Lawrence, I am growing to be dependent upon it. A member of the Provincial Council and Judge of the Common Pleas<sup>1</sup> suits me better now that Father Time has placed his finger upon me."

"But, Captain, stay, here is the 'strong box,'" said Anna, "and the key hangs above the fire-shelf."

Lawrence rose to get it.

"But the story, your friend's story, Lawrence." And turning and laying a soft hand on her father's shoulder, Sylvia asked, "May we hear that before you open the 'strong box?'"

"Yes, yes, daughter mine;" then he turned to Erick and said "let us hear your story now."

"It is not much I have to tell," he replied, "this much and this much only, I know of my past. It came by the way of my old foster mother, the wife of Mogg. She told how the warriors fell upon Winter Harbor and returned bringing me, a baby, among other captives. That she pitied the wee, pink bit of flesh and persuaded Mogg, her husband, to allow her to bring me up with their children; that no blood of the redskins was in my veins, she felt sure, as Mogg knew of my mother, and that papers they gave to Father Rasle told something of my father.

"Years came, years went; I lived among them, learning their ways, their religion, and feeling their 'big hearts.' Father Rasle I loved as did his Indian followers, and as a child I knew not but good of this Jesuit. Captain Moulton, those expeditions of yours struck terror to the hearts of those people.

"May I return to your last expedition, following which, the Indians who had escaped to the woods returned to the smouldering ruins?

"The story of the fall of the boy captive is false. I was that boy and the scar from the wound," laying his hand gently on his thigh, "is *here*, but it was made on the day before when I was out hunting with some Indians. I slipped and fell on a knife used by one of the men while dressing some fish for our dinners. The shot from Father Rasle's gun was aimed at one of your men, but just at that time he fell, by the hand of Jaques, and the gun changed position and I was the victim. Then realizing that escape was impossible, I hid myself in an underground cellar beneath the wigwam, and there I remained until Mohawk returned and made me a captive. We hid in the nearby woods and watched the Indians return to their deserted village.

"Even the stoicism of the savage was overcome by the sight of the gory bodies. Their first care was to find the form of their be-

<sup>1</sup>Williamson, p. 226.

loved missionary. This they did, and with prayers and loud lamentations buried the remains below the altar, where the evening before he had celebrated the sacred mysteries and, having completed this task, they raised a rude cross to commemorate the memory of their loved one. Then, with such solemnities as they had been taught, they buried their chief Bomassen, whose body they found in the woods where your men had left it. Thus, having finished their painful task, they turned sadly from their homes which their ancestors had occupied through countless generations and sought refuge with the Penobscots. And from that date, blotted forever from the register of the Indian tribes has been the historic name of the Norridgewocks."

"There is but one thing more before we separate for the night," said Anna, "Captain, if I am right this 'strong box,' which perchance Erick has seen in the past, has not been opened for a good twenty years. The papers may be worn and more faded, let us see." Whereupon Captain Moulton proceeded to unlock and remove one by one the contents. Lastly of all he came to the sealed package and holding it to the light read as before the name Arich Synde. Then, shading his eyes with his hand, he seemed lost in thought. Light seemed to break—"Erick, come nearer. What is this faint line I see above the A? Does it help to form some other letter? Your journey takes you over our paths of old. Perchance you will find someone who has knowledge of this package. Take it and use it as you like. To me it can have no further interest and if left here it will soon break in pieces, the seal even now hangs too loosely." Then, closing and turning the key in the "strong box," he said, "The hour is late, let us separate for the night."

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### SCENE III.

#### IN THE GARDEN.



RICK arose and walked to the window; feeling depressed he stepped out on the lawn and walked to and fro on the lower part of the terrace, gazing absent-mindedly over the shimmering lake, and now and then hearing a detached word from the conversation of the people within. The warm night wind seemed as soothing as Mother Mogg's Indian lullaby legends; the stars blinked like eyes which can scarcely keep themselves open. A fine mist moved slowly across the heavens, weaving a veil over the shining firmament.

A slight rustle of the grass and Erick turned to behold Miss Moulton.

"Bear in mind," said he, "we shall be wakened from our first sleep by a spring thunder storm."



Father Rasle Monument at Old Point



He had never seen her so beautiful; her face was unusually pale; her beautiful eyes glistened as if a slight shower had passed over them. A certain air of timidity made her seem girlish, indeed. Never before had he felt so clearly what a treasure she would be to a man.

"You are ill," he said, "you are suffering from the sultriness."

She neither answered nor glanced at the heavens, but continued to look fixedly at the ground. Suddenly she began, "So you are leaving us on the morrow, my father tells me."

"Yes, Miss Moulton," he replied, "the date of my departure is at hand, and need I say that I would gladly tarry longer did I not wish to visit the scenes of my early childhood and more than all else the spot where stood the old fort in which my mother sought refuge only to meet death, and from which I was carried away to Old Point by the Indians when hardly more than a babe in arms.

"I am indeed loth to leave this place, these friends, and, may I add, deeply grieved most of all to leave you.

"I shall not trouble you long, but I must talk with you. It has been clear and comprehensible to yourself and to me for a long time, yes, ever since the first eve we met. It is always best not to close the eyes and seal the lips when people love each other. You have heard my story and you love me, I feel, I can see, I know in spite of everything."

Her eyes were raised to his for an instant. "Thank you for those words," she said.

He would have taken her in his arms but she repelled him in gentle firmness.

"No, stay there, we will talk it over calmly," she said. "I am no heroine and this discussion is very hard for me. But tell me, have you spoken to my father?"

He assured her on his honor that no word of his had passed his lips which could have betrayed the state of his feelings.

"He is all to me that a father could be and I am the object of his deepest devotion," and here she paused. "It pains me to say it. But I could not shatter his confidence in me, even though it cost me my future happiness. There are still and were noble men among our Indian brothers, but, knowing my father's dislike of the redskins, and his promise to my angel mother, I do not know how he will receive you, even though you are the best of friends."

They stood facing each other in sorrowful silence.

He seemed to feel that any word, any assurance of his good faith would be trivial, a desecration of the situation which she regarded so nobly and purely.

"I feel much better now," she said, with an indescribably brave and beautiful smile. "Do not think any more about it. Good counsel comes in the night. No one is responsible for his inclinations, but

only for his deeds, and you, I know, will never do anything which could really divide us."

She gave him her hand and was about to say good night when her father approached, and together she left them.

"It has driven me out also," he said, as he walked beside Erick and, stopping for breath, glanced at the starlit spring heavens. "When I saw you slipping out, a melancholy envy, which you must pardon, come over me. We spent so many happy hours here together, reviewing the sad past and living so completely in the joy of the present. You, Erick, and Sylvia have brought new color into my life. The buoyant spirit of youth has seemed contagious. Even this crippled leg of mine has grown young again."

He put his arm in that of his young friend and they walked slowly down the garden path.

"You are leaving us on the morrow," he continued. "We shall miss you. You will always seem a part of this dear old place where we met. Our friendship is not of the passing day and though we meet not again, in our hearts your memory will linger. I admire your courage and I can only wish you God-speed in your undertaking. You have but the sacred memory of a dear, departed mother, and I feel that you can believe your foster-mother's story. May it please God to give you knowledge of a father, worthy of such a son."

He paused, seemed lost in reverie. Erick hesitated, then broke the painful stillness.

"Captain Moulton," said he, "my time is brief. I was about to go in search of you. May I have a word in private?"

They had turned and were approaching the house. He paused as though seenting a situation which might call up old memories, then, he said, and his voice was saddened, "Go on!"

"It is this: I love your daughter and my love dates from the moment when first we met. I can never again be my own master, even though I should be obliged to remain away from her forever. Until less than an hour ago, no word had passed my lips. By accident we met in the garden. I could not longer endure the uncertainty as to her feelings and I told her."

Erick paused, then pained by the awful stillness, he continued:

"An unspeakable grief suddenly seized her almost as though a hot buried spring had burst from her inmost soul. In that instant she knew that she loved me, but noble woman that she is, she bade me go to you, her father."

Like the commander of some fortress, who, recognizing the superiority of the besieger, needs no council of war, yet if time can be won, everything may be saved and the relief may come which would have been too late if there had been a premature surrender, so he waited, and then sank upon the grass, one hand supporting his mas-

sive head. Erick awaited the words he might utter in strange suspense.

At last he spoke, and his voice was measured and saddened. "The symptoms are, indeed, precisely the same as when I fell in love with my wife! But the situation is different. Not that you are unworthy of my daughter's hand. Knowing you as I do, gladly would I give it in marriage, but the promise—the promise to the loved one who is sleeping. Can I break it? 'A barrier lays between us, invisible, yet not unfelt.'"

Again his voice sounded, "But one curtain remains to be drawn aside. The finger of God, my poor boy, will guide you. Go search the wilderness for some person who has known your mother and perhaps from those lips her life's story will come as a heritage to you, her son. Secret were the hiding places of the Indians. Twenty years and more since you lived among them, unearthed, in the meantime, may have been many of their treasures and secrets. This worn frame of mine is sadly equal to such a journey, but if light breaks for you, as prompt as to the response of a bugle call, Sylvia and I will hasten to join you and there on the spot where fell the priestly father, you shall receive the hand of my daughter."

With a silent grasp of the withered hand the two men parted.

"Is all of love—all of life denied to me?" sighed Erick. Then, without more delay, he turned and approached Sylvia who stood somewhat apart, near the arbor. Plainly evident was the sorrow that lurked in his bosom, yet with the manner that bespoke the man schooled to obedience, he said, "I ask you nothing, Miss Moulton, but to wear this ring which was once my mother's, the story of which you have heard. I may not live. We may never meet again, but I do ask you to remember me. Nothing can make us enemies at heart."

Slowly the dark beauty raised her beseeching eyes to his saddened face.

"Do not think that I do not feel. You will always be in my heart," said she. "The God above us will guard and guide you."

He kissed her trembling hand and felt within his own the little locket she had oftentimes worn, which later showed to him her beloved face and a lock of her silken, brown hair.

Turning as if to depart, he heard the reluctant whisper, "I cannot lose you forever from my life, Erick. We shall meet again. Something within me whispers that my father will be called upon to fulfill his promise. We shall meet again!"

And then he gasped under his breath, "My own poor darling—mine—to eternity! We will meet after these days of doubt are no more!"

## SCENE IV.

## IN SIGHT OF OLD POINT.



Y JOURNEY has been uneventful," he muttered, as the hot sun of mid-summer beat down upon him, and he threw himself beneath the shade of a friendly tree on the banks of the Kennebee, looking up the river toward Old Point. "My search for some clue finds no reward." Then he took from his pocket the locket and gazed long and sadly at the likeness within. "Can I lose you forever? No, a thousand times no!"

His head dropped between his hands and he seemed lost in thought. Suddenly he lifted his head and exclaimed in a voice that brought the echo from the near-by forest, "I have it, I have it! Let me see, yes, here it is in my pocket." And he drew forth the package. "The same mark Captain Moulton suggested," he exclaimed, "a line, curved, just above the broken initial and once it might have been a part of it, E is now clear, but what of the last letter—h, well, that, too, shows a break by the pen and may have been made for a k—if so, it is my Christian name—Erick, but the S, in the surname, that alone is the lost link in my chain." Again he seemed lost in thought, while the package he held in his hand. "Can it be," he cried, turning it over and he bent to pick up a piece of paper that had worked itself out through the half-opened end and, in turning, he saw the words unfaded, clearly written.

"Erick Lynde—1711."

"It is mine, mine own," he gasped. "The one link in the chain—Can I read it?"

"Is all of love, all of life denied me? We shall see!" he exclaimed. With mental fear and trembling, Erick read his dead mother's narrative.

It was, after all, only a baffling disclosure, a series of half confidences, punctuated with more or less self-accusation, and evidently written at different times, with a reluctant pen and carefully copied from an original which had probably been destroyed.

But one purpose ran through the whole narrative. The fixed determination to conceal names, dates, locality and all the surroundings from the son, who was now called upon to sit in judgment upon the proud woman who had given to him the breath of life.

"Loving heart, self-tortured woman," he sighed.

It was a strange story. A young, orphaned Colonial girl, in the flush of early womanhood; a desirable heiress in her own right, at a watering place in southern Italy met her fate, in the person of one of the titled families in England.

Marriage united a Catholic lawyer with a Protestant child of freedom.

The unbroken happiness of the first year of the marriage, the lengthened honeymoon, the wonders of the new world followed.

The veiled resentment of the groom's family exhibited to the bride, together with the impressive loneliness of a vast, unbroken country in which they had found a home, where the husband was sent as an agent of the English King; all came as a blow to this girl-wife. The husband, leaning toward polities and public life, was recalled to accept a more fitting position in the country of his birth.

Vainly his sorrowing wife implored him to defer the acceptance of the call to his country's service, until she might accompany him.

At first he turned to her a willing ear. Then came the fierce vengeance of an unbridled nature, and the husband, whose fiery passions were his only law, left her, to seek renown in other lands.

The conviction that she, the object of his heart's devotion, now approaching maternity, was thus deserted, shattered forever the fond ideal of the northern wife.

That the young wife would soon forget and at last forgive, that she could be won back by time and the birth of the expected heir, was the delusive hope which contented the sullen husband.

The record of a year followed in which no line of hers reached his eyes, no trace of her could be found.

The possession of independent means made the revolted wife impregnable in her self-concealment.

Then came an account of an attack upon Kittery, and, through some mysterious course, she allowed the report to reach England of the untimely death of herself and infant son.

Erick read the bitter lesson of the trusting wife.

"It is the grist of the Gods," he sadly murmured, "that this strong-willed English aristocrat should accept the seeming verdict of fate.

"My mother has found that peace which passes all understanding, but my father, if he lives yet, is environed with all the dark horrors of war. My poor mother was only a victim of that false social system which makes one standard for the woman, another for the man. And my father is the wretched heir of the ingrained sins of his ancestors, the mere puppet of the peculiar institutions."

Erick had now reached a mental calmness and at the sound of the fallen journal, as he supposed, he reached for it and saw that it was only a letter that had found lodgment within the journal. He stooped to pick it up and read in unfaded words, his name "Erick Lynde," and yet another "Erick Lynde Goffe, from your sorrowing Mother."

Before breaking the seal he carried the missive to his lips. Then solemnly pondered the final words of his dead mother's disclosure.

"Years have taught me both charity and justice. I give to you no guiding counsel for your own future actions. That your father

has been a man of mark, of high public station, of unsullied personal honor, since his departure from me, is known to me. I frankly admit my own moral desertion of the man to whom I had plighted my wedded faith. I see now the grievous wrong inflicted upon him. I should have gone to him as he desired when your tender months were equal to an ocean voyage. I have given to you all the life, half of which I owed to him, and only you can decide upon the rightful course to follow. Condemn him not, and if, perchance, believing in the report of my death at the hands of the Indians which I allowed to reach him, he has surrounded himself with wife and with children, for my sake, work no wrong to the innocent ones of his household. For nearly two years I have not followed his fortunes save merely to know that he lives. In making these changes of residence, in my final retreat to Falmouth and the adoption of my disguise of the name of Lynde, I have absolutely prevented suspicion and discovery. Your father hopelessly accepted my subterfuge of the Indian massacre, in good faith. He must not be held accountable for my wrong doing."

"As God wills," mused Erick, as he had exhausted the final words of loving tenderness with which "Louise Lynde-Goffe" had closed the reecital of her blighted life.

"Naught in my heart to condemn thee," he whispered. "He that is without sin let him cast the first stone. Thank God, there is now no barrier between Sylvia and myself."

Erick was strangely agitated as the messenger rowed down the river bearing his brief message which read: "Come, I await you, here at the grave of Father Rasle, my past as an open book, shall be read by you and I doubt not your decision." Signed, "Erick Lynde-Goffe."

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## SCENE V.

### AT THE FOOT OF THE CROSS.



HE setting sun had followed the rising sun, and the rising sun the setting sun for many long days ere the promise to join Erick in the north was fulfilled.

It is early autumn.

At last we find them at Old Point on the ground where fell those brave warriors, slowly wending their way toward the grave of the Jesuit.

Captain Moulton walks but slowly, and the limp in his leg is more perceptible than of yore. "Your father has aged since I left your Aunt Anna's home, and saddened he seems, by the tales I have told of the English boy captive. The way has been long, too long, perchance, for the aged, but I wanted you to see and to feel the same

spirit of love for this deserted, hallowed spot, that I felt as a child for this ground, then the famous Indian village."

They were approaching a little enclosure, a grove of ash trees, and in the darkest corner of the shaded place stood an empty bench.

"Captain Moulton," said Erick, "might not you like to rest here in the shade while your daughter goes on with me to the rude cross, you see yonder?"

"Yes, tired is my leg and I will gladly rest till your return." So saying he dropped himself wearily down upon the bench and they left him.

Onward they walked in silence, "too sacred seemed the spot for mere words."

They had reached the foot of the cross and taking from his pocket a time-yellowed, faded paper, he said, "Sylvia, will you read my dead mother's journal?"

She reached forth her hand but withdrew it. "Why, this is the package so long kept from eyes in the 'strong box!'" she exclaimed.

"Yes," he replied, and his voice sank to a whisper, "your father had in his possession the lost link that connected my past with my present."

Again she extended her hand for the letter, then carried it to her lips, and between them fell a silence, unbroken. Erick remained seated for a while with his eyes closed, in that stupefied state between pain and pleasure which usually comes to one who has done his duty at the cost of a deep heart's need.

Suddenly Sylvia looked up and her eyes, as they met his, were full of gratitude, but streaming with tears.

"The more I give to thee, Erick, the more I have, for both are infinite."

Then rising and with hands outstretched to him, she said: "Come, let us go to my father."

\* \* \*

In the year 1833, Benedict Fenwick, bishop of Boston, repaired to the site of the little chapel of Rasle, in Norridgewock, and on the anniversary of its destruction, August 23, erected a monument to the memory of the self-denying missionary.

The writer of this article, while enjoying the beauties of nature on a trip through the Kennebec valley, visited this historic spot and was much interested in the monument as it stands to-day.

A large block of granite, surmounted by an iron cross, gives an imposing height of eighteen feet, measuring from the foundation to the highest point of the cross.

A Latin inscription, of which the following is a literal translation, is cut in the stone; a copy of which was kindly offered to the writer, by an aged priest, who was there that day studying the monument which occupies the spot where the altar stood before the church was burned, and beneath which rest the remains of Father Rasle.

“Rev. Sebastian Rasle, a native of France, a missionary of the society of Jesuits, at first preaching for a few years to the Illinois and Hurons, afterwards for thirty-four years to the Abenaquis, in faith and charity; undaunted by the danger of arms, often testifying that he was prepared to die for his flock; at length this best of pastors fell amidst arms at the destruction of the village of Norridgewock and the ruins of his own church, in this very place, on the twenty-third day of August, A. D. 1724. Benedict Fenwick, Bishop of Boston, has erected this monument, and dedicated it to him and his deceased children in Christ, on the 23d of August, A. D. 1833, to the greater glory of God.”

AUTHOR'S NOTE.—The writer of this article desires to state that this narrative for the most part presents facts in the setting of fiction. While the methods of fiction have been employed, they have not departed from the historical spirit. Captain Moulton and Erick Lynde have been made story tellers, but their stories are substantially true. The incident of “Father Rasle's strong box” with the one exception of the “Journal,” is true. The decision of Father Rasle against whatever odds to struggle on for the cause of human justice and a closer following of Christ, is *one of the noblest examples of moral heroism.*

*AN ISLE OF THE SEA*



## An Isle of the Sea

By ORRIE L. QUIMBY

*“Something hidden—Go and find it!  
Lost and waiting for you—Go!”*



RISCILLA,” called Mistress Winter, in a harsh, rau-  
cous voice, like the cry of a sea-gull, “Priscilla, I say,  
already it is an hour since sun-up by the glass (hour  
glass) and you not yet come out of your bed!”

Then, as no answer came from above, “The lazy  
wench! Now must I climb the stairs to waken her, or  
light the fire myself!” and she started up the steep,  
narrow stairway that led to the chambers, with a look on her face  
that boded ill for poor Priscilla.

John Winter, sitting below in the long kitchen, heard her shrill  
voice berating the maid, then the sound of blows, and Mistress Win-  
ter came clattering down the stairway, her black eyes flashing and  
her sharp face flushed with rage.

“The slattern! the fat, lazy slattern!” she stormed, “What  
think you, John Winter, she goes into my good feather bed with  
clean linen sheets upon it, without taking pains to pluck off her  
clothes! For a year and a quarter she hath lain with Sally upon  
my good feather bed, and now, Sally being lacke (away) three or  
four days to Saco, the trollope goes into bed in her clothes and  
stockings! Hereafter her bed shall be doust (dust) bed and sheets  
she shall have none!”

“Truly, the maid is not of much service in this business,” re-  
turned her husband, “but if she be beaten, she may be sending home  
ill reports, the which, if it come to the ears of Mr. Trelawney, would  
make much trouble for us.”

“Then must I forbear my hands to strike and rise rathe (early) in  
the morning to do all the work myself, or it will lie undone. And  
all the beating she hath had, hath never hurt her body nor her  
limbs.” And she hustled about, piling sticks of firewood on the  
broad hearth.

“If this maid at her lazy times, when she hath been found in her  
ill actions, doth not deserve two or three blows, who, I pray, hath  
most reason to complain, she or I? If a fair way will not do it, then  
beatings must sometimes upon such idle girrels as she is.”

Meanwhile she was hanging the kettle in the fireplace for the  
men’s breakfast porridge, which she made of milk “boyled with  
flower,” preparing great kettles of peas and pork, heaping bread on

large wooden platters, drawing huge tankards of beer and ale, and all this without ceasing to enumerate Priscilla's shortcomings.

"She cannot be trusted even to serve a few pigs but I must commonly be with her, or they will go without their meat. Since she came hither she could never milk cow nor goat, and every night she will be out-of-doors roaming about the island, after we are gone to bed, except I carry the key of the door to bed with me, and that I shall do henceforth, doubt not."

John Winter, "a grave and discreet man," tried in vain to stem the torrent of her wrath, till, as she paused for breath, he broke in with, "Softly, softly, now Jane, for our minister, Mr. Gibson, is just without, in the palisatho (palisade) and it is not fitting that he should find you in so great a passion, lest he may judge, 'Like mother like child.' I have lately thought that he takes more than a passing interest in our daughter Sarah, and it is the desire of my heart that this might come to pass, as you well know."

There was no time for further talk before the entrance of the Rev. Richard Gibson, A.B., scholar and gentleman, lately of Magdalen College, Cambridge, England, and the first settled minister within the limits of old Falmouth.

Of him John Winter writes to his employer, "The Worshipfull Robert Trelawney:" "Our minister is a very fair Condition man, one that doth keep himself in very good order, and instructs our people well, if it please God to give us the grace to follow his instruction."

He had been sent to minister to the plantation at Richmond's Island in 1636 by Robert Trelawney in response to this appeal from his brother, Edward Trelawney, who was temporarily in charge at the island: "But above all I earnestly request you for a Rclligious, able Minister, for its moste pittifull to behold what a Most Heathen life wee live."

Richard Gibson was an idealist by nature, and it is easy to understand the enthusiasm with which he entered upon his work in the New World. And that he had won a place in the affections of his people was evident from the pleading look Priscilla Bickford cast toward him, as, plump and comely in spite of red and swollen eyelids, she came down the stairs and began to help in laying the breakfast table.

"Go you and serve the swine on the main land and carry these buckets of corn to the sows who have litters of young," ordered her mistress in a voice still sharp, despite her efforts at amiability.

"It will be time enough to think of victuals when you have done some work, for idle girrels, who will not work, shall not eat."

As Priscilla, going to pick up the buckets, passed the young minister, he slipped two of the oaten cakes from the trencher on the table into her apron pocket, with a look of sympathy.

"My patience is worren out with the girl," said Mistress Winter, as Priscilla went out. "Such a slattern that the men do not desire even to have her boil the kettle for them."

Richard Gibson, probably made wise by previous encounters, made no attempt to intercede, but only remarked: "In this country we must of necessity work with such tools as God hath given us, as your husband can witness out of his own experience."

"I have a company as of troublesome people as ever man had to do withall, both for land and for sea, and I have had no assistance heretofore from any that is here with me," said John Winter. "I have written to Mr. Trelawney that he may please make choice of honester and more pliable men, or else the plantation will all go to ruin, for here about these parts is neither law nor government. If any man's servants take a distaste against his master, away they go to their pleasure."

"But notwithstanding all these difficulties you have wrought with some success," suggested Mr. Gibson.

"Of a truth our building and planting have proved fairly well, with this strong palisado of fifteen feet high and our ordnance mounted within on platform for our defense from those who wish us harm here. And we have paled in four or five acres for our garden also, planting divers sorts, as barley, peas, corn, pumpkins, carrots, parsnips, onions, garlic, radishes, turnips, cabbage, lettuce, parsley and millions (melons) and there is nothing we set or sow, but doth prove very well."

"And the fisheries do surely prosper in large measure?"

"I have sent great store of fish and train oil by the Agnes, also eight and one-half hogsheads of fish peas. As for our goats, I could willingly sell a score, for they overlay the island and on the main land the wolves do prey upon them. There be divers in these parts would have goats, but they lack money. The pigs increase apace, and grow fat on acorns and glames (clams) on the main land, though we have sustained the loss of many by the Indians, wolves, the harsh winter, and the idleness of them that had charge to look to them three times a week."

Then as the men trooped in to breakfast, the talk became general and turned upon the new ship, a bark of thirty tons, now almost completed and ready for launching on the morrow. They spoke of what work remained to be done upon her, for as yet no masts or yards had been made for her, nor her deck calked.

"She will be a stout, conditional ship, I hope, for she has good stuff in her," said Arthur Gill, the shipwright, who had come from Dorchester to oversee the building of the ship. "She hath as good oak timber in her sides as ever grew in England."

"I shall lack a master to go in her, since Narias Haukins and his company are gone from here," responded John Winter. "I doubt

she will lie still awhile for want of a master. He will need be a good plyer (navigator) for this coast."

"With what cargo will she be laden and for what port?" asked Mr. Gibson.

"The cargo may be wine and oil and mayhap some of our goods, such as hardware and the like. The best market will be in the Bay or the Dutch plantation or Keynnetticoat, for in this part of the country they be good buyers but poor payers. Later on there will be voyages to Spain and the Canaries."

As the men finished their meal and went out to begin the day's work, Richard Gibson lingered a little.

"Will not Miss Sarah be returning soon?" he inquired, wishing to put Mistress Winter into good humor. "It were a pity she should miss the launching, for that should be a goodly sight."

A look of satisfaction, quite unalloyed, overspread Mistress Winter's face at this mark of interest, for Sarah was the apple of her eye.

"Sarah should be here before sundown to-day, Heaven be praised, and she brings with her a visitor from Winter Harbor, one Mary Lewis, lately come from England, whose father, Thomas Lewis, is a person of consequence in the settlement."

Richard Gibson, though outwardly courteous, received the news with indifference, for his thoughts and aims were not concerned with maidens, nor did he seek prestige from acquaintance with influential persons. On the sensitive organization of the scholar, Mistress Winter had the effect of a wind from the east, and seizing his books he fled to a cranny in the rocks, where the only shadow was that thrown on the open pages of his cherished books by the wings of a sea-gull on its overhead flight. During the year he had spent at Richmond Island<sup>1</sup> his love for the sea had grown and strengthened, and many blissful hours he had passed beside the swirling waters, the tang of the rockweed in his nostrils and the sand-pipers running along by the edge of the water for company.

This was the cathedral wherein he worshiped and the crash and boom of the breakers on rocks and reef was to him like the music of mighty organ tones.

<sup>1</sup>Richmond Island lies off the coast of Cape Elizabeth and is connected with the main land by a sand bar, one-half mile in length, which is fordable at low tide. It comprises about two hundred acres, is three miles in circumference, and at the time of these happenings, was held by "Robert Trelawney and others" under the Trelawney patent, granted by the President and Council of New England, December 7th, 1631. His object, according to Edward Trelawney, his brother, was the "true setting and furthering of a Plantation to future posterity." The business carried on was that of fisheries and trading, ship-building, planting and raising of cattle, goats and swine. It was conducted by John Winter, agent, whom Josselyn describes as a "grave and discreet man, imployer of 60 men upon that design (fishing)."—*Trelawney Papers*.—James Phinney Baxter, A.M.

But this was his last day of peace, for into this sequestered life came dainty Mary Lewis on her dancing feet, and the priest, saint and dreamer were merged in the man and the lover.

The two girls arrived late in the afternoon, buxom, red-cheeked Sarah Winter, large-limbed and capable, fitted to be the mother of hardy pioneers, and Mary Lewis, slender and bewitching, like a blush rose, in her flowered gown, her eyes shining with the expectation of new worlds to conquer.

There was not much time to make acquaintance that day, for at the time they arrived, the whole plantation was astir with a hue and cry, because the serving-maid, Priscilla, had not returned from the main land, whither she had been sent in the morning.

“She hath gone a mechinge<sup>2</sup> in the woods, I’ll warrant you, as she did once before, the good-for-nothing hussy, and it would be a good riddance if the wolves or the Indians should make an end of her, say I!” was Madam Winter’s pronouncement.

But John Winter had no intention of leaving poor Priscilla to so hard a fate, and the whole company turned out to seek the truant. She was found after a long search but was stubbornly determined to spend the rest of her life in the woods and live on nuts and berries like the swine, rather than return to her hard-handed task-mistress.

John Winter tried all his authority, but Richard Gibson finally turned the scale by reminding her that her mother in England needed the share of her wages which she was used to send and so induced her to return.

Mistress Winter, by this time genuinely alarmed, greeted her almost kindly and peace once more reigned over the household.

\* \* \*

The new bark was launched on the following day, the tenth of June, 1637.

In the early morning a thick mist covered the island and hung like a gray curtain between it and the mainland. But before breakfast was over it began to lift, breaking away, then shutting down again in fickle mood, till the sun came through the rifts, changing its dull grey to violet, and from violet to amethyst; familiar objects vaguely seen took on weird aspects, “suffered a sea-change,” and the place seemed like an enchanted island.

And without doubt, enchantment was there at work, for Mary Lewis fluttered about like one of the morning sunbeams. She exclaimed over the household arrangements, the big chimney place, of which John Winter says, “The chimney is large with an oven in each end of him, and he is so large that we can place our Chittle (kettle) within the Clavell pece (mantlepiece).”

<sup>2</sup>“To Miche, or secretly hide himself out of the way, as truants do from school.”—Minschew.—*Trelawney Papers*.

She admired the mill for grinding corn and malt, and quite won John Winter's heart by her interest in his garden and fisheries.

"And the eulverins within the palisatho, Mr. Winter, they are for defence against the Indians, undoubtedly?" she inquired.

"They are for use against any who would do us harm but more especially were they set up against the pirate Dixy Bull, who took away from the plantation at Peniequid as much goods and provisions as is valued at five hundred pounds; and this Bull, if wind and weather would have given him leave, had an intent to come here to Richmond's Island, and to have taken away both provision and men, as they say."

"Pirates! Merey on us! But they might come baek, who knows? Will you take care of me if the pirates do come again, Mr. Winter?" And the little witch, though she slipped her hand in John Winter's arm, glanced at the young minister, and as their eyes met, Riehard Gibson felt that he could valiantly battle with all the pirates in the seven seas for another such look.

At the hour fixed for the launching they all set forth in brave attire, John Winter in a suit of good kersey, "of a sad (dark) color," with long-lapelled waistcoat of brilliant searlet, his small clothes fastened at the knee with silver buckles, over his "good Irish stockings" and wearing a steeple-crowned hat with broad brim; while Madam Winter and Sarah were gay in their searlet petticoats and lace trimmed eoots and waistcoats.

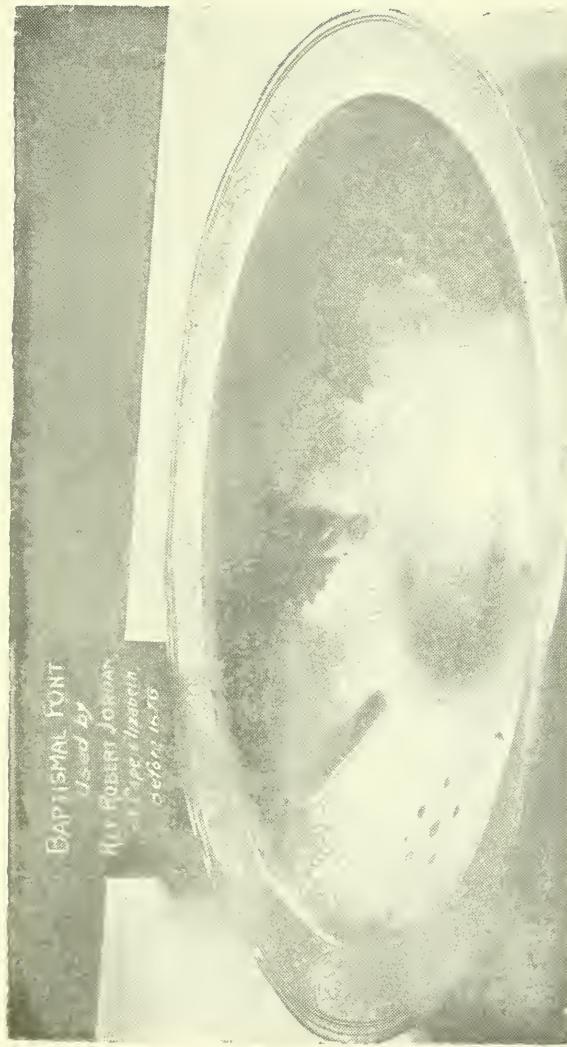
Mary Lewis came tripping along on her high-heeled, London-made shoes, and lost no opportunity of showing the prettiest little foot in the world (Sarah wore number sevens).

She needed a deal of help over the rocks and rough places, which was willingly given by the young minister, who was clad in gown and eassock, as beeame the dignity of his office.

On the shore Arthur Gill had everything in readiness. As the masts were not yet set, the flags were fastened in place, the Royal Standard with its golden lions in the prow and the Union Jack flying from the stern. The eradle and launching ways were well greased and the shores so placed that a few blows would dislodge them.

All being assembled the minister first invoked the blessings of God upon the bark, asking divine favour that she might safely ride the waves and weather the storms, that all her voyages might be prosperous and that "in all our works begun, continued and ended in Thee, we may glorify thy holy Name."

As he ended, Sarah Winter, by her father's bidding, took her place by the prow, and as the master-builder knocked the shores from under the bark, she struck a small bottle of wine smartly against the stem of the vessel, saying in a clear voee, "I christen thee the Richmond."



Baptismal Font used by Rev. Robert Jordan at Cape Elizabeth



The bark glided smoothly down the ways, and, as she entered the water, a great wave washed up on the shore, causing a lively commotion among those who had been standing too near the water.

Mistress Winter had proudly turned to see what effect Sarah's part in the ceremony had produced upon Richard Gibson, when she saw him snatch Mary Lewis from before the incoming wave and carry her bodily to higher ground, while Sarah waded to dry land alone and unaided.

"The pert little baggage!" she said to her husband. "I told you no good would come of it, but bound you were that she should come hither and the minister is fair bewitched with her already." And so it proved.

Mary Lewis' visit was not an extended one, for a coolness on the part of her hosts made it none too pleasant, but for the short time she stayed, Richard Gibson was her devoted attendant and her whims were many.

She must pretend she was an Indian squaw and try to dig clams upon the flats; she must go out in the fishing boats and see them draw in the nets; she must try fishing with hook and line and some one must put the bait on her hook and praise her skill when, with ecstatic squeals, she actually drew in a mackerel from the midst of a whole school of them.

And she told him what she had learned at Winter Harbor, how the Indians, taught by the Jesuit, Father Rasle, made the most beautiful waxen tapers from the berries of the bayberry, which she called wild laurel. Later on, she said, they would gather the berries, and at Michaelmas, his little church should be a blaze of light and sweet with the odor of the candles.

She attended the church service on Sunday and heard him offer prayer, "that the inhabitants of our island may in peace and quietness serve Thee, our God." And he read the 107th Psalm, of "them that go down to the sea in ships and occupy their business in great waters." "He hath gathered them out of the lands from the east and from the west; from the north and from the south. He led them forth by the right way. Then they are glad because they be quiet, and so he bringeth them to their desired haven."

And a sweet, new seriousness took possession of the girl, and still lingered in her face as they sat on the rocks at sunset, watching the crimson and gold brighten the western sky and then fade into mauve and gray, as the sun went down behind the dark firs and hemlocks.

Encouraged by her changed demeanor, Richard Gibson told her of the high hopes and aims with which he had come to this new land; he grew enthusiastic over his work among the fishermen and spoke of his desire for a wider field of service.

"Come then to the settlement at Winter Harbor," said Mary with an imperious air, "My father hath said that we have great need of a preacher there."

"I greatly desire the continuance of my service here at the island and the people of the settlement might not favor it, that I should minister among them."

"My father doth own the plantation jointly with Captain Richard Bonython, and moreover he will pay much money<sup>3</sup> that we may have public worship, as is fitting. The people of the settlement will do what my father shall advise. And," with a little trill of laughter, "my father will do as I ask him," and all the mischief came back to her winsome face.

Then springing to her feet, "The sun is gone," she cried, "we must hasten our ways, or Goody Winter's face will sour all the cream in the pans and the men will complain more bitterly than ever that she hath pincht them on the milk."

As they hurried toward the house in the gathering dusk, "Why is that man digging in the ground over there by the heap of blackened timbers?" Mary asked, drawing a little closer to the minister. And looking where she bade him, Richard Gibson fancied he saw a gray, stooping figure among the ruins, but on nearer approach, there was no one to be seen.

"Mayhap some one of our people hath been searching for Great Walt's buried treasure," he answered lightly.

"Great Walt? and buried treasure?" said the girl, clinging to his arm and looking over her shoulder with a little shiver. "I am fain to hear that tale."

So he told her the tragic story of Walter Bagnall, "sometime a servant to one in the Bay," who settled on the island as a trader in 1628, "a wicked fellow, who had greatly wronged the Indians," according to Governor Winthrop; told how he was slain by the Sagamore Squidraset and his company, who stealthily crossed from the main land in the darkness of night, and how they had taken his guns, and such goods as pleased them, then, having set fire to the house, had slunk back across the bar with their plunder by the light of the flames; told also how an expedition from the Bay sent to punish the murderers, seized Black Will, an innocent victim, who was enjoying a clam bake at the island, and on the principle of "an eye for an eye" (and no matter whose eye) hung him for a crime of which he knew nothing.

"And the buried treasure, what of that?" asked Mary.

"'Tis said he had a great store of gold and silver<sup>4</sup> and there

<sup>3</sup>Thomas Lewis was taxed three pounds for the support of public worship.—*Sullivan's History of Maine* p. 218. *Folsom's History of Biddeford and Saco.*

<sup>4</sup>A stone pot of beautiful globular form was ploughed up at Richmond Island, May 11, 1855. It contained gold and silver coins to the value of one hundred dollars and a signet ring engraved with two joined hearts, the words "United" and "Death only partes."

hath been talk of a ring—a signet left in pledge by one in great necessity. Whatever became of them no one knoweth."

"Tomorrow we will go to search and if, mayhap, I find the ring, then finding is having, but if you should chance to find it, then you shall give it to me!" announced the girl jestingly.

"A bargain! in truth, for it was a wedding ring and there were graven in the ring two hearts, 'United,' and 'Death only partes.' Wouldst thou wear such a ring for me, sweetheart?" and there was no hint of jesting in the man's deep voice.

"Sweetheart, indeed!" with wide-eyed innocence and drawing back from his arm. "And you as good as promised to Sarah Winter!"

"I do protest there is nothing of the sort between us nor hath ever been. Though I have sometimes feared that her father's desires might incline that way," he admitted, wishing to be quite honest in the matter.

"They do so no longer, then," said an angry voice within the palisade, for they stood talking just without.

"Sarah shall have a man worth ten such white-faced weaklings as you, and I would say it if you were the Bishop of London, himself! And as for that trollope, she goes home to her father to-morrow and good riddance to bad rubbish! 'Tis a pity you know not the tales they tell of her carryings-on on ship-board—those who came from England with her!" and with this parting shot Dame Winter flounced into the house.

"Take no heed of her ill talk, Mary, but tell me, would you wear my ring?" pleaded Richard Gibson, and it was a very demure little maiden who answered him.

"For that you must speak with my father, when you come to Winter Harbor." And he, remembering what she had so lately said, "My father will do as I ask him," took heart of grace, and followed her into the house.

On the following day Mary Lewis returned to Winter Harbor, and it was not many days before Richard Gibson made his appearance there.

She must have led him a merry chase, but in the summer of 1638, John Winter wrote to his patron, Robert Trelawney, concerning Mr. Gibson, saying: "He is now, as I heare say, to have a wife and will be married very shortly unto one of Mr. Lewis' daughters of Saco."

About the same time Richard Gibson, writing to Trelawney regarding an allotment of land to "Sitt down upon," says:

"But the truth is, I have promised myself to them at Saco six months yearly henceforth, and further than that six months I cannot serve you after my time is out. Your people here were willing to have allowed me twenty-five Pounds yearly out of their wages so I would continue amongst them wholly. And I was glad of the

means and thought that I had done God and you good service in bringing them to that minde, where they might have been brought further on. But Mr. Winter opposed it, because hee was not so sought unto (consulted) as he expected."

He goes on, "It is not in my power what other men thinke or speak of me, yett it is in my power by God's grace so to live as an honest man and a minister, and so as no man shall speak evil of me but by slandering, nor think amisse but by too much credulity, nor yet aggrieved me much by any abuse."

Evidently Mr. Gibson was having troubles of his own, but he met them like a man, saying "It shall never do me hurt more than this to make me looke more narrowly to my wayes."

Mary Lewis and Richard Gibson were wed, in spite of gossips and mischief-makers, shortly after this time, for in January, 1639, he writes to Governor Winthrop: "By the providence of God and the council of friends I have lately married Mary, daughter of Mr. Thomas Lewis of Saco, as a fitt means for closing of differences. Howbeit, so it is at present, that some troublous spirits out of misapprehension, others as it is supposed for hire, have cast an aspersion upon her."<sup>5</sup>

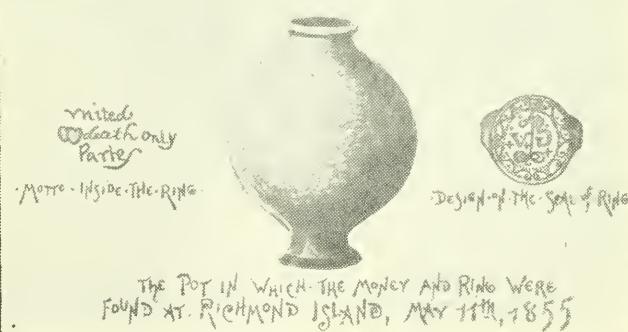
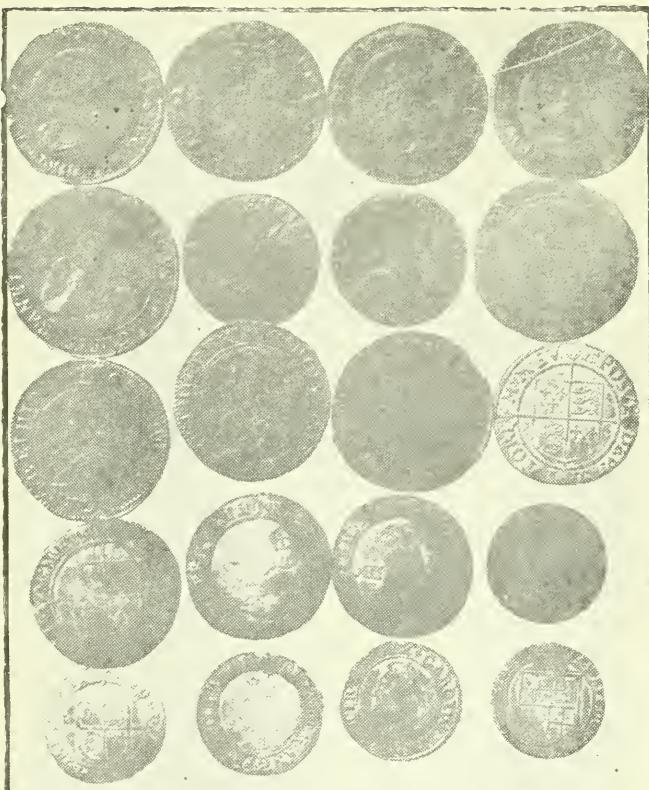
He asks the Governor to call before him certain persons in Boston, who came over in the same ship with her, as to the truth of these accusations, adding, "If these imputations be justly charged upon her I shall reverence God's afflicting hand and possess myself in patience under God's chastening."

In the following summer, July 10, 1639, John Winter writes to Mr. Trelawney: "Mr. Gibson is going from us; he is to go to Pascattawa to be their mynister and they give him sixty Pounds per yeare and build him a house and cleare some ground, and prepare yt for him against he come."

Mr. Winter has no word of regret or explanation, but Stephen Sargeant, ship-wright and a man of importance on the plantation, writes to Trelawney: "Mr. Gibson hee is going to Piscataway to live, the which wee are all sorry, and should be glade of that wee might injoy his company longer."

Richard Gibson himself writes to his patron upon money matters, for apparently having a wife to support is expensive business. He wishes to have five Pounds which has been promised him, and also twenty shillings which is due him from Mr. Chappell's men, but which Mr. Winter withholds and will not allow him, and he con-

<sup>5</sup>In 1640 Gibson brought action in Georges' Court against John Bonighton for slander in saying of him, in dwelling house of Thomas Lewis, deceased, that he was a "base priest, a base knave, a base fellow," and also for gross slander against his wife, and received a verdict for six Pounds, six shillings, eight pence and cost twelve shillings, six pence for the use of the Court.—*York Records*.



Pot with Money and Rings Found at Richmond Island in 1855



tinues: "For the continuance of my service att the Island, it is that which I have much desired and upon your Consent thereunto, I have settled myself into the Country and expended my estate in dependence thereupon: and now I see Mr. Winter doth not desire it, nor hath not ever desired it, but since the arrivall of the Hercules he hath entertayned mee very Coursely and with much Discurtesy, so that I am forced to remove to Paschataway for maintenance, to my great hinderance, which I hope you will consider of, To be unburthened of the charge my diett and wages putteth him to, will not (When the summe of all is Cast up) amount unto so much ease as he imagineth, but it is a Case which you know not nor can remedy."

In 1642 he was preaching to the fishermen at the Isle of Shoals.

He was prosecuted by the Massachusetts Government for administering the ordinances of the Church of England, but was released without either fine or imprisonment, "he being about to leave the country," as Governor Winthrop said, feeling it incumbent upon him to apologize for his laxity in this case.

\* \* \*

So Richard Gibson and Mary, his wife, sailed away from the shores to which they had come with such high hopes and whatever he may have lacked or left undone, we know that, like the Master he served, "the common people heard him gladly."

His successor at the Island was a man of different fibre.

Robert Jordan of Baliol College, Oxford University, son of Edward Jordan of the city of Worcester, of plebeian rank, was first and foremost a man of force and indomitable spirit. While Richard Gibson sought a kingdom not of this world, this man who came after him, wished for something substantial in this life and instinctively grasped the potential advantages of every situation; whatever came between him and the object he sought to attain was swept from his path, but the power he gained was used for worthy ends. He was a man of influence in the town of Falmouth for six and thirty years, and his descendants are like the sands of the sea shore, which cannot be numbered.

John Winter writes to Trelawney, "Heare is one Mr. Robert Jordan, a mynister which hath been with us this three moneths, which is a very honest religious man by any thing as yett I can find in him. I have not yett agreed with him for staying heare but did refer yt tyll I did heare some word from you. We weare long without a mynister and weare but in a bad way, and so we shall be still yf we have not the word of God taught unto us som tymes. He hath been heare in this country this two years and hath alwaies lived with Mr. Purchase, which is a kinsman unto him."

He became John Winter's right hand man and, quick to seize the opportunity which Richard Gibson had not appreciated, he paid

court to Sarah Winter and they were married some time during the winter of 1644.

John Winter, writing to his daughter, Mary Hooper in England, speaks of six pounds in money which "your Sister Sara desires you would bestow in linen cloth for her of these sortes: some cloth of three quarters and a half quarter broad & some of it for Neck Cloths, and some for pillow Clothes, for she is now providing to Keepe a house. She hath been married this five months to one Mr. Robert Jordan, which is our minister."

From this time on Robert Jordan took an active part in the affairs of the plantation and the town and eventually succeeded to the whole of the Trelawney estates in the Province. For Robert Trelawney, persecuted by politieal enemies during the long contest between Charles I. and Parliament, "a prisoner, according to the sadness of the times," as he says in a codicil to his will, and being deprived of "even ordinary relief and refreshment," died in prison at Winches-ter House, probably in 1644, at the early age of forty-five years.

John Winter's death occurred during the same year, he naming Robert Jordan as his executor.

The affairs of the plantation were found to be much involved, and three years later Robert Jordan petitioned the General Assembly of Ligonia, representing that he had "emptied himself of his proper estate" in paying Winter's legacies, and that the "mostness" of Winter's estate was in the hands of the executors of Robert Tre-lawney.

He asks that "he may have secured and sequestered unto himself and for his singular use what he hath of the said Trelawney in his hands."

Jordan's claim against the estate amounted to more than twenty-three hundred pounds while the whole plantation was appraised at only six hundred pounds.

Four years after Winter's death the General Assembly of Ligonia gave Jordan all of the Trelawney property, real and per-sonal, in the Provinee.

He shortly after removed to the Cleeves house at Spurwink and dwelt there for more than thirty years, administering his affairs and maintaining his stand as a ehurehiman, while Sarah, his effieient wife, sewed his white linen neck cloths and looked after the comfort of the household.

He was forbidden by the Puritan government of Massachusetts to baptize or marry, but paid no attention to the order and was twice arrested and imprisoned by order of the General Court of Massachusetts.

Posterity is especially indebted to him for the stand he took in the matter of witchcraft. That "there was never a prosecution for

<sup>6</sup>(Gov. Sullivan, Hist. of the Dist. of Maine P. 212.)

witchcraft to the eastward of the Piscataqua River, is probably due to the cool head and clear commonsense of the Rev. Robert Jordan."

Parson Hale of Beverly, in a book entitled "A Modest Enquiry into the nature of Witch craft," A. D. 1697, writes as follows:

"We must be very circumspect lest we be deceived by human knavery as happened in a case nigh Richmond's Island Anno 1659. One Thorpe, a drunken preacher, was gotten in to preach at Black Point under the appearance and profession of a minister of the gospel, and boarded at the house of Goodman Bailey, and Bailey's wife observed his conversation to be contrary to his calling, gravely told him his way was contrary to the Gospel of Christ and desired him to reform his life, or leave her house. So he departed from her house, and turned her enemy and found an opportunity to do her an injury.

"It so fell out that Mr. Jordan of Spurwink had a cow die and about that time Goody Bailey had said she intended such a day to travel to Casco Bay. Mr. Thorpe goes to Mr. Jordan's man or men and saith the cow was bewitched to death, and if they would lay the carcass in a place he should appoint, he would burn it and bring the witch: and accordingly the cow was laid by the path that led from Black Point to Casco, and set on fire that day Goody Bailey was to travel that way, and so she came by while the carcass was burning, and Thorpe had her questioned for a witch: but Mr. Jordan interposed in her behalf and said his cow died by his servants' negligence, and to cover their own fault they were willing to have it imputed to witchcraft. Mr. Thorpe knew of Goody Bailey's intended journey and orders my servants (said he) without my approbation to burn my cow in the way where Bailey is to come: and so unridled the knavery and delivered the innocent."

Robert Jordan fled from Spurwink at the time of the Indian attack upon the settlement at Casco and lived at Great Island, now Newcastle, at the mouth of the Piscataqua until his death in 1679.

During the Indian wars Richmond Island was left uninhabited, the buildings fell into decay, until to-day it lies desolate and forsaken, save for one lone house occupied by a caretaker, and a fisherman's shack on the further beach.

As it lies there, somewhat grim and forbidding, while the waves splash upon its rocky shores and the sea-birds call and cry around it, it has the appearance of having withdrawn itself to brood upon days when it was trodden by many busy feet, and when abundant harvests waved above it, almost three hundred years ago.

\* \* \*

Our daily bread is sweeter, the fruits of the earth more plenteous, and its flowers more fragrant and fair, because of those who lived and labored centuries ago.

Phantom-like we see them move, trailing dim garments along the horizon of the world. From the mists of the sea, they beckon with the lure of mystery; through the years that intervene, we seek their half-obliterated foot-prints, while the surges of the sea still bemoan their woes, and all the winds of heaven whisper fragments of their secrets.

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AUTHOR'S NOTE: I am indebted for material chiefly to the Trelawney Papers, by James Phinney Baxter, A.M. Also to William Goold's "Portland in the Past," Wm. Willis' "History of Portland," Folsom's "Biddeford and Saco," Gov. Sullivan's "History of the District of Maine," and to Gov. Winthrop's Journal.

*QUEEN OF THE KENNEBEC*



## *Queen of the Kennebec*

*By MRS. E. C. CARLL*

### CHAPTER I.

#### THE VOYAGE.

“Merrily, merrily, goes the bark  
On a breeze from the northward free,  
So shoots through the morning sky the lark  
Or the swan through the summer sea.”

—*Lord of the Isles.*

\* \* \*

N THE afternoon of Tuesday, Sept. 19, 1775, with wind favorable, and the coast reported clear, an expedition in ten schooners and sloops set sail from Newburyport for the Kennebec and Canada; a small force despatched by Washington, under command of Benedict Arnold.

Keeping on the course, at midnight they hove to off Wood Island approaching the Kennebec from the southwest. The first view at dawn was not cheery, it looked dangerous; there were many rocky islands at the mouth of the Kennebec. Although for a time a few missed their way, yet a little after sunrise, one by one, the vessels entered the river mouth.

Men under arms greeted the fleet and a pilot was provided, under whose guidance Arnold worked his way four miles up river to Parkers' Flats, where his vessel anchored for a few hours, then proceeded six miles farther up river. Owing to rocks, islands, headlands and confusing bays, the fleet had more or less separated, so some did better and some did worse than Arnold's topsail schooner, one going 30 miles from the sea, another using sails and oars aided by evening tide, succeeded in anchoring six miles below Fort Western.

An hour before sunrise the next day, Arnold set out. When opposite the present city of Bath, two missing vessels joined him. Sailing through Merrymeeting Bay they pushed on to Gardinertown. Choosing the deep channel rather than Swan Alley, half way to the parting of the channels, they reached Little Swan Island, once the seat of a powerful sachem. Through Lovejoy's narrows, then rounding the island, they entered the full Kennebec, a noted point in the journey. On the left above the present village of Richmond, could be seen the remains of Fort Richmond, occupied in winter of 1720-21, dismantled a generation later. On the right lay Pownalborough, Dresden of to-day, a court house, gaol and a settlement.

The surveyor for the Plymouth Company, Major Goodwin, lived there, and there Rev. Jacob Bailey preached to a congregation of loyalists like himself. There could be seen another fort a mile above Swan Island, christened in 1751, Fort Shirley. After many hazardous happenings, the expedition reached the landing at Gardinerstown, Friday night, Sept. 22d.

On the eastern shore of the Kennebee, two miles below the city of Gardiner, lived Major Reuben Colburn, on land granted in 1763. There he owned a good house, and there tradition says Colonel Arnold lodged. Arnold's reason for halting at that point was to see about batteaux. The Major had a shipyard, and the shore was covered with white oak which would make excellent ribs for the batteaux, and pine could be sawed at Gardner's mills, so there they were made.

The following is from Washington's letter of orders: "You are without delay to proceed to the Constructing of Two Hundred Batteaus to row with Four Oars each, Two Paddles and Two Setting Poles to be also provided for each Batteau. You are to engage Twenty men, Artificers, Carpenters and Guides to Assist. You are also to bespeak all of The Pork, and Flour you can from the Inhabitants upon the River Kennebec. You are to receive Forty Shillings Lawful money for each Batteau out of which to pay for all.

Given at Head Quarters at Cambridge this 3d day of Sept. 1775.

GEO. WASHINGTON.

By the General's Command.

HORATIO GATES, *Adj't. Gen'l.'*

\* \* \*

The batteaux were quickly made, but Arnold did not feel pleased with them, and some were undersize. The bottoms were of green, thin pine. He calmly ordered 20 more to be made up for lack of capacity. Later, when the batteaux were going to pieces, the soldiers were not mild and Morrison, after four days' use, exclaimed: "Could we then have come within reach of the villains who constructed these crazy things, they would fully have experienced the effects of our vengeance. Did they not know that their doings were crimes, that they were cheating their country and exposing its defenders to additional sufferings and to death?" Yet the boat builders were not really to blame; they were allowed short time in which to build, the batteaux were to be thrown away in a few weeks, need of strong boats was not understood. There was no guilty conscience on Colburn's part, for he marched with the army.

Another reason for stopping at Gardinerstown was that Major Colburn had been told by Washington to send scouts over the route. Dennis Getchell and Samuel Berry of Vassalborough were given the commission. Arnold received report from them, "that an Indian, Natanis, had told them he was employed by Governor Charlton to



Aaron Burr



watch motions of an army or spies that was daily expected from New England, that if we proceeded further, he would give information of our designs. Notwithstanding, we went up the river and had a conference with an Indian Squaw who told us that at Shettican there were a number of Mohawks that would destroy us." On account of shoal water it now seemed necessary to transfer to the batteaux, and this done, with a hundred men drafted to row, they moved on toward Fort Western, and the whole army arrived there before Sunday the 24th.

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## CHAPTER II.

AARON BURR.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power  
And all that beauty, all that wealth ere gave  
Await alike the inevitable hour,  
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

—*Gray's Elegy*



ANY books have been written of Aaron Burr. Partisan pens were dipped in the ink of prejudice. Jenkinson says, "Aaron Burr has the saddest of all histories, the victim of revengeful power and of studied and persistent duplicity. A man whose public life was without a stain, who never betrayed a friend or spoke ill even of an enemy; a man of the highest ambition but who put aside the presidency of the United States rather than do a wrong to his party chief or disappoint the wishes of the people, has been for a whole century denounced as a man without integrity or sound principle; a man who gave four years of his early manhood in fighting for the maintenance of the republic, has, upon mere clamor and prejudice for three generations been stigmatized as a traitor."

Aaron Burr was born in Newark, N. J., in 1756, the only son of the distinguished Aaron Burr, President of Princeton College and grandson of the more distinguished Jonathan Edwards. He graduated from Princeton at 16, at 19 was studying law when the battle of Bunker Hill took place. He volunteered as a private in the expedition just starting against Quebec. Through his cheerfulness he was the sustaining spirit. Arriving at Quebec, he was the messenger sent to Gen. Montgomery at Montreal to tell him of the arrival of the expedition.

He safely reached Montgomery, who was so attracted by his tact that he appointed him aid on his staff with rank of captain. At the head of his 40 men, in face of a storm, he climbed the dangerous heights of Quebec. In the attack by the side of the general with an

orderly sergeant and a guide, he led the column. All except Burr and the guide were killed. Slight though he was, he gathered the stalwart form of Montgomery in his arms and carried the remains beyond reach of British guns. He became aid to Washington and Putnam, commanded a brigade at Monmouth, was a leader of the American bar, rose rapidly in polities, was attorney general of New York, United States Senator, Vice-President of the United States.

Two great events in Burr's subsequent career mark his decline in popular esteem and shroud his declining years in gloom. In a duel he killed his great rival, Alexander Hamilton, soldier, statesman, president of the order of Cincinnati. Equal moral blame must attach to Hamilton, who also fought to kill; Hamilton, whose son had earlier been killed in a duel. It was the fault of the age. Duels have been fought by Gates, DeWitt Clinton, Randolph, Benton, Clay, Jackson, Decatur, Pitt, Wellington, Grattan, Fox, Sheridan and many another great man. God works in a mysterious way his wonders to perform, and the death of Hamilton and disgrace of Burr led to the great change in public sentiment that has forever freed America from the horrors of the code.

The final great event in Burr's career, resulting in his trial and acquittal of the crime of treason, was his movement in reference to Mexico. As a large section of Mexico became later a part of this country, forming great and prosperous states in the Union, we may compare them with that distracted land below the Rio Grande and wonder whether Burr, instead of being a traitor, was not really a patriot, a man with a vision, who acted in advance of his time. Indeed, if he were a political leader to-day, would he not find himself with many prominent men who believe our southern boundary must be dropped from the Rio Grande to Panama.

During the expedition when the forces lay near the heights of Quebec, Burr, whose stock of provision was a biscuit and an onion, went to a brook to drink. He was preparing to use the top of his cap as a drinking vessel, when a British officer, who had come to the other side of the brook for the same purpose, saluted him politely and offered use of his hunting cup. The officer, pleased with the frank and gallant bearing of the youth, bestowed upon him the magnificent gift of part of a horse's tongue. They inquired each other's name. "When next we meet," said the Briton, "it will be as enemies, but if we should ever come together after the war is over, let us know each other better."

Stepping upon some stones in the middle of the brook, they shook hands and parted. Thirty-six years after, when Colonel Burr was an exile in Scotland, he met that officer again. Each had a vivid recollection of the scene at the brook and a warm friendship sprang up between them. Col. Burr visited the home of the aged officer and received assistance of the most essential kind.

## CHAPTER III.

## THE INDIAN GIRL.

“For he had read in Jesuit book  
Of those children of the wilderness,  
And now he looked to see a painted savage stride  
Into the room with shoulders bare,  
And eagle feathers in her hair,  
And around her a robe of panther’s hide.  
Instead, he beholds with seeret shame,  
A form of beauty undefined,  
A loveliness without a name,  
Not of degree but more of kind,  
Nor bold, nor shy, nor short nor tall,  
But a new mingling of them all.  
Yes, beautiful beyond belief,  
Transfigured and transfused  
The daughter of an Indian Chief.”

—*Tales of a Wayside Inn.*



ACATAQUA, princess of the Abnaki tribe, which believed they owned the shores of the Kennebec from the first creation, also believed themselves the only perfect Indians and that all other tribes were much inferior. Be that as it may, Jacataqua, a mixture of French and Indian blood, was the joy and pride of her people—brave, intelligent, self-reliant, strong and handsome. Under the training and influence of that then old and highly cultured civilization at Quebec, she combined the culture of old France and the lore of books, with that of her people and of the woods, speaking Indian, French and English.

Jacataqua had been captured by a young officer at Swan Island, and was carefully guarded in the barracks. Burr, an occasional visitor, had taken a great liking to her and offered her captor a large sum for his prize. Hearing much of the proposed journey and being fascinated by Burr, Jacataqua in her love of nature and knowledge of woods and streams, was eager for the journey to Quebec and insisted that she accompany them.

We now pass from history to tradition, which thus brings this sketch to the whispering leaves of the old oak tree in Judge Maher’s yard. Judge Howard had spoken of a field of corn in ground lately cleared on the plateau at the foot of Burnt Hill, saying it was much injured by wild animals, supposed to be bears. He wanted to send an armed party to destroy the mischief-makers. Jacataqua asked the

Judge what he would give her if she brought him the scalp of the offending animal. A bargain made, Burr laughingly suggested that she should have the company of the handsomest man of the company. At first she was unwilling, finally she said "Bring out your man," whereupon Burr presented himself. "Well," said she, "I cannot say but you are handsome, take your axe, I take my trusty rifle."

So they set out, and after crossing the river in a canoe they entered the forest. In clearing the land, Judge Howard had left standing a few large, white oak trees. On entering the field, they suddenly saw a large bear and two cubs devouring the ripening corn. The cubs, about as large as shepherd dogs, fled to the big oak tree and climbed to the top. The mother reared upon her haunches, preparing for fight. Burr hesitated, but Jacataqua took aim and fired, and the bear fell. Burr rushed up supposing bruin dead, but the bear, not quite dead, tried to hug the handsome man, but could not more than reach him, badly tearing his clothes and leaving him minus one coat tail.

The cubs, who had now resolved to wreck vengeance for the death of their mother, came down from the tree and assaulted Burr. Defending himself with an axe, Burr killed one cub while Jacataqua placed a fatal shot in the heart of the other.

"Now," said Burr, "we spend the rest of this morning in skinning these bears."

"No! No!" says Jacataqua, "They are fat and eatable, a fat bear should be cooked with skin on and Indians scorch the hair off before making butcher's meat." Saying which she took the scalps from mother and cubs, and back to the fort in triumph went Burr and Jacataqua.

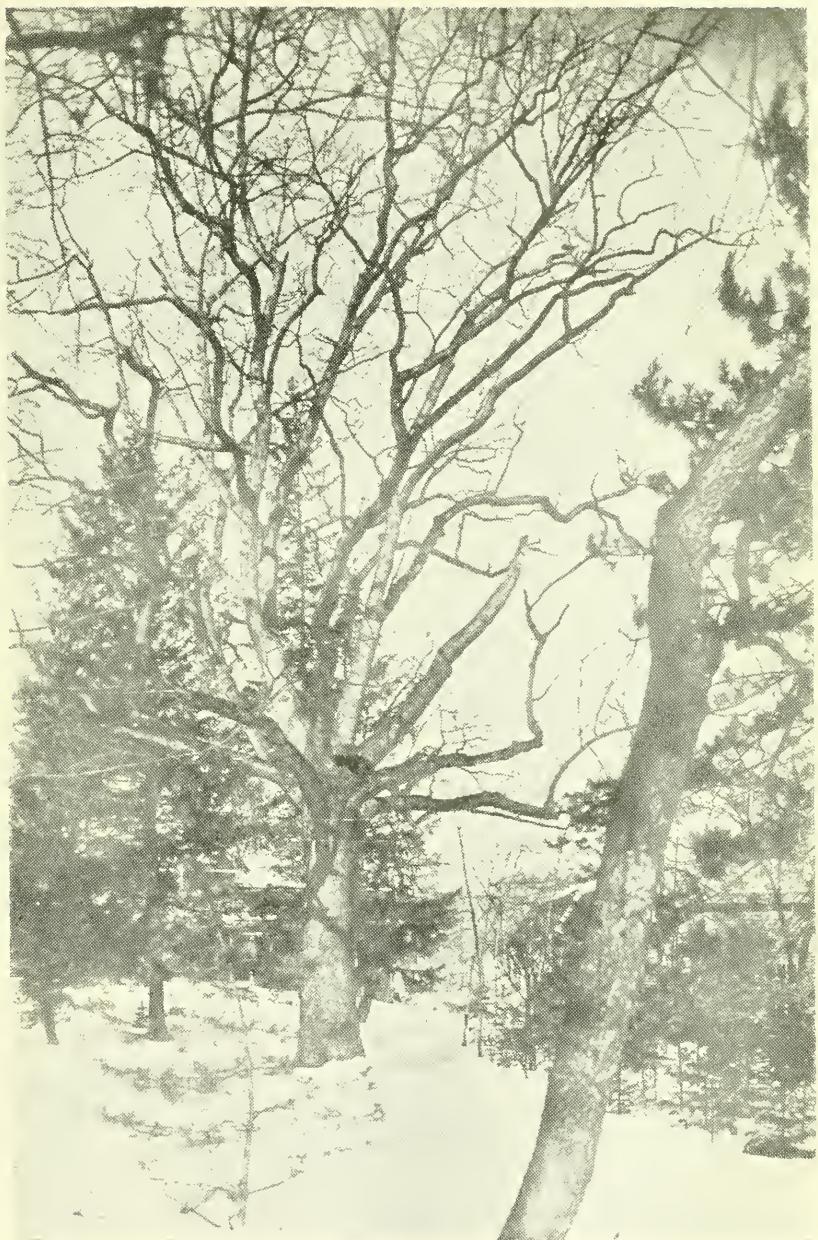
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## CHAPTER IV.

### THE FEAST.

"Sumptuous was the feast,  
All the bowls were made of bass-wood,  
White and polished very smoothly.  
She had sent through all the village,  
Messengers with wands of willow,  
As a sign of invitation,  
As a token of the feasting,  
And the guests assembled  
Clad in all their richest raiment.

—*Hiawatha's Wedding Feast.*



The Jacataqua Oak  
Scene of Aaron Burr's Wooing of the Indian Maid





N HONOR of Jacataqua a grand entertainment was arranged, and Capt. Morgan's Virginia Company of Riflemen were to barbecue the bears and roast them whole over an outdoor fire. The officers united with the soldiers in planning these festivities. Then volunteers went forth to search for and bring in the bear and cubs. By noon they came back with the spoil and prepared them as Jacataqua directed. The next morning, the bears were hung over the blazing wood pile and the roasting went on. Tables were placed in front of Fort Western, between the block houses.

Judge Howard felt particularly called on to donate something for this feast; for had not his cornfield been rid of its thieves? So he ordered ten baskets of corn to be picked and roasted for the spread. For dessert, he contributed one hundred pumpkin pies, many watermelons and wild cherries. Officers contributed pork and bread. Some soldiers brought in potatoes, supposed to be stolen.

Among the invited guests were William Gardiner of Cobbosseecontee, Major Colburn and Squire Oakman of Gardinerstown, Judge Bowman, Col. Cushing, Capt. Goodwin and E. Bridge of Pownalborough. They and their ladies arrived in due time.

The feast was spread with the mother bear in the centre and a cub at each end of the table, all the other edibles properly placed between them. By mid-afternoon all was ready. There was a signal of a swivel from one of the transports, a response by volley of small arms and roll of drums. Led by the company officers, the troops marched to the tables, accompanied by field officers and invited guests. Dr. Dearborn and Dr. Senter did the disjointing and the carving. Judge Howard was at the head of the table, Jacataqua on his right, Aaron Burr on his left, Gen. Arnold presided at the farther end of the festive board. Field officers and guests were in opposite seats at the centre.

Jacataqua's hair was beautifully dressed in shape of a royal crown, a handsome peacock's tail hung gracefully behind her neck. Burr wore a blue swallow-tail coat, with gilt buttons, buff-colored vest, black breeches, silk stockings, silver buckles on shoes and at knees.

Rev. Samuel Spring asked a blessing and commended the army to God's care, prayed for the people of the valley and for the huntress, that she might so influence her people of the wilderness as to give them safe conduct all along the march. The great gathering partook with gratitude and pleasure.

After removing the cloth, came "toasts." Jacataqua was first called upon. She arose, glanced across Judge Howard to the handsome man on the left of him and gave: "A. Burr, full of chestnuts." The cannon as well as the company roared. Then as Howard called

upon Burr, all listened for the response. Burr arose and very graciously gave: "The Queen of the Kennebec."

Nothing like this feast had been served before, or was to be served afterwards. From now on provisions were coarse and scanty, diminishing to the point of starvation. Never was an army involved in so severe an expedition. Nothing equals it in American history. The journey up the Kennebec to the Carrying Place, through the wilderness to the Chaudiere, thence following that stream to Quebec, occupied forty-five days, during which they endured severe hardships.

\* \* \*

## CHAPTER V.

### CHESTNUTIANA.

Downward through the evening twilight  
 In the days that are forgotten,  
 In the unremembered ages,  
 From the full moon fell Nokomis,  
 Fell the beautiful Nokomis  
 And the daughter of Nokomis  
 Grew up like the prairie lilies,  
 Grew a tall and slender maiden.

—*Hiawatha's Childhood.*



LTHOUGH Jacataqua was an educated young woman, she was a true Indian, preferring their customs, believing their ways best of all. Being a skilled Indian doctress and understanding the use of herbs and roots, she nursed the sick during all the journey through the wilderness to Quebec. Being also a mighty huntress she and her dog scoured the forest for food for the starving soldiers. Although all the other dogs were killed and used for food, none asked for Jacataqua's dog. Hers was sacred. Indeed, she told them that her dog's security was the condition of her serving the hungry and sick white men.

When Burr was obliged to leave the army, under the Heights of Quebec, he arranged with the English officer who had shaken his hand at the stream, for quarters to be provided for Jacataqua in one of the nunneries of Quebec. She hoped in time to rejoin him. There in Quebec, at the grey nunnery, on a bright June morning, was born the little Chestnutiana, possibly so named in memory of the mother's toast "A Burr full of Chestnuts" given at the Fort Western banquet.

Burr was off Long Island and there abounded choice hunting grounds. Knowing these would please the Indian huntress, he

directed his British friend in Quebec to send her to him. The journey was made by way of Montreal, Lake Champlain and North river to Col. Burr on Long Island. In the depths of the island he built for her a cabin where she lived for several years.

\* \* \*

Later little Chestnutiana was adopted by the British officer, the old friend of Burr, and taken by him to his home in Scotland. He loved her tenderly and educated her for the first circles in his native land. She became quite a poetess, some of her verses are yet extant. She married young and became Mrs. Webb. Her husband lost his fortune and they had to live on an annuity settled on her either by her natural or foster father. Ruined in fortune by the husband's extravagance, they came to New York to live, where Burr gave them the kindest attention.

This lady was of the kindest and of high breeding, with too little of the provincial in her character to have more than a very slight respect for that terror of provincial souls—Mrs. Grundy.

In the year 1834, one day Burr was alone and sick in his office. A coach drove up and this active, middle-aged lady entered the room. She said she had come to take him to her home. She was at the head of a large, genteel boarding house near the Bowling Green, the house known as the old Gov. Jay house.

Burr remained with Mrs. Webb until the summer of 1836, a helpless paralytic. Later he was removed to Richmond on Staten Island where apartments were secured for him in a small hotel. One morning, coming to his room, Mrs. Webb said "What do you think I heard this morning, Colonel? They say I am your daughter." "Well," said he, "we don't care for that, do we?"

In the years she took care of him no child ever was more devoted to a father. When dying, he took her hand between his own in supplication, and said in tone of mingled tenderness and fervency, "May God forever and forever and forever bless you, my last, best friend. When the hour comes, I will look out in the better country for one bright spot for you—be sure."

Thus ends the tale of the Kennebec.

\* \* \*

**AUTHORITIES.**—I am indebted to the State Library for the following books: Aaron Burr by Isaac Jenkinson; Life and Times of Aaron Burr, J. Parton; Journal of Aaron Burr, by M. L. Davis; Arnold's March from Cambridge to Quebec, Justin H. Smith; Arnold's Expedition to Quebec, John Codman, 2d.

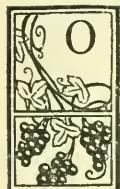


*GENERAL HENRY KNOX*



## *General Henry Knox*

*By MRS. JOHN O. WIDBER*



UR country, to which we refer with pride as "The United States of America," was not in existence as such when Henry Knox was born. The thirteen original American colonies were prosperous dependencies of the mother country.

Among the many emigrants who came to share the fate of the colonists here, were some of Scotch-Irish descent from the north of Ireland. The names of two of these worthy families, Knox and Campbell, were united in February, 1736, when William Knox, a Bostonian shipmaster, married Mary, daughter of Robert Campbell. This William Knox was a descendant of John Knox, a native of East Lothian, Scotland, who was known as the reformer in the times of Henry VIII, Queen Elizabeth and Mary, Queen of Scots.

When Carlyle undertook the self-imposed task of selecting some of the representative heroes of different countries, he chose for Scotland this same John Knox, of whom he wrote: " \* \* \* \* \* himself a brave and remarkable man, but still more important as chief priest and founder, which one may consider him to be, of the faith that became Scotland's, New England's, Oliver Cromwell's. \* \* \* \* He is the one Scotchman to whom, of all others, his country and the world owe a debt."

The home of William Knox, in Boston, a two-story, gambrel-roofed house on Sea Street, was a comfortable one for those times. The seventh of their ten sons, born July 25, 1750, was christened Henry Knox. A few years later the family lost their property and when the father died in 1762 Henry, a boy of twelve, became the sole support of his mother and younger brother. Only four of the ten boys lived to grow up; the two eldest, John and Benjamin, took to a seafaring life, after which their family had no communication from them. William, the youngest boy, lived to be forty-one years of age and, during his whole life, was associated in many ways with his brother, Henry.

Henry left grammar school to take a place in the book store of Messrs. Wharton & Bowes, in Cornhill, Boston. A thankful boy he was, too, for the opportunity of earning something to help his mother. Business was beginning to show the effects of political troubles which had begun to brew between England and the colonies, because of the encroachments of the mother country on what the colonists considered to be their rights.

Besides attending to the many duties required of him at the bookbinder's and stationer's place at Cornhill, young Knox managed to appropriate for himself much useful knowledge from the books to which he had access. His choice of studies was governed by his great interest in military affairs and anything which he could find about generals or warriors was most carefully perused. He also learned to speak and write the French language, an accomplishment destined to prove useful in his later life, when he came to meet French officers of our ally across the water. As a young man, Knox was popular with his companions by whom he was frequently chosen to take the lead in their outdoor sports.

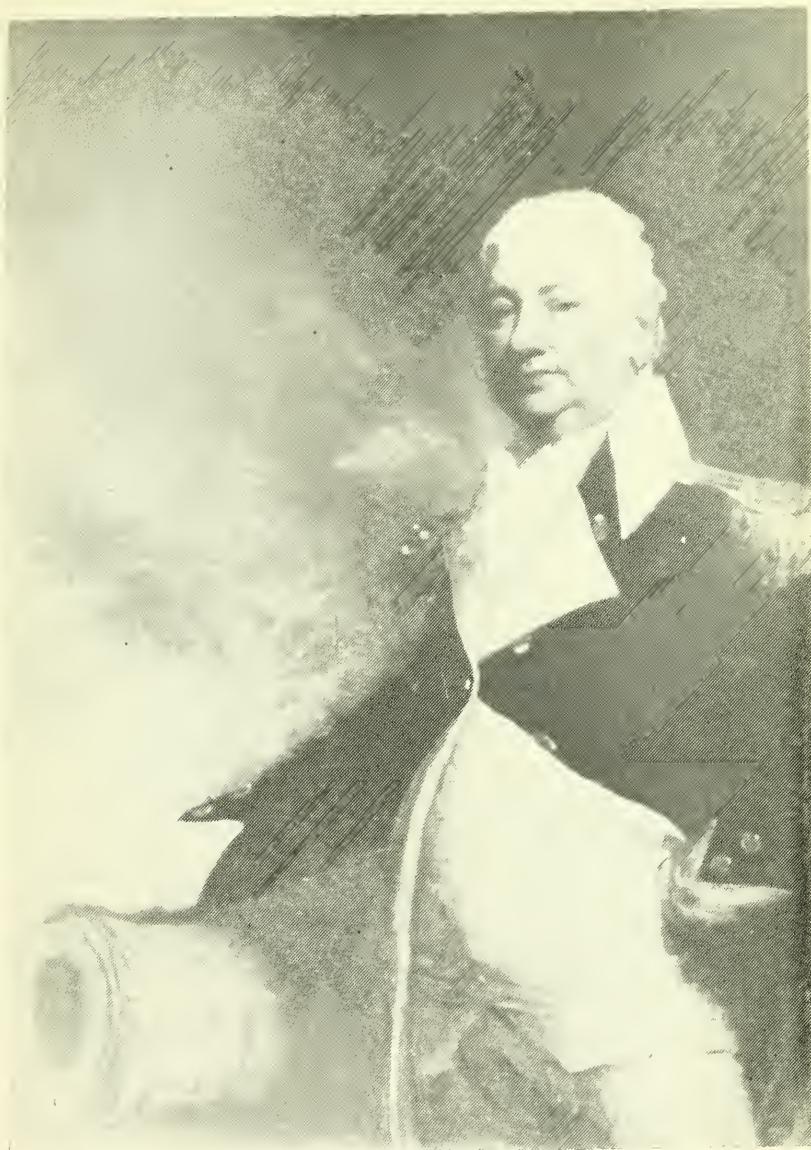
On September 28, 1768, the citizens of Boston were enraged to see a fleet of British warships enter the harbor. Seven hundred British regulars, under General Gage, had been sent over to enforce the laws framed by the English Parliament to govern the Colonists, who, however, had no representatives in that body. The spirit of bitter revolt against the injustice of the mother country, that had long been seething in the colonies, fairly boiled at the establishment of an armed garrison within the city of Boston.

On the night of March 5, 1770, as young Knox was on his way home from a visit in Charlestown, he came upon an infuriated mob near the barracks of the British soldiers in the heart of the city. A sentry had been attacked by a citizen and other soldiers, arming themselves with anything which was most convenient, rushed to his aid. This action led to the gathering of a mob of excited people. Another sentry was attacked in front of the custom house on King Street and six men were sent to aid him. At this the people began to jeer at the soldiers till, finally, Capt. Preston arrived with six more men to aid the soldiers who were on duty in front of the custom house.

Knox used all the eloquence of which he was capable in urging Capt. Preston not to fire upon the people, but to withdraw his men into the barracks, but someone in the crowd struck at a soldier with a club and he, without waiting for orders, fired back. Other random shots followed, the result of which was the killing of three Boston citizens and the wounding of several others. This affair, known in history as the "Boston Massacre," maddened the people still more and resulted in the withdrawal of the British troops to Castle William on a little island in the harbor.

Soon after this, Henry Knox went into business for himself by opening "The London Book-Store" in Cornhill. His place was well stocked with the latest books and a complete assortment of stationery. Later he added to his business by doing bookbinding. His store became a popular resort for young and old, while British officers and Tory ladies were frequent customers.

A certain young lady of the fashionable Tory society, Miss Lucy Flucker, became one of the most frequent callers at Knox's store. She seemed to be very fond of reading, especially of books sold by



Major-General Henry Knox



Knox and soon an intimacy sprang up between the young bookseller and his distinguished patron. Their regard for each other was mutual, but her parents, who were aristocratic Tories, were bitterly opposed to a union of their daughter with one of so plebeian an origin as was Henry Knox.

A few years before this, Knox joined an artillery company known as "The Train," commanded by Maj. Adino Paddock. The company was well drilled by him and further instructed by British officers of a company of artillery who, on their way to Quebec, remained at Castle William during the winter of 1766. Thus the British officers were, all unknowingly, training soldiers whom they were afterwards to meet on the battlefield.

The "Boston Grenadier Corps" was formed from a part of Paddock's company, of which Henry Knox, at the age of twenty-two, was second in command. The members of this artillery company distinguished themselves for their fine appearance and precise movements when on parade. Every one of the British officers gave them the tribute of saying that "A country that produced such *boy* soldiers, cannot long be held in subjection." It is not to be wondered at that Miss Flucker was more than ever in love with gallant young Knox when she saw him on parade in the becoming uniform of the new company and knew that he could not be unconscious of the admiring glances of other young ladies besides herself. He was accustomed to wear a silk scarf wrapped around his left hand to conceal a wound which he had received while out gunning on Noddle's Island in the summer of 1773, when the bursting of his fowling-piece deprived him of the two smaller fingers. In painting his portrait many years later, Gilbert Stuart skillfully concealed this loss by having the General place his left hand on a piece of artillery.

Thomas Flucker, the father of Miss Lucy, royal secretary of the province, tried to make her believe as he did, that, when the colonies were subdued by the Imperial Government, she would, if united with Knox, regret having acted contrary to the advice of her parents. But all this only seemed to fan the flame of her ardor and the love-making was continued. At last, thinking it better than to have an elopement in the family, her parents gave a reluctant consent to the marriage, which was performed by Rev. Dr. Caner on June 20, 1774. The happy pair at once began housekeeping, but not for long was the blessing of a peaceful home to be theirs, for, as the breach between the colonies and the mother country widened, the lover husband felt it his duty to go where his country might have most need of his services. As Knox was known to sympathize with the colonists his movements were watched and he was forbidden to go away from the city.

\* \* \*

Meanwhile, Henry Knox, who was still doing quite a thriving business in his bookstore, had been asked several times to go into

service in the royal forces for lucrative purposes, but he declined all such offers. At last, on the 19th of April, he determined that he could no longer stay away from the colonial headquarters at Cambridge, where the minute-men from towns both near and far were now gathering.

Leaving his brother, William, in charge of the bookstore he left Boston that night, accompanied by his wife, who had his sword concealed in the quilted lining of her mantle. Knox went into headquarters of General Artemas Ward at Cambridge, who at that time had command of our soldiers, called the "rebel" troops, around Boston, and offered his services as a volunteer. The siege of Boston was now begun and within a few days an untrained army of about sixteen thousand men had gathered there in readiness for the inevitable conflict.

In the work of fortifying the city, Knox's previous study of military matters was put to good use. As his abilities came to be appreciated, he was sent to the vicinity of Charlestown to make plans for other formidable works. The later orders of Gen. Ward were in accordance with the plans made by Knox. After the battle of Bunker Hill, Mrs. Knox was taken to Worcester as a matter of safety, while her husband was vigorously engaged in helping some of the principal officers of the army in planning needed fortifications and superintending their construction. Soon after General Washington had taken command of the Army at Cambridge, he made an inspection of the works around Boston and was well pleased with them. As for Knox, he was filled with admiration for the great general and the manner in which he conducted his duties. He was frequently in conference with him in regard to military affairs and a friendship sprang up between them which lasted through life.

It required a long time to prepare for the siege of Boston. The most imperative need was for more siege guns and there seemed to be no way of procuring them. At last an idea came to the resourceful Knox, which, impractical though it seemed at first, was eventually carried out. Our forces had taken possession of a large supply of ordnance at the capture of Fort Ticonderoga by Ethan Allen on May 10, 1775, and Knox's hazardous plan was to transport that artillery by the crude methods of those times hundreds of miles across lakes, rivers and mountain ranges, all the way from Ticonderoga to the heights of Dorchester. This was indeed a bold plan, for Knox at that time was only twenty-five years old and his brother, William, who accompanied him on that memorable trip, was about nineteen. The bookstore at Cornhill had been looted by the British and Tories before this time. After careful consideration, Gen. Washington gave his consent to the plan, and in his final instructions to Knox said that the want of cannon was so great that "No trouble or expense must be spared to obtain them."

Knox thought that the total cost of the expedition need not exceed one thousand dollars, but in one of his account books is found the following short but comprehensive entry: "For expenditures in a journey from the camp around Boston to New York, Albany, and Ticonderoga, and from thence, with 55 pieces of iron and brass ordnance, 1 barrel of flints and 23 boxes of lead, back to camp (including expense of self, brother, and servant), £520.15.8 $\frac{3}{4}$ ." Gen. Washington instructed Gen. Philip Schuyler of Albany to aid Knox in any way that he could and he did much to help in procuring means of transportation, which were flat bottomed scows, in which to ferry guns across Lake George, and heavy ox sleds on which to drag them across frozen rivers and over roads not made for such heavy traffic.

On a stormy December evening, when Knox was on his way between Albany and Ticonderoga, he stopped at a rude log cabin where travelers in that lonely region sometimes passed the night. Another man of about his own age slept on the floor with him under the same blankets. Each found the other an agreeable companion and their conversation on subjects of mutual interest was such as had probably never been discussed under that roof before. Knox's companion displayed an intelligence and refinement that impressed him favorably and not until morning did they make known their identity to each other. Fate sometimes plays strange tricks for Knox's bedfellow was none other than Lieut. John Andre, a prisoner taken from the British by Gen. Richard Montgomery at St. John's when on an expedition to Canada, and now on his way to Lancaster, Pennsylvania, to await an exchange.

A few years later when Andre, adjutant general of the British Army, was sentenced to the ignominious but deserved death of a spy, it fell to the lot of Henry Knox to be one of the general officers of the court-martial before which he was tried and sentenced. Knox performed this duty, though it was painful, because of the pleasant memories of that winter night in the bleak New York wilderness nearly five years before, when he and Andre had enjoyed pleasing converse together.

\* \* \*

Many of the letters written and received by Knox have been preserved and are now in the possession of The New England Historic Genealogical Society of Boston. The reading of these time-yellowed missives gives one a clearer idea of his character than can be obtained by the description of another. Those which he wrote to his wife show that he always held toward her the most affectionate devotion. A letter written from Albany on January 5th, 1776, gives a brief account of his adventures amidst ice, snow, forest and blind roads up to that point, and then goes on to tell something about the cities through which he passed. Speaking of New York he wrote: "The people,—why, the people are magnificent: in their equipages, which are numerous; in their house furniture which is fine; in their pride

and conceit, which is inimitable; in their profaneness, which is intolerable; in the want of principle, which is prevalent; in their Toryism, which is insufferable, and for which they must repent in dust and ashes." After writing more about Albany, the letter closes as follows: "It is now past twelve o'clock, therefore I wish you a good night's repose and I will mention you in my prayers."

Knox reached Ticonderoga December 5th, and as promptly as possible got the unwieldy mass of ordnance started on its long journey. There were 55 pieces of ordnance as follows: 8 brass mortars, 6 iron mortars, 2 iron howitzers, 13 brass cannon, 18- and 24-pounders, and 26 iron cannon, 12- and 18-pounders, 2300 pounds of lead and a barrel of flints.

The homeward trip was fraught with much hardship and delay. A letter which Knox wrote to Gen. Washington from Fort George, December 17th, gives a word picture worth reading. Following are a few lines of that letter: "It is not easy to conceive the difficulties we have had in transporting them across the lake, owing to the advanced season of the year and contrary winds; but the danger is now past. Three days ago it was uncertain whether we should have gotten them until next spring, but now, please God, they must go. I have had made 42 exceedingly strong sleds, and have provided 80 yoke of oxen to drag them as far as Springfield where I shall get fresh cattle to carry them to camp. The route will be from here to Kinderhook (New York) from thence to Great Barrington (Mass.), and down to Springfield. I have sent for the sleds and teams to come here, and expect to move them to Saratoga on Wednesday or Thursday next, trusting that between this and then we shall have a fine fall of snow, which will enable us to proceed further and make the carriage easy. If that shall be the case, I hope in sixteen or seventeen days' time to be able to present to your Excellency a noble train of artillery."

At this point they were delayed because the needed snow did not fall for some days. On the way from Ticonderoga to Albany he found it necessary to cross the Hudson river four times. A January thaw made the ice unsafe for such ponderous loads and he was obliged to wait for severely cold weather to harden it. A letter written to his wife during this wearisome delay, begins like this:

"My Lovely and Dearest Friend: Those people who love as you and I do never ought to part. It is with the greatest anxiety that I am force'd to date my letter at this distance from my love, and at a time, too, when I thought to be happily in her arms."

Knox's determined perseverance finally overcame all obstacles and sometime before the first of March he had planted the coveted artillery on the fortifications at Dorchester Heights.

On the morning of March 4th, the British were astonished to find the harbor and all the southern part of Boston under the "rebel" guns—Howe was forced to evacuate the city and with nearly nine

thousand troops, he sailed away to Halifax. Eleven hundred loyalists, or Tories, among them Mrs. Knox's father and his family, left at the same time. But, as secretary of the province, from which he had been forced to flee, he continued to draw £300 a year salary till some years later. In one of Mrs. Knox's letters to her husband in July, 1777, she comments on the drollness of this fact.

Howe's army, which left on March 17, 1776, had suffered some privations during their long stay in Boston. Fuel was very scarce. They had even used for firewood the old North Church, from the belfry of which the lanterns had been hung as a signal to Paul Revere. Gen. Knox rode with the army into Boston and it is thought that his brother tried to piece together the remnants of the wreck of the book store, as Knox's letters to him from this time indicate that William remained in Boston.

As it was thought that after Lord Howe's fleet had been recruited at Halifax, he would try to seize New York and the Hudson River, the American army was hurried to New York to make fortifications and prepare for the expected invasion. Knox was sent to Connecticut and Rhode Island to plan needed fortifications for places on the coast. His wife and a little daughter, Lucy, lately arrived, accompanied him a part of the way, staying for safety first at Norwich and later at Fairfield, Conn.

The long-looked-for arrival of the enemy was on June 25th, Howe's forces outnumbering ours by at least six thousand men. He established himself on Staten Island and for a time there was comparative quiet. Mrs. Knox and little Lucy came for a visit to Knox's headquarters which were in the vicinity of what is now Broadway. She had been there but a short time, however, when a panic occurred in New York because some British ships were seen coming through the Narrows, and Mrs. Knox was precipitately returned to Connecticut. Before the beginning of hostilities, Admiral Howe sent a flag of truce up to the city. Colonels Reed and Knox went down in a barge to receive the message, but when the officer said he had a letter from Lord Howe to *Mr.* Washington, Col. Reed refused to receive the communication because it was not properly addressed. A few days later, the adjutant general of Gen. Howe's army was sent to interview General Washington. Knox wrote a long letter to his wife about the interview which took place at his house. He spoke of the futility of the efforts of this man, Col. Patterson, to get any concessions from General Washington who he states "was very handsomely dressed and made a most elegant appearance."

For several months one misfortune followed another until it seemed to all but the most altruistic that the patriot cause was doomed. The British having taken full possession of the island of Manhattan, the remainder of Washington's army began to retreat across the Jerseys. It was late in November and bitterly cold. Gen. Howe believed that the American army would now decrease as the

term of enlistment for many of the men expired in December, so he left Col. Donop with his Hessians and a Highland regiment to hold the line across the Jerseys and returned to winter quarters at New York. Washington wrote to the Governor of New Jersey and told him to be prepared for an invasion, also that it was best for the people to destroy their grain, stock or other effects which might be of use to the enemy.

While Washington was crossing the Delaware on his way to Pennsylvania, the British troops were marching into Trenton. In order to prevent pursuit Washington had taken possession of all water craft up and down the river for seventy miles. In order to surprise the enemy, Washington decided to try to recross the Delaware, Christmas night, and make an attack on Trenton.

Letters from Knox to his wife give graphic descriptions of the movements of the army that memorable night. They found the enemy entirely unprepared and after a sharp, decisive battle the American victory was complete. He closed his letter with saying, "His Excellency, the General, has done me the unmerited great honor of thanking me in public orders in terms strong and polite. This I should blush to mention to any other than you, my dear Lucy; and I am fearful that my Lucy may think her Harry possesses a species of little vanity in doing it at all."

On Dec. 27th, the day following the famous battle of Trenton, but before the news of it had reached Congress, it had ordered a commission for Col. Knox by which he was made a brigadier-general. In writing to his wife from Trenton on Jan. 2, 1777, Knox tells her of his advancement and goes on to say: "People are more lavish in their praises of my poor endeavours than they deserve. All the merit I claim, is my industry. I wish to render my devoted country every service in my power; and the only alloy I have in my little exertions is that it separates me from thee,—the dearest object of all my earthly happiness. May Heaven give us a speedy and happy meeting.—The attack of Trenton was a most horrid scene to the poor inhabitants. War, my Lucy, is not a humane trade, and the man who follows it as such, will meet with his proper demerits in another world."

After this came the battle of Princeton, another American victory, as when it was over the enemy instead of being within nineteen miles of Philadelphia, were now sixty miles away with the numbers diminished by about five hundred. Washington and his army went into winter quarters, an assemblage of huts at Morristown. Congress had finally decided to establish a foundry for casting cannon and laboratories for the manufacture of powder. Knox was sent to New England to oversee these matters. While there he visited his wife who was then in Boston. It was on his advice, in a letter to Washington from Boston, Feb. 1, 1777, that the works which finally became the United States arsenal at Springfield, were established. A little later

occurred the birth of Knox's second child and Mrs. Knox was staying with Mrs. Heath, wife of the Major-General Heath at Sewall's Point, now Brookline, Mass.

The news of Burgoyne's surrender to Gates at Saratoga, on October 18, 1777, was received by the patriots with great enthusiasm. Before this, Knox in writing to his wife, soon after the battle of Stillwater or Freeman's Farm, Sept. 19, says: "Observe, my dear girl, how Providence supports us. The advantages gained by our Northern army give almost a decisive turn to the contest. For my own part, I have not yet seen so bright a dawn as the prospect, and I am as perfectly convinced in my own mind of the kindness of Providence toward us as I am of my own existence."

Knox had obtained leave to visit his wife in Boston. Gen. Greene, writing to him from Valley Forge, February 26, 1778, tells of the terrible sufferings of the army and the imperative need of clothing and food. General Knox and a Captain Sargent were detailed to inform Congress of the sufferings of the starving and almost naked patriot soldiers at Valley Forge. General Knox's weight, which was the greatest of the eleven most important officers, was 280 pounds, while that of Washington was 209 pounds.

To show off in a witty and sarcastic manner, one of the Congressmen, who had listened to General Knox's impartial statement of the needs of the soldiers who had been giving their all to their country's service, said he had not for a long time seen a man in better flesh than General Knox or one better dressed than Capt. Sargent. Knox maintained a discreet silence but his associate retorted "The corps, out of respect to Congress and themselves, have sent as their representatives the only man who had an ounce of superfluous flesh on his body and the only other who possessed a complete suit of clothes."

The wives of several of the officers were at Valley Forge that spring, among them Mrs. Washington and Mrs. Knox. The latter remained with our army or very near its headquarters till the close of the war and vied with General Knox himself in popularity.

While our army was in winter quarters at Pluckemin, N. J., in the winter of 1779, General Knox tried to make a beginning of an academy for training officers for the army. This was built in the form of a parallelogram. He had built an auditorium, 50x30, where the men listened to lectures on tactics and gunnery. Work huts were built for those employed at the laboratory. Field pieces, mortars and heavy cannon were arranged to form the front side, huts of officers and privates formed the other sides. Although this camp was hastily built in only a few weeks it was well arranged and of good appearance. This humble beginning led to the establishment years later of the Military Academy at West Point, N. Y., which is today one of the finest in the world.

That spring a great celebration was held, near the headquarters, at Pluckemin, in honor of the anniversary of the conclusion of the

treaty with France the year previous. A part of Thatcher's account of it reads as follows: "A splendid entertainment was given by General Knox and the officers of the artillery . . . . The celebration was concluded by a splendid ball opened by his Excellency General Washington, having for his partner the lady of General Knox."

The cares of motherhood must have sat lightly upon Mrs. Knox, for she seems to have been the life of nearly every social gathering spoken of during that trying time in our country's history and she was well-fitted for all such duties. In the summer of 1779 occurred the death of their second little daughter, and Gen. Washington took time from his own anxious cares to write a note of condolence to the bereaved mother.

In May, 1781, Gen. Washington and Knox went to Connecticut to meet Count de Rochambeau in order to plan for the siege of New York, when they heard that Count de Grasse, with a French fleet of twenty-eight of the line and six frigates bearing twenty thousand men was about to sail for Chesapeake Bay from the West Indies. They then changed their first plan, although keeping up the appearances of carrying it out, while they were secretly preparing to go to Virginia and undertake the capture of the British Army.

Washington considered it so necessary to deceive Clinton that he kept the plan secret except from a few of the most trusted officers. It would seem that Mrs. Knox, who was then up near Albany on a visit, wrote to her husband to learn something about the military situation and the following letter, written from the camp near Dobb's Ferry, August 3, 1781, shows the tactful manner in which he parried her queries: "Yesterday was your birthday. I cannot attempt to show you how much I was affected by it. I remembered it and humbly petitioned Heaven to grant us the happiness of continuing our union until we should have the felicity of seeing our children flourishing around us and ourselves crowned with virtue, peace, and years, and that we both might take our flight together, secure of a happy immortality \* \* \* \* \* All is harmony and good fellowship between the two armies. I have no doubt, when opportunity offers, that the zeal of the French and the patriotism of the Americans will go hand in hand to glory. I cannot explain to you the exact plan of the campaign: we don't know it ourselves. You know what we wish, but we hope for more at present than we believe."

Washington's temporary headquarters were at Williamsburg, Virginia, and from there the Commander-in-chief, Knox, Rochambeau, Duportail and Chastellux went down to De Grasse's fleet and in Chesapeake Bay, and on board the "Ville de Paris," arranged a co-operation plan. Afterwards De Grasse announced his intention of putting to sea so as to meet the enemy outside. As it was feared that this might upset their plan of cutting off all hope from seaward for Cornwallis, Lafayette and Knox were sent to De Grasse and they persuaded him to remain where he was. Gen. Greene, a steadfast

friend of Knox, wrote from his camp on the Santee, South Carolina, at about this time. By the purport of his letter, he evidently thought lack of means the reason why the operations against New York had not yet begun. He speaks of his young god-son, as follows: "I long to see you and spend an evening's conversation together. Where is Mrs. Knox? and how is Lucy, and my young god-son, Sir Harry? I beg you will present my kind compliments and best wishes to Mrs. Knox.—Please to give my compliments to your brother and tell him we are catching at smoky glory while he is wisely treasuring up solid coin." This young "god-son, Sir Harry," was the baby at whose christening the Marquis de Lafayette officiated, as god-father. Many years later, after both General and Mrs. Knox had died, Lafayette visited this country in 1825 and, at that time, in an interview with Mrs. Thatcher, he told her of the peculiar circumstances of the christening of her brother, Henry Jackson Knox. One god-father, the Marquis, was a Roman Catholic; the other god-father, General Greene, a Quaker; Mrs. Knox, an Episcopalian; and the General, a Presbyterian.

For several weeks the enemy was beguiled by the strategy of Washington until in August, having learned that Count de Grasse would soon arrive, he got the armies ready for a combined attack. Meanwhile, Gen. Knox had been procuring as large a force of artillery as possible and, as Washington said in his later report to Congress in speaking of the services of Knox: "the resources of his genius supplied the deficit of means." The bombardment of the city began on October 6th, and the British works, unable to withstand such a canonnading as came from the allied troops, crumbled and fell. On the 17th of October, 1781, just four years after the surrender of Burgoyne, Cornwallis surrendered and his entire army of more than eight thousand men became prisoners of war.

The next morning, Knox wrote to his wife, who had been staying since September with Mrs. Washington at Mount Vernon: "I have detained William until this moment that I might be the first to communicate *good news* to the charmer of my soul. A glorious moment for America! This day Lord Cornwallis and his army march out and pile their arms in the face of our victorious army. \* \* \* \* \* The General has just requested me to be at headquarters instantly, therefore, I cannot be more particular."

On the recommendation of General Washington, Knox was promoted by Congress as Major-General dating from November 15, 1781. From now on his headquarters were at West Point and he was appointed to the command of that post August 29, 1782. He at once began to strengthen the fortifications. Washington showed implicit confidence in him, when writing instructions, by saying: "I have so thorough a confidence in you, and so well acquainted with your abilities and activity, that I think it needless to point out to you the great outlines of your duty."

On April 19, 1783, exactly eight years after the battle of Lexington, General Washington declared war ended and disbanded the army. The Chevalier de Chastellux, a Major-General in Rochambeau's army and a member of the French Academy, became greatly attached to General and Mrs. Knox during his stay in America. After his return to France he corresponded with Gen. Knox. One of his letters, dated March 30, 1782, speaks of the then recent alliance of our country with France. He says: "My sentiments will always meet yours, and I hope that I shall not be excelled in serving America and loving General Knox. Let us be brothers in arms, and friends in time of peace. Let the alliance between our respective countries dwell in our bosoms, where it shall find a perfect emblem of the two powers: in mine, the seniority; in yours, the extent of territory.

"I depend upon your faith, and I pledge my honour that no interest in the world can prevail over the warm and firm attachment with which I have the honor to be

"DE CHASTELLUX."

Just before this, the active mind of Knox had planned the forming of a society to perpetuate the friendships formed by officers of the army and provide for their indigent widows and surviving children; each officer on joining the society was to contribute to its funds his pay for one month. The society to be known as "The Cincinnati" in honor of the illustrious Quintius Cincinnatus, as these officers were resolved to follow his example and return to citizenship. Some there were who laughed this idea to scorn, nevertheless the officers of the army did form such a society, whose existence even to this day testifies to the wisdom of its founders, and their illustrious example still helps to keep alive the fires of patriotism throughout our land. On August 26, the delicate task of disbanding the army at West Point was intrusted to General Knox. After concluding his labors at West Point, General Knox returned to live one year in Boston.

Congress decided in 1785 to continue the office of Secretary of War and on March 8, 1785, elected Knox to fill that office. Washington, who felt assured of the wisdom of this appointment, wrote to Knox, saying: "Without a compliment, I think a better choice could not have been made." The way in which Secretary Knox conducted the duties of his office during the critical period between the close of the war and the adoption of the Constitution evidently fulfilled the anticipations of his chieftain, for, in 1789, Knox was re-appointed Secretary of War by President Washington.

The army then numbered about seven hundred men and the beginnings of a navy were entrusted to his care. He also had charge of the Indian affairs. Knox's establishment at New York was costly and he maintained a high social standing. Rufus W. Griswold, in speaking of Gen. and Mrs. Knox, at this time, says: "She and her

husband were, perhaps, the largest couple in the city and both were favourites, he for really brilliant conversation and unfailing good humor, and she as a lively and meddlesome but amiable leader of society, without whose co-operation it was believed by many besides herself that nothing could be properly done in the drawing-room or the ball-room, or any place, indeed, where fashionable men and women sought enjoyment."

After having served his country well for nearly twenty years, Secretary Knox decided to withdraw from public duties and devote himself to the needs of his family, accordingly he sent in his resignation and retired from President Washington's cabinet at the close of the year, 1794.

Before this, Knox had become the possessor, partly through his wife's inheritance and partly through purchase, of a vast tract of wild land in Maine, being the greater part of what was known as the Waldo patent, which was originally the property of Mrs. Knox's grandfather, Gen. Samuel Waldo of Massachusetts. This land, which was bounded on either side by the Penobscot and Kennebec Rivers, included nearly all of what is now Knox, Waldo, Penobscot and Lincoln Counties. Holman's Day's poem, "When General Knox Kept Open House" speaks of the General's domains in Maine. The first and last stanzas are as follows:

"From Penobscot to the Kennebec, from Mooshead to the sea,  
Was spread the forest barony of Knox, bluff Knox;  
And the great house on the Georges it open was and free,  
And around it, all uncounted, roved its bonny herds and flocks.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Oh, welcome was the silken garb, but welcome was the blouse,  
When Knox was lord of half of Maine and kept an open house."

Gen. Knox and two of his friends, Henry Jackson and Royal Flint, formed an organization known as the Eastern Land Associates, and in 1792 they purchased from the Commonwealth of Massachusetts an immense tract of wild land in Maine. This was estimated to contain 2,000,000 acres, bounded on the south by land they had purchased previously; on the west by a line six miles from the east branch of the Penobscot River; on the east by the Schoodic River; and on the north by the line between Canada and Maine. They paid \$5,000 within a month and the balance in \$30,000 annual payments. This was afterwards sold to Hon. William Bingham of Philadelphia and known as the Bingham purchase. It is thought that Gen. Knox probably used money obtained from this sale to start the building of of his fine mansion at Thomaston in 1793.

The site which he selected for his future home was well chosen on the banks of the river Georges, near that of the old fortress, protected by the forest from the cold northeast winds, and exposed in

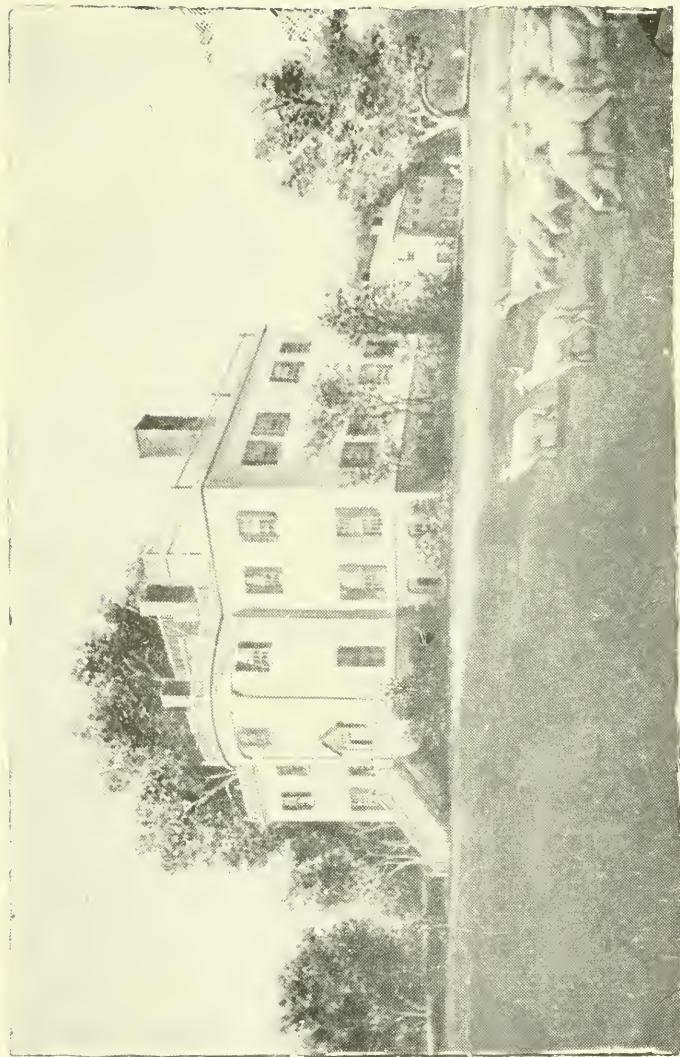
summer to the cooling southwest breezes, which rarely failed to come with the tide, and refresh the balconies on hot afternoons. From the front, the view down the river, eight or ten miles to the sea, was delightful.

The house had a basement of brick and two stories above, built of wood from the estate and a fourth story was cupola-like in the centre, part of the roof being of glass. Carved wood urns ornamented the corners of the roof. The outbuildings, stables, farm-house, cook-house, etc., were built a little distance back so that, with the mansion in the center and nine buildings on either side, a large crescent was formed, slanting back from the river. From a part of these buildings, a covered walk led to the mansion. The whole was in imitation of the style of the best Virginia homesteads of that day. The road in front of the house ran to the stable on the east.

What is now Knox Street in Thomaston, was formerly the driveway and the gateway was surmounted by the figure of an American Eagle of carved wood. After the opening of Knox Street this gate was removed and one entered the estate of General Knox by a double gate at the foot of Knox Street. The center of this gate was also ornamented by a carved wooden eagle. The mansion was named "Montpelier" by Mrs. Knox. It has been stated that this came about through a French taste which she had acquired from an intimacy with Mrs. Bingham, wife of Senator Bingham, of Philadelphia, who was for some time a resident of France.

The mansion was 52 feet wide and 42 feet deep. The two corner room were 16 feet square; the oval, or bow-room, in the center was 20 feet long and 16 feet wide. This was the General's reception room. A portrait of General Knox by Gilbert Stuart, and one of Thomas Flucker by John Singleton Copley hung on the walls. Settees brought from France were a part of the furniture. Mrs. Knox's piano was the first brought to that region. The French settees and the sideboard which came from the Tuileries palace, are now owned in Portland. The floors were uncarpeted in the General's day. The walls of the wide halls and staireases were covered with a background of buff-colored paper, resembling tapestry, and large embossed brown paper figures of men, dressed in old costumes with guns, ornamented the sides of the staircases. Back of the parlor was the dead-room. The black-bordered, lead-colored walls and sombre floor seemed to the designer eminently fitting for the sad uses to which the room was put whenever death had entered the home. In the library, were pictures of ladies, reading. Here were Gen. Knox's sixteen hundred books, the second largest collection in Maine. About one-fourth of these were in the French language.

To this lovely home, situated amid the beautiful trees, which had been growing for years on these ancestral acres, came, in the early summer of 1795, General and Mrs. Knox from Philadelphia. Thus was brought into the quiet village of Thomaston a new mode of life



Montpelier  
The Home of General Knox at Thomaston



and a new series of activities such as the plain people of this old-fashioned village had never before witnessed. Many are the stories still told of General Knox and the state which he maintained at Montpelier.

When General Knox came to Thomaston, he was forty-five years of age and in the full vigor of manhood. His well-kept, commanding, military figure added an air of grandeur to the humble streets of Thomaston. The sound of his voice was in keeping with his person, and, in listening to him, one realized that he had been one to give orders, instead of to take them. The "stentorian" voice of General Knox which was audible "above storm of battle elements combined" is frequently spoken of by his biographers.

He was, however, exceedingly kind and considerate of others. He was of a cheerful, optimistic nature and was never so happy as when contributing to the enjoyment of others. Yet he never relinquished his dignity and all who came to know him realized that he was a man of superior intelligence. The peculiar way in which he signed his name (H<sup>K</sup>nox), the last stroke of the H forming the first part of the K, was a habit acquired in his youth.

General Knox's family, when he came to Thomaston, consisted of his wife, eldest daughter, Lucy F., who afterwards became the wife of Ebenezer Thatcher, then a young lady of nineteen; Master Henry, also called Harry, the "spoiled child" of fifteen; and the youngest child, Caroline, who afterwards became Mrs. James Swan, and later the wife of Senator Holmes, then a charming little miss of four years.

The home of Gen. and Mrs. Knox was honored by many distinguished visitors. Among these were: Talleyrand, Louis Phillippe, the Duke de Liancourt, Rochefoucauld, the Viscount de Troailles, Alexander Baring, who later bore the title of Lord Ashburton, and many other famous men. Nathaniel Hawthorne visited Montpelier some years after the death of General and Mrs. Knox. At one time General Knox invited the entire tribe of Tarratine, or Penobscot, Indians to come for a visit. They all came and, to all appearances, greatly appreciated the repasts which General Knox caused to be provided for them. Finally, after these enormous feasts had depleted the larder of General Knox and exhausted his patience by weeks of continuance, he felt constrained to say to the chief: "Now we have had a good visit, and you had better go home." As "Uncle Sidelinger" has aptly expressed it "That was sartinly givin' Thanksgivin' comp'ny a good, hard hunch, but some Injuns need it."

It was not for lack of energy that the many schemes of General Knox for making a fortune out of the natural resources of his vast estate did not succeed; for he began at once to set up saw-mills, lime-kilns, marble-quarries and brick yards; also constructed vessels, locks and dams. He bought Brigadier's Island from "squatters" on his own property and turned it into a stock farm for the breeding of imported cattle.

The cost of carrying on so many branches of business, in none of which he had had any previous experience to guide him, proved too heavy a drain on his resources. Disputes about the boundaries of the islands in the Waldo patent caused General Knox to enter into expensive lawsuits and, with all this on his hands, it is not surprising that he became heavily involved in debt. Some of the best friends he had made while in the army became his heaviest creditors. He borrowed money on mortgages, which he was never able to pay.

His financial straits were not relieved before his life of vigorous activity was abruptly ended on October 25, 1806, by his having inadvertently swallowed a small fragment of chicken bone, which, lodging in the æsophagus or stomach, caused him great suffering which finally ended in mortification and death. His funeral was held on October 28, with military honors, and his body placed in a tomb near his favorite oak tree, under whose cooling shade he had often rested. This tomb, proving susceptible to injuries from frost and water, the remains were removed seven years later to another on the bank of the river and, three years later, for similar reasons again removed to a place a short distance east of the mansion, near a grove of his beloved trees.

\* \* \*

Life at Montpelier now underwent a radical change, for the estate, when administered upon by the General's widow, proved insolvent. Her remaining years were spent in the seclusion of her home, as she preferred this to going out in any other style than that to which she had been accustomed.

Much of the beauty of the mansion now gradually passed away. Gates, fences and outbuildings became dilapidated and were removed. The piazza, colonnade and balconies surrounding the mansion, became much in need of repair and were finally removed a year before the death of Mrs. Knox, which occurred June 20, 1824.

The marriage of General Knox's youngest daughter to Senator Holmes occurred in 1837 and his coming to the family home wrought many changes for the better. Everything was kept up as nearly like its former grandeur as possible, considering the ravages of years. After his death, Mrs. Holmes continued her residence there, but although she did the best she could with her slender means, she was unable to make repairs and improvements as needed, and the estate deteriorated as time went on. Her death occurred in 1851, and then came to Montpelier the last members of the Knox family who ever occupied the ancestral home, Mrs. Lucy Thatcher, then a widow, and her daughter, Mrs. Hyde, who died a year previous to her mother in 1854. The estate then descended to a grandson of General Knox, Lieut. Henry Knox Thatcher of the U. S. Navy, who, maintaining that the expense of keeping up the mansion and the necessary entertainment was greater than he could bear, demanded its sale at any figure.

Mr. Woodhull, the executor, endeavored to sell to some one who would preserve it, but that was not to be achieved.

That was a commercial era, almost utterly devoid of sentiment or the sacrilege of destroying that historic mansion never would have been permitted. The Legislature of 1871 was asked to purchase it for \$7,000, but the senator from Knox County cautioned the representatives of that county against voting favorably until they had consulted their towns, as it might cause a heavy tax upon these towns, so no definite steps were taken. Before the Legislature met again, the Knox & Lincoln Railroad was constructed and passed between the mansion and the servants' quarters. The house was then sold for \$4,000 by local parties and torn down.

At this time the remains of Gen. Knox and other members of the family which were in the tomb, were removed to the cemetery, which had been one of his gifts to the town. A plain marble shaft bearing the following inscription was placed over the grave:

MAJOR-GENERAL  
H. KNOX  
who died Oct'r 25th, 1806.  
Aged 56 years.

“ ‘Tis Fate’s decree; Farewell! thy just renown,  
The Hero’s honour, and the good Man’s crown.”

For a long time the lot had an uncared-for appearance, but a few years ago a great-granddaughter of General Knox, Mrs. Fowler, caused it to be enclosed by a handsome curbing of granite and also had the monument raised and placed upon a granite base. The part of the monument bearing the inscriptions, is square, surmounted by a pyramidal top about nine feet in height. The inscription in honor of the General is on the southern side; the names of Mrs. Lucy Knox, his widow, who died in 1824, and their daughter, Caroline Holmes, the wife of Hon. John Holmes, who died in 1851, are inscribed on the western side; those of Henry Knox, the son, Mr. Swan (the first husband of Mrs. Holmes), and Mrs. Lucy K. F. Thatcher, the eldest and last surviving child of General Knox, on the eastern side; the names of the nine children, who died in infancy, or early childhood, are on the northern side. At either side of the monument are light marble stones, on the western of which are carved the names of Ebenezer Thatcher and daughter, Mrs. Hyde; and on the eastern, the name of James Swan Thatcher, who was lost at sea in the U. S. Schooner, Grampus, in March, 1843. The grave of Senator Holmes is also here, but the monument erected to his memory, is in Alfred, Maine, where he lived the greater part of his life.

During the life of General Knox, his son, Harry Jackson Knox, was nominated a midshipman in the U. S. Navy, but this failed to be

confirmed by the Senate. Later, he did enter the navy but won no special credit. He changed greatly during his last years, became deeply religious, and evidently, through remorse because he had not always borne with honor the illustrious family name, requested that he be buried in a very deep grave in the burial ground at Thomaston, and that his last resting place should always remain unmarked. Thus it is; the spot denoted only by an iron fence.

What is now the railroad station in Thomaston is one of the original buildings erected by General Knox in 1793, and used by him as the farm house. The original walls of this house remain to-day, and it has never been moved. Another of the outbuildings is on the same spot where it was built and now forms part of a mill.

“Montpelier’s stately roof is low and scattered all its gear;  
Its plenteous cellars have been choked with earth for many a year.”

The bell which General Knox hired Paul Revere of Boston to cast, purposely to be hung in the tower of the North Parish Church on Mill River Hill, during the years of his residence in Thomaston, and for which the received bill found in Knox’s papers shows that the cost was Four Hundred Dollars, is still in use; about fifteen years after General Knox had died, the bell became cracked and was sent to the Paul Revere works to be recast. The original motto written by General Knox was not preserved and the lettering at present is:

REVERE BOSTON, 1822
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Plans for attempting what seems to be the only thing which can now be done in the way of reparation, to build a fire-proof reproduction of “Montpelier” in which to collect and preserve such reliques of the Knox family as can be obtained either by gift or by loan, are now being made by the General Knox Chapter of The Daughters of the American Revolution, at Thomaston. If the public responds to their calls for sympathy and co-operation, and Congress should make an appropriation for that purpose, Maine may, in time, have a memorial to General Knox second only in historic interest to Mount Vernon.

Unquestionably, General Knox was one of the most distinguished citizens who ever made his home in Maine. His valor, ingenuity and military skill caused him to become, first, Washington’s trusted friend, then his chief of artillery, of which office he faithfully and efficiently discharged the duties under the successive ranks of colonel, brigadier-general and major-general to the end of that historic struggle, known as the Revolution; and, furthermore, as President Washington’s Secretary of War he helped establish the first successful federal government in history.

A GLIMPSE OF BELFAST UNDER MAINE'S FIRST  
GOVERNOR



## *All Glimpse of Belfast Under Maine's First Governor*

*By HESTER P. BROWN*

### **MEN OF MAINE**

The Pine Tree State strict promise gives,  
Few lures that call in vain,  
But rugged soil and wholesome toil  
Give stalwart men of Maine.

They ask no odds of fickle fate  
A livelihood to gain;  
Their rock and cold they turn to gold,  
The sturdy sons of Maine.

To bring to us the wondrous stores  
The mighty seas contain,  
While others sleep, they search the deep,  
The fishermen of Maine.

Afar upon the western slope  
And on the mid-west plain,  
Where trade invites, or gold requites,  
Are found the men of Maine.

Yet in their thought their private good  
Does not with most obtain;  
In field or hall our country's call  
Counts first with men of Maine.

“God bless the Massachusetts line!”  
Make that *our* proud refrain;  
For Washington, the battle won,  
Thus thanked the *men of Maine*.<sup>1</sup>

The grand old flag our fathers raised  
And bore without a stain,  
Still hold it high, as years roll by,  
Ye loyal men of Maine.

<sup>1</sup>“Men from the counties of York and Cumberland.”—*J. L. Chamberlain*.



NA BRIGHT morning late in May, one thousand eight hundred and twenty, the packet "Superb," sailing from Boston to Belfast, carried among her passengers two persons for whom the lovely shores of Penobscot Bay held a peculiar interest. One, a middle-aged man, looked curiously for the changes brought about during an absence of some years; the other, a young girl at his side, gazed admiringly at the panorama of hills and inlets and wooded isles unfolding before her. As they neared the end of their journey, both noted the large number of sailing craft in the harbor—that harbor of which William White in 1827 said: "The British navy might float in it commodiously."

"We shall see the town presently," said the man, pointing to the right bank. "There, now!" as they caught sight of the clustered buildings on lands sloping to the shore. "Don't you think you will like to live here a year with your aunt?"

"Maybe, sir; I can tell better after I have seen my aunt," answered the girl with a teasing smile.

"You will like your aunt, Jennet, everybody does. And she will teach you the things all women ought to know—to spin and sew and manage a house. 'Lizabeth used to be great on 'lection cake," he said reminiscently. "It's like to be extra good and big this year."

Then there was the bustle of landing—passengers looking up their baggage, sailors making fast to the wharf, the noisy running of ropes and a general accentuation of the all-pervading tarry smell.

"We are in early," said Jennet's father, "and I'll leave you at the tavern for a bit while I see about a conveyance to take us the two miles we have to go." So Jennet looked out at the "Babel" and anything else within her range of vision, till her father came around with a neat wagon and driver, and the two proceeded along a rough and muddy road on the last stage of their journey.

Aunt 'Lizabeth was a large, wholesome, hearty woman, who carried her fifty years lightly. Joseph Whipple must have had that type in mind when he wrote of "the females of the District of Maine:—" "Their fine, healthy appearance and easy manners are probably not exceeded in any country." Jennet decided to like her; a conclusion which was sure to make things pleasanter all 'round.

It was baking day and when the door of the great brick oven was opened, the savory odors floated through the kitchen and into the front room in which Jennet, as an honored guest, had been seated. Everything in the room bespoke industry and thrift. The carpet, as she afterwards learned, had been carded, spun, colored and woven by Aunt 'Lizabeth's own hands out of "tag locks" or inferior wool, in a year when wool sold slowly. More of Aunt 'Lizabeth's handiwork appeared on the wall in the shape of a sampler wrought with colored silks in various fancy stitches. The furniture was heavy,



First Parish Meeting House, Built 1813



Governor Crosby Homestead, Built in 1803, Restored 1900



handsome, and, like all of Aunt 'Lizabeth's belongings, including Uncle Daniel, well-kept.

"We didn't really look for you till afternoon, or some one would have gone to the village to fetch you," apologized Aunt 'Lizabeth as she bustled about the kitchen whither Jennet had gone in quest of human companionship. "Your father's gone out to see the men-folks till dinner time. I told him to bring 'em right along in before it is too late."

At dinner there were the "men-folks"—Uncle Daniel and his two stalwart sons—and the "bound girl" who helped Aunt Elizabeth with the house work and who viewed Jennet and her father with lively interest. The meal was served in the large kitchen, where steaming pots hung on the crane and where all the appointments suggested a table where there was "always room for one more"—or, indeed, for several more. Aunt 'Lizabeth, flushed and cheery, beamed on her guests as Uncle Daniel, after a short grace, served portions of the pickled pork, greens and potatoes. Aunt 'Lizabeth's bread was the envy of her neighbors, and there were goblets of milk for those who did not care for "hot drink," and turnovers—mince turnovers—for dessert. So passed Jennet's first dinner in Belfast.

On Sunday the family walked two miles to attend service at the First Parish Church. This church was the pride of the town. Well located, "originated, prosecuted and finished in great harmony"<sup>1</sup> in 1818, and with a Paul Revere bell,<sup>2</sup> hung in the following year, it was the most notable building in Belfast. In the high white pews, each with its green door fastened by a large wooden button, well-bred children were neither heard nor seen, though they were present in numbers. From his pulpit, on a level with the galleries, the Rev. William Frothingham delivered a graceful, scholarly sermon, and the choir sang from "Watts's Selection;" while a tithingman kept vigilant, though unobtrusive, watch of the manners of the congregation.

"A fine church you have here, 'Lizabeth," said Jennet's father, as they walked home.

"Yes, William," rejoined Aunt Elizabeth; "but meeting-houses and creeds and ministers are a good deal like children—sometimes they're a bond of union, and again they're a bone of contention. Did you mind Cousin Harriet and her two girls settin' in their pew while John with the other children was over worshippin' at the other place? And John and Harriet are both as good as gold, and sure, you might say, to go to heaven; only they can't travel by the same

<sup>1</sup>William White in "History of Belfast."

<sup>2</sup>"On the old 'stock book' of Paul Revere & Son the above bell is number 219 and its weight is given as twelve hundred and sixty pounds. The date of the entry is 17 February, 1820, and its location was to be Belfast, Me."—*Williamson's History of Belfast*, Vol. 2.

road. And other families are divided on Sunday. Of course you've heard?"

"Yes, but you see, Elizabeth, each must 'work out his own salvation.' He can't make a family matter of it."

\* \* \*

In the next week Jennet's domestic education began, but there was time for frequent trips to "the village" with her father, who liked to point out the familiar landmarks—the five hills on which Belfast was built, with the Field homestead crowning one, the Crosby homestead upon another; and in the lower part of the town the Academy in the midst of its ample grounds. The ship-yards, too, were a source of interest though no vessel was now upon the stocks. Here within a few years had been built the "Abigail," the "Paeket," the "Superb," the "Rambler" and others. Here Jennet delighted in the scent of the salt sea air while she listened to "what the waves were always saying."

On the thirty-first day of May, that day when for the first time Maine elected a governor all her own, Aunt Elizabeth served one of her very best salmon dinners, and in the afternoon and evening cake and wine were offered to any callers. These festivities were designed both to welcome in the new administration and to "speed the parting guest," for Jennet's father would sail for Boston the next day.

Now the spinning lessons began in earnest. Every day Jennet had her "stent" to do; and in the long afternoons—very long afternoons they were when the noon meal was despatched at eleven o'clock by the sun—Aunt Elizabeth told stories of the Penobscot expedition of 1779, when the settlers of Belfast, "to the last man, abandoned their homes, leaving their flocks in the pastures, and the corn in the fields ready for harvest."<sup>3</sup> One citizen lowered a box of silver into his well whence he recovered it after the "little unpleasantness" was over.

Then there was the story of the Miller brothers, James and Robert, who "aided and abetted" General Wadsworth and Major Burton on the occasion of their escape from Fort George, Castine.<sup>4</sup> The fugitives reached Belfast tired and hungry, but dared not stop at the home of the elder Miller, who was known to be their friend; so the two young men led them a mile into the wilderness and there built a rude camp of evergreen trees. Evergreen boughs made a comfortable bed, and the Millers furnished blankets, food, and later a pocket-compass to help them out of the woods.

There were tales, too, of that foggy morning in September, 1814, when the British marched on Hampden. How the resistance of the

<sup>3</sup>White: *History of Belfast*, p. 42.

<sup>4</sup>White and Williamson both mention this occurrence.

militia drew on the town the vengeance of the rank and file of the enemy; how some inhabitants fled without even a change of clothing; how valuable libraries were "wantonly destroyed;" how "sailors amused themselves with ripping open beds and turning the feathers on to the mill while in motion."<sup>5</sup> and how one young officer "went gunning," shooting all the sheep, pigs and fowl which he found on his ride of two or three miles above the river.

Then, to stimulate Jennet's interest, Aunt 'Lizabeth would tell of the famous spinning party in Portland—one of the great events of her youth—which is thus recounted in Williamson's History of Maine:

"In May, 1788, an hundred females among the best families, stirred by a spirit of emulation and benevolence, convened at the house of their minister in Portland and presented his wife with 236 skeins of cotton and linen as the fruits of their afternoon's labor and skill, from the turn of only sixty wheels; and in the evening, a large concourse assembling, was entertained with a concert of sacred music."

Jennet was becoming fairly proficient as a "spinster," when, one morning, she took her wheel to the open door and began winding the yarn from the spindle upon the reel, keeping time to the old lines:

"There's four,  
There ain't four;  
There will be four;  
By and by."

As she stood there in her blue cotton gown, with the freshness of the June day glowing in her cheeks and shining in her eyes, while the sun turned her brown hair to threads of tawny gold, a young man approached—Boyd Cochran, yeoman, as he is designated in sundry papers executed when Belfast was "in the County of Hancock and Commonwealth of Massachusetts," and attested in the delicate chirography of

*Ralph Johnson*

or the rugged characters of

*Bohan Field*

He was one of the neighbors to whom Jennet had passed cake and wine on election day, and he paused "to pass the time o' day." That evening he remembered that Uncle Daniel was good authority on

<sup>5</sup>Joseph Whipple in History of Acadie, Penobscot Bay and River. p. 97.

standing timber and he called 'round to ask his advice on an intended purchase. And Aunt 'Elizabeth smiled over her knitting.

When he went home Boyd was vaguely thankful for some things which he had never consciously considered before; as, that he owned the best sawmill on the river; that his father, John Cochran, had devoutly, "in the Name of God, Amen," bequeathed to his children some excellent farming lands; most of all, that his health and strength and unspoiled ardor made him the peer of younger men; for among the neighbors he had long been considered "an old bach."

So Jennet's romance began.

In due time a letter announcing his safe arrival<sup>6</sup> in Boston was received from Jennet's father. Aunt 'Elizabeth rejoiced at the news, but, withal, eyed the letter disapprovingly. "Two pieces!" said she. "Double postage! When he might just as well said all he had to say on one piece! But that's just like William." At this time the postage on a single piece of paper was twelve and one-half cents for a distance of one hundred and fifty to two hundred and fifty miles. Two pieces called for double postage; and in Belfast in 1820 twenty-five cents would buy two pounds of butter or six pounds of beef. So Aunt Elizabeth's attitude was not so singular, after all.

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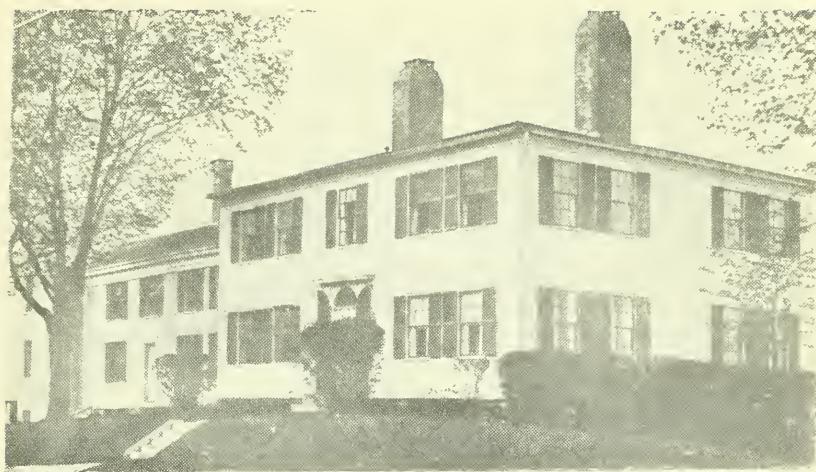
On this Fourth of July Belfast was as noisily patriotic as her limited public equipment would allow. The two field pieces were fired again and again, and the one church bell pealed forth jubilantly. A public dinner was served at the Sun Tavern (nobody said "Pumpkin Tavern" today in the face of the excellent repast provided by Landlord Cunningham) and it was largely attended. Jennet, in a gown of flowered silk, and a necklace that two grandmothers had worn before her, went as the guest of Cousin Harriet. There were toasts and speeches and at intervals patriotic selections were rendered by musicians stationed in the aleoves, one at either side of the great chimney, in the front parlor. The Hon. John Wilson presided at this dinner, and the toast he gave has been preserved to us:

"Maine an independent State. May her Legislators possess the patriotism of Fox and the intelligence of Pitt; her Judges, the science of Mansfield and decision of Holt; her Orators, the lightning of Ciceron and the thunder of Demosthenes."<sup>7</sup>

Among Mr. Wilson's auditors were, in all likelihood, two future governors of Maine,—Hugh Johnston Anderson and William George Crosby.

<sup>6</sup>"Those who go down to the sea in ships" were peculiarly subject to discomfort in earlier times. In the autumn of 1820 the "Superb," carrying twenty-one passengers from Belfast to Boston, was blown off her course and was not heard from for seventeen days.

<sup>7</sup>Crosby's "Annals."



Bohan P. Field Homestead, Built 1807



The Loveliest Place in the World



Two days after the dinner, when Uncle Daniel came home from "the village," he took from his pocket a newspaper and spread it ostentatiously upon the table. It was not such a very large paper. It measured, to be exact, eleven inches by seventeen inches.<sup>8</sup> But it filled a long-felt want with Uncle Daniel. "There!" said he, "we won't have to be dependent on Bangor for our news now, and Belfast half as large again as Bangor<sup>9</sup> a few years ago! Here is the first number of the 'Hancock Gazette,' published this sixth day of July, 1820, by Ephraim Fellows and William R. Simpson—good luck to 'em!"

The family read every word of that paper, even to the advertisements; and as these last may be of interest to us we may look over Uncle Daniel's shoulder and learn that: H. J. Anderson advertises a supply of rum; J. S. Kimball offers ten hogsheads of New England Rum;<sup>10</sup> Dudley Griffin, Tailor, directly opposite the Post-office, makes military uniforms; B. Whittier, Postmaster, publishes a list of forty-eight uncalled-for letters; Travellers are invited to call at the "Sign of the Sun."

\* \* \*

On a midsummer afternoon Jennet was walking with Annis Cochran along the riverside, when suddenly Boyd appeared beside them. "Do you think this valley is pretty?"

"Yes, more than pretty—it's the loveliest place in the world," said Jennet.

"I'm thinking of building a house right here," Boyd said, indicating a tiny plain behind which the ground rose in terraced hills to the north and west, while the winding river flowed placidly a few rods to the south. "I cal'late to start a crew on the cellar next week."

So the work began, and soon Jennet had promised to live in the house when it was done. Aunt 'Elizabeth found her an apt pupil these days and the little wheel—for she was using the flax wheel now—twirled merrily.

Annis Cochran took her brother to task for his haste in wooing; "but," said he, with a humorous smile, "Jennet is of proper age, and no amount of waiting will make me any younger!"

So the lovers, on pleasant evenings, walked to the valley to see how the work went on. Jennet watched the building of the arches,

<sup>8</sup>It is pleasant to be able to record that with the fourteenth number the management felt justified in increasing these dimensions—by one inch.

<sup>9</sup>According to the census of 1810 the population of Belfast was 1274, while that of Bangor was 850.

<sup>10</sup>Among our forefathers the consumption of rum seems to have been both considerable and general. In Williamson's History of Belfast, Vol. I, p. 751, is mentioned a bill for a pauper's funeral in which two items are: Coffin, \$1; Rum, \$4.

each with its heavy keystone to bear the weight of the great chimneys. All Boyd's plans were generous. There were to be six mammoth fire-places and two brick ovens.

And with shy delight Jennet watched the foundation grow.

The best of timber was fitted for the frame—"For," said Boyd, "why shouldn't a man put good timber into his house when he has the pick of a woodlot and a sawmill of his own to boot?" And when everything was ready the men of the neighborhood gathered for the raising. The Cochran family kept open house that day. There was plenty to eat, and, of course, plenty to drink. Afterwards there were jokes and laughter and the master workman gave, in a sonorous voice, the sentiment of the company:

"Here stands a fine frame on a pleasant spot,  
Bless the owner and all he's got.  
If he keeps on as he's begun,  
He'll be rich before he's done."

\* \* \*

In late September there was a notable funeral in the town—that of Mr. John Huse, late of "Huse's Tavern." Funerals in general did not appeal to Jennet; but they certainly did to many people of that day. Perhaps it was because there was a "social hour," so to speak, after the services, a time when scattered kinsfolk and neighbors might exchange greetings. This funeral was held in the meeting house and the bell was tolled,—not for the first time on such an occasion, but it was still a new feature. To please her aunt, then, Jennet went. The hymn sung<sup>11</sup> was the one perpetrated by Isaac Watts, beginning "Hark! from the tombs a doleful sound,"—and, shuddering, Jennet slipped her little hand into Aunt 'Lizabeth's big, comfortable one for cheer. Other details of that funeral might be forgotten, but the hymn, never.

The new house was not to be finished until spring and the wedding day was to be in early June. There was much to do. Jennet wanted to weave a counterpane of the "chariot wheel" design. Aunt 'Lizabeth had one in white, and one in blue and white; and she had offered to teach Jennet and to help in the work. For entertainment there were the singing school and the quiltings—the "thimble parties" of that day, differing from the ordinary modern affair in that husbands and lovers were usually invited to tea. Late in the winter there were skating and sleighing parties, for the bay was frozen over even to Castine.

Through Cousin Harriet's connection with the "Belfast Social Library Society," too, Jennet had access to books other than those found in Uncle Daniel's modest library. The books of the "Belfast

<sup>11</sup>Crosby's "Annals."

Social Library" were intended for use, as evidenced by the stout covers placed upon them.<sup>12</sup>

In the early winter a fire broke out on Main Street, but "the weather being calm, and the town pump in good order," only two buildings were burned. A "bucket brigade" in which women took places in the line, did good service at this fire. Shortly after, a "Fire Club" was formed which admitted to membership every citizen "who shall furnish himself with two good substantial leather buckets, twelve inches in length and eight inches in diameter, marked with his name; and a good substantial bag, four feet in length and two feet three inches in breadth, marked with his name." But the name, however plainly written, would not always protect the bucket. On one occasion a respected "Fire ward," Peter Rowe, saw an unlettered citizen of the suburbs making off with his buckets. "Hold on, there," said he, laying hands on the man, whom for convenience we will call John Smith, "those are my buckets."

"No, they ain't," said Smith; "they're my buckets."

"But here are my letters," insisted the "Fire ward." "P for Peter, and R for Rowe; Peter Rowe."

"Yes, there's P for John and R for Smith. Them's my buckets, Peter Rowe."

But Rowe got his buckets.<sup>13</sup>

\* \* \*

In late March, when the breath of spring was in the air and the sun set in a glory of gold and crimson, Boyd and Jennet walked along the valley to look at the new house. They loitered so long that the stars were out, filling the sky with a radiance even lovelier than that of the sunset, when they took their way homeward.

Suddenly Jennet said, with her provoking smile: "After we have lived in the new house a very long time will we, perhaps, go to different churches?"

And her lover replied, with perfect sincerity, "You are my religion, Jennet."

Next day Boyd went far into the country to look at a lumber lot. The trip that was to take three of four days consumed more than a week. It was late in the night when he came again into the familiar neighborhood and looking toward Jennet's home he could see a light showing dimly.

"What are they up at this time for?" he thought, uneasily. At his own home, too, a light was burning. As his steps sounded on the door stone, Annis came to meet him, her face the picture of grief. There was no need to say that Jennet was dead. He knew it. He

<sup>12</sup>Among the first charges of the librarian are: Paid Wm. Dunham for two sheepskins for covers, \$1.00.—*Williamson's History of Belfast*.

<sup>13</sup>These buckets marked P. R. were, a few years ago, and probably still are, in the possession of Mr. Edward R. Pierce of Belfast.

hardly noticed when some one told him that she died from congestion of the lungs and that the doctors had done all that could be done to save her. His love dream had come late in life, gaining intensity, perhaps, by the way,—and this was the end.

Later the new house was finished, finished modestly, as became a house whose owner was bankrupt in heart and purse; and Boyd and Annis Cochran lived their lives there—"an old man and an old maid; two weaknesses supporting each other." Later, after they had been carried to the graveyard on the hill that had been a part of their patrimony, others of their blood lived in the house, and there came little children who loved the fields and the river.

\* \* \*

In the streets where, in the days of the first governor, patient oxen drew heavy loads and the chaise marked the progress of gentility, now auto trucks are seen and touring cars speed their joyful way. In the harbor the steamship and the motor boat have taken the place of the "Superb" and all her kind. But a few of the old houses, still centers of delightful hospitality, remain; and many a wanderer, Belfast born, echoes the words written by Mrs. Rebecca Palfrey Utter, twenty years ago:

"One playmate I should find unchanged to-day,  
The never-resting waters of the bay.  
'Time writes no wrinkles on its azure brow;  
In the cold moonlight it is sparkling now.'

*SOME HAUNTED HOUSES AND THEIR GHOSTS*



## *Some Haunted Houses and Their Ghosts*

*By ANNIE M. L. HAWES*



T IS IN the seaports of Maine, in the towns and villages that cluster about the curves of her broad bays, or stretch along the shores of her great tide water rivers that the most of her romances lie. Even in these places colonial houses are rare, and because Kittery, on the main shore of the beautiful Piscataqua, can boast of several in a distance of half a mile along a country road, the picturesque old town is dearly loved by the dreamer over New England romance and tradition.

The Bray house, the oldest of these ancient landmarks, has been standing on the shores of Pepperrell Cove more than two hundred years, long before "the cove" received its name. It is a plain, unpainted two-story house with nothing in its exterior to tell its story to the passer-by. Master Bray, the builder and first owner of the house, came to America from Plymouth, the old Devonshire port of England, where he had been a boat-builder. He must have grown up with a head full of the New World, for Drake, Raleigh and Gilbert, and Sir Francis Champernowne, one of the first settlers in Kittery, were all Devonshire men, and Plymouth was the port whence they sailed and to which the first two brought back their spoils.

There were plenty of old salts sitting about Plymouth docks when Bray was a youngster, telling how Elizabeth's fleet sailed away from the harbor to battle with Philip's Armada, of the daring Drake danc-ing off in his ship to capture Spanish galleons and bring home great emeralds and diamonds for the Queen's crown. They would remem-ber, too, the little vessel in which

"Eastward from Campobello  
Sir Humphrey Gilbert sailed;"

but most of all they must have talked of Raleigh, that other gallant young adventurer whom both men and women worshipped, and how he came back to Plymouth from his last voyage, old and broken, to the reward of his king—the block.

Perhaps it was Sir Walter's fate that embittered Plymouth against a crown. At any rate Charles found no help in Plymouth a generation later. Bray must have been a young man when the English block was stained by the King's blood, but he, too, was a Puritan. His trade must have been good in Plymouth, and I like to

think of his boats floating out on the Hamoaze and the Catwater as those he afterward made in Kittery rode the waters of Pepperrell cove and Brave Boat harbor, but Indians are sometimes more satisfactory foes than bishops and kings, and when the next Charles came to his father's throne, John Bray sailed for America.

Perhaps he hoped to make a fortune in the New World and go back to England. Perhaps Goodwife Bray died, still longing for her old neighbors and friends. At least it is certain Master Bray owned a house in Plymouth when he died, and was buried (nobody knows where) in the scanty soil of an unhallowed Kittery field instead of a deep-bosomed, yew-shaded Devonshire churchyard.

A part of his Kittery house is unchanged. The tiny panes of iridescent glass, like those in the windows of some of the old houses in Boston's Beacon street, still twinkle in their mountings, and the buffet where Mistress Bray proudly displayed her "best dishes" is carefully preserved in a corner of the parlor. There is a curious figure painted on the inside of the buffet door—a cherubic creation consisting of head and wings, and much resembling those indescribable monsters by which early art-murderers in America disfigured the gravestones of their defenceless dead. This decoration antedates "the oldest inhabitant" and its origin remains a mystery. Possibly the Bray girls "hand-painted."

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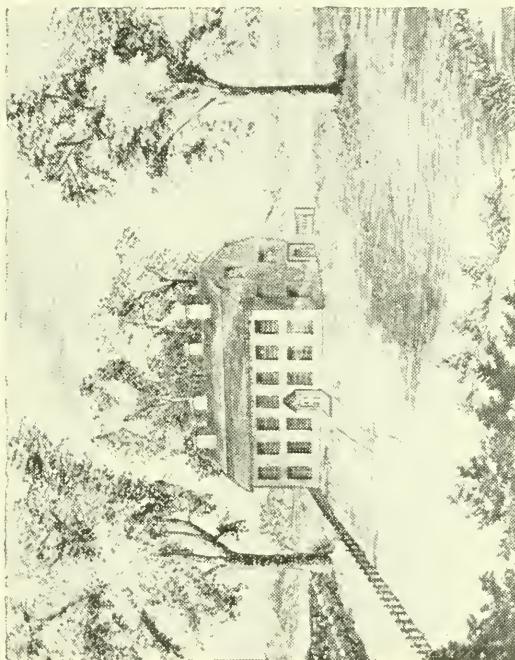
The house was divided among three owners at Master Bray's death. His will, dated January 22d, 1689, gave "Unto my loving wife Joan Bray the new end of my now Dwelling house in Kittery during the terme of her natural life;" the middle of the house was bequeathed to "my sone John;" while Mary, a daughter unmarried at her father's death, had "the leanto and the chamber over it," and "the East room and as much of the chamber as is over that." The Brays were evidently an amiable family, or the head of the house would not have risked dividing one dwelling in three, and especially he would have avoided so delicate a division as we may guess was made from the wording of the will regarding the chamber over the east room. These boundaries are now lost, for the house originally ran back toward what is now the street, with a long roof sloping nearly to the ground. Perhaps this was "the leanto."

Boats, cattle and land were also apportioned to Mistress Bray and her children, showing that Master Bray must have gathered much substance by his trade, and indeed the family had thought their Margery, who was but an infant when they left old Plymouth in 1660, quite too good for everybody and anybody to come acourtin'.

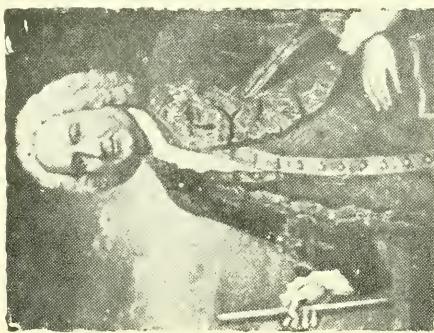
This damsel grew up amid the hardships of early colonial life and the terrors of Indian warfare, for Philip's war waged during her young womanhood, and the Indians had an annoying habit of taking prisoners in such towns as Portland and Saco for long years after.



Sparhawk Coat of Arms



Sir William Pepperell Mansion



Sir William Pepperell



She was a very religious young person and as beautiful as she was good, seen through the mists of tradition. She was doubtless brought up "to reade, sew and knit with a reasonable measure of Catechism;" as is set forth in the indenture papers of one Rachell Palmer, who about this time was bound out, the tiny maid being then "three years and three-quarters ould."

Margery's obituary notice—she died at 89—says she was noted for her charity, her courteous affability, her prudence, meekness, patience, and her unweariedness in well doing." Everything goes to show her to have been the flower of the family, and as there has never been anything so attractive to a young man as a beautiful and good young woman, it is no wonder if the sailor lads of Piscataqua and the Shoals were madly in love with this wild rose of Kittery.

In 1676 (one hundred years before the Revolution!) Joseph Pearce of Kittery made a verbal will, stating that after "all his debts was payed that ye remainder of his estate hee freely gave unto Margery Bray, daughter to John Bray of Kittery, shippwright," and further "begging very Earnestly of this Deponet that hee would not forget it, that shee might not bee cheated of it!"

Joseph Pearce's relation to Margery is uncertain. It has been believed that he was a brother of Mrs. Bray, but he may have been only a neighbor who loved Margery, for we have evidence that lovers were not unmindful of the worldly estates of their choice in those days, as witness the forecasting of James Henry Fite. He made formal deposition before witnesses that if he should die suddenly "he gave unto his Girl, Innet McCulland, all the estate he had."

James Henry's prudence was justified by the event. He was soon afterward killed by Indians, and Pearce, being a sailor, probably had reflected on the uncertainty of human life and made his will before starting away on a voyage. It is worthy of note that neither Fite nor Pearce restricted their legatees to "the use and enjoyment" of their property, as did many a husband of Kittery in making his will by the phrase "soe long as she shall remain my widow."

The only Joseph Pearce who appears in history is Ellner Pearce's son to whom she gave by will, in 1675, a year before the deposition in favor of Margery was made, a house, land, cattle, "too featherbeds, too Hollande pillows, four pewter platters of the biggest sort, too small basons, a candle stick and sault seller, one dripin pane, one gred-iron, one spitt with andirons and pott hangers," with "Meale ciues, silver spoones, Napkines, a warmeing pann," and other household furnishings, not to mention "a gould ring." But if this Joseph Pearce was the one who willed his goods to Margery, she evidently got neither the gold ring, the "halfe pint pott," "the beare bowl," the "Siluer Cupp," "silke Twilt," "Holland pillow beare," nor yet the "two skellets" mentioned in Ellner Pearce's last testament, for years afterward when her husband sued in her name for an estate

willed to her (and which I choose to think Pearce's) the case was given to the defendant, the costs of court being eight shillings and six-pence.

So whether pretty Margery was "cheated of it," or whether Pearce was so sad a rollicker little was left after "his debts was payd" is not known. Is it a slander to think the latter, since, although Joseph's mother made him her executor, she also "did appoyn特 my loveing frejnd Mr. ffran<sup>s</sup> Hooke to take care yt my sonn do not waste or Imbessell the sd Estate." And it is the easier to believe that Joseph's heart and soul were not given to the accumulation of pence, from the fact that a man bearing his name had been obliged to leave his gun with John Bray as security for debt sometime before this.

However, the Brays were well enough provided with this world's goods, and although Mrs. Bray seems to have been obliged to make her mark as a witness to Ellner Pearce's will, it was a fashion of the times, and none the less did the family look askance at a certain young Bill (or Boll as it is said his Welsh tongue made it) Pepperrell, who came over to consult Master Bray about boats much oftener than it seemed necessary, and when he made a formal proposal for Margery's hand, they put him off with the excuse that she was too young to wed. But William Pepperrell, the first, was no more daunted by the barriers of family pride, than was William the second by Duehamon's defenses at Louisburg. He left the unsavory Shoals (once forbidden by law as a residence for women or swine!) and came to Kittery Point. He showed himself a man of thrift and enterprise, time was in his favor, and when Margery was twenty years old, the Brays gave consent to the wedding, Master Bray giving his "sonn in law for euer, one Aere of Land" . . . "to begin from ye Wharf at ye water side, giveing lyberty if yr bee Occasion to make uss of ye Wharff, and so to runne backe leaueing the building Yard, & to runne backe to ye highway, to a plajne place, neare the highway to place his house & so from ye house backward to ye Northwards till ye acre of Land bee accomplished."

\* \* \*

To this acre Pepperrell and his sons added until their acres were numbered by the thousands and extended about them for many miles. In 1695 Pepperrell was a justice of the peace, signing himself "William Peprell Justes pes." In 1695-6 his signature is "Wm. Pepperel Is peee," and in 1698, when his illustrious son was two years old, it appears as "Wm. Pepperrell, Justis pease."

The Pepperrell house owes its fame to the fact that the second William Pepperrell, the hero of Louisburg, where he won his spurs and title fighting under the motto of the enthusiastic young Whitefield, "Nil Desperandum Christo duee," was born, lived and died

within its walls. The house built by the elder Pepperrell was about thirty-seven feet square, says tradition. The younger man enlarged it, and both families lived in it until the father and mother died in 1734 and 1741.

The house was shorn of its proportions long since, ten or twelve feet having been cut from either end, and there is little left to hint at its former grandeur, besides the grand hall into which the country neighbors used to say "you can drive a cart and oxen." The hall extends through the middle of the house and is about fourteen feet wide, finished in wood from top to bottom. The staircase is delightfully broad and easy and half way up is a landing ten or twelve feet square. An arched window on this landing has cherubs' heads carved on the two upper corners—grave stone cherubs, like the creature on the door of the Bray buffet.

Sir William was an exact man, and his papers which might be likened to the leaves of the forest for multitude, were scattered far and wide after his death. His face (Mr. Parkman calls it a good bourgeois face, not without dignity, though with no suggestion of the soldier), is tolerably familiar through the portrait at Salem, Mass., painted in 1751, in London, and the copy at the state house in Augusta.

Other men than Sir William have suffered defeat in their attempts to found a family, but somehow one has a particularly tender feeling for the luckless old baronet of whom history has only good to tell, when one reads his will, and never do the words of the preacher, "Vanity of vanities," rise more to the lips. His relatives evidently fattened on his prosperity, for to many of his kinsfolks he gives at his death the money they owe him—if they be already dead! But! if they are still in the body, and where a hand can be laid on them he is not always so lenient, and one of them is forgiven half his debt only, and that on condition that he pay the other half within two years to certain other relatives. The Baronet was a shrewd man, and no doubt he had bought a part of his wisdom in money matters with kinspeople by sore and repeated punishments.

His only son, Andrew, was unhappy in his love affairs. There were rumors of a match between him and Mary, the daughter of Rev. Benjamin Stevens, who lived in the Congregationalist parsonage at Kittery Point from 1741 to 1791, and was an intimate friend of the Baronet, but Mary married another, and when Andrew, after many delays, went to Boston to marry Hannah Waldo, the Boston beauty refused to allow the ceremony to go on. Doubtless she had heard of Mary Stevens, and chose her own time to punish young Pepperrell for his procrastination. Six weeks afterward Miss Waldo became Mrs. Thomas Fluker, and their daughter, "the lovely Lucy," married Henry Knox, once the handsome Boston bookseller, afterward Washington's loved comrade in arms, and, still later, the magnate of

Thomaston, in the Maine Waldo patent. Mrs. Knox is said to have been "a Tartar," a disposition, we may guess, inherited from the Waldo side of the family.

Andrew died not long after his rejection by Miss Waldo, and his house on which his father had spent ten thousand pounds, has disappeared. It was used as a barrack during the Revolution, so the story runs, and was so injured it blew down in a great gale. Another legend says it was burned.

After Andrew's death, Sir William's hopes turned to his young grandsons—the children of his daughter, Elizabeth Sparhawk. He does not seem to have been fond of his son-in-law, Colonel Sparhawk. The Colonel importuned him for private spoils while he was risking his life at Louisbourg, and it was vexatious to be teased for silver sets and hogsheads of wine by one sitting comfortably at home, while he with his bare-foot, ragged men, stood face to face with death. There is a significant clause in the Baronet's will. He there forgave Sparhawk "all the debt he oweth me," after which perhaps no more need be said of the relations of this much tried gentleman and his son-in-law.

Sir William made every provision for the continuance of his name, arranging for its adoption by one and another of the four Sparhawk boys, or the little Mary Pepperrell Sparhawk, and in case they all died without issue, bequeathing it to more distant connections, but the grandson who became William Pepperrell, and for whom the title which expired at the Baronet's death was revived, went to England during the Revolution, the family estates were confiscated, and the family name lost. One or two of the fifty portraits of relatives and friends that once hung in Sir William's hall are in the Atheneum in Portsmouth, but the plate presented him in London while he was abroad after the fall of Louisbourg, went to England; this with his swords, gold watch, "Cloathing and armor and Gold Rings" as well as the "Diamond Ring in my Chest in Boston" all having gone to the Sparhawk children, none of whom seem to have inherited the grandfather's best qualities.

There is a pretty story told of Mary. It is said that Mowatt went into Portsmouth harbor in 1775 with the intention of burning the town, but being entertained by the Sparhawks, and charmed with Mary, he spared Portsmouth and sailed away to wreck his vengeance on Portland, instead.

Sir William, with his English traditions strong upon him, left money for the maintenance of a free school at Kittery Point, to be under the inspection of the Congregationalist minister of the parish; part of the income of the estate, failing heirs, was to be used for the church, and the tomb built by him in 1736 was to have proper care. This is one of the saddest parts of the story. In long years of neglect the tomb door had given away and adventurous boys played

among the bones inside. A man of Kittery has told me he well remembers counting the skulls lying about the room—there were twenty-nine. While half a dozen school boys were in the mouldy charnel house, it was the delight of a big boy to light a bit of candle, and, suddenly blowing it out, shriek in the darkness that instantly enveloped the trembling urchins, “Old Pepperrell’s coming—old Pepperrell’s coming!” Woe then to the boy who was slow of foot for none stayed on the order of his going, nor to lend a hand to his neighbor.

The tomb is now closed and cared for, but after all the pomp of his life, Sir William is still denied a gravestone, not even has his name been added to the inscription on the tomb. Fate has been kinder to his tiny niece, Miriam Jackson. Her ugly little slate headstone has stood close by the spot where the Pepperrells and Sparhawks rest for more than one hundred and fifty years. Her life on earth was seventeen days. I have wondered if it was this little stone thrifty Sir William was bargaining for when he wrote to Boston for a tombstone, saying he would “not have it very costly,” as being in a “country place it will not be much in view.”

The Baronet’s father willed sixty “pounds in current money or Bills of Credit” to buy “Plate or Vessels for the Use” of the Kittery church, Sir William gave ten pounds sterling for the same purpose, and communicants in the little church at Kittery Point (it has but four male members) sip their sacramental wine and take their sacramental bread from solid silver, something rarely done in Maine. Sir William’s money was devoted to the purchase of an armsplate, bearing his coat-of-arms, and an inscription embracing all his titles. The christening cup, modestly marked “The gift of an unknown hand,” is supposed to have been given by Lady Pepperrell.

Both the Pepperrell and Bray houses face the water. The street laid out years after they were built, passes under what were originally the back windows. It is said Sir William could mount his horse at his door and ride to Saco, without leaving his own land, and this is to be borne in mind while visiting the house he built for Mrs. Sparhawk when she married at nineteen.

\* \* \*

There was a clergyman away off in the Roger Williams Plantations who died, leaving a widow and two little boys. Young Mrs. Sparhawk, the widow, married Col. Waldo, and came to live in Boston. One of the boys, John, adopted his father’s profession and lived in Salem, the other, Nathaniel, became Sir William’s importunate son-in-law, and it was his step-father’s granddaughter who refused to marry his brother-in-law, Andrew Pepperrell. Mrs. Waldo made her will in Kittery in 1749, giving Col. Sparhawk, beside his half of her property, “all the plate of which I shall die possessed or shall not have disposed of and delivered in my life time to those to whom the

same may be conveyed. And in case the Plate hereby given to my Said Son Nathaniel shall not be equal in value to that which my Said Son John has had afores<sup>d</sup>, Nathaniel Shall have so much out of the rest of my Estate before Division as to make up that deficiency." Let us hope the Colonel was consoled by this will for his disappointment in regard to Louisbourg spoils, and that he ate and drank from silver the rest of his life.

Mrs. Waldo divided her wardrobe between her two daughters-in-law, particularly mentioning a "suit of Masquerade Damask" for Mrs. Elizabeth, as she had already given Mrs. Jane a "suit of Silk Cloths," but to John's daughter she left one hundred pounds to be paid her when she should be twenty-one years old, or at her marriage, while no other grandchild is mentioned. John had named his daughter Priscilla, for his mother. "The Pepperrells could take care of the Sparhawk boys," doubtless good Mrs. Waldo said, no more seeing a generation into the future than do grandmothers of to-day.

Colonel Sparhawk failed in business. Perhaps his neighbors suffered from his bad financial management. Perhaps they ate from pewter while he enjoyed silver. Perhaps he gave himself airs on account of his Boston connections, and his marriage with Sir William's daughter. It may have been not only from all these causes, but also because he was a Tory, that his memory is not revered in Kittery. The crest in his coat-of-arms is a sparrowhawk, and Kittery still tells of a lampoon one of his townsmen wrote after his death, on the Pepperrell tomb where the Colonel slept, regardless at last of plate:

"Here lies the hawk, who, in his day,  
Made many a harmless bird his prey,  
But now he's dead and unlamented,  
Heaven be praised, we're all contented!"

A letter written by Sir William to order some of his daughter's "things" at the time of her marriage, has been preserved. It is dated "Pascataway in New England, Oct. 14th, 1741" (she was married the next May), and asks to have sent from England, "Silk to make a woman a full suit of clothes, the ground to be white padusoy and flowered with all sorts of flowers suitable for a young woman—another of white watered Taby, and Gold Lace for trimming of it; twelve yards of Green Padusoy; thirteen yards of lace for a woman's headdress, two inches wide, as can be bought for 13 s. per yard." He also ordered a handsome fan with leather mounting at twenty shillings, with two pairs of silk shoes, and "some cloggs" to be worn over them.

Mrs. Sparhawk's house is about half a mile distant from her father's toward Portsmouth, and an avenue of fine trees once led from one to the other. The long approach from the road to the Spar-

hawk house is still bordered by trees, but the dusty highway worn by common feet runs between the old knight's mansion and the beautiful home where Mrs. Sparhawk received the grand guests coming in their own coaches from Boston and Portsmouth for the three days' visit prescribed by the etiquette of the mother country.

This home is still delightful. The front door keeps its iron knocker and the bull's eye glass gleams above it. The broad hall ends in an arch under which one passes into a rear hall where Col. Sparhawk's leatherne firebuckets still hang. Half way up the wide, easy stair-case is a landing on which a tall clock stands. A window on this landing opens on a broad stair in the back staircase. The upper half of the window opens, and the lower sash drops to a foot stool so that Mrs. Sparhawk's silken shoes might trip over the sill when she chose to steal slyly down the back stairs to catch the maids flirting with the fishermen whose boats were drawn up on the shore of Spruce creek behind the house.

From Mrs. Sparhawk's window she looked across to the Pepperrell dower house, built for Lady Pepperrell after her husband's death. It is not as elegant as the Sparhawk house, but it is handsome and well-built; the floors are to-day the admiration of carpenters, while the staircase is not often equalled for width and ease of ascent. Halfway up is the landing, but here a door opens on the back stairs. One can fancy Mrs. Sparhawk advising her mother as to the advantage of a regular door instead of a window and a foot-stool, the one being troublesome to drop and the other liable to be misplaced by some mischievous maid who had her own reasons for delaying the mistress's coming; and then there was always the danger of catching one's slipper heel in the sill. The different parts of these houses, the furniture in them and the paper on the walls is supposed to have been made in England and brought to the "province of Mayn" in the Pepperrell ships.

About the beginning of the present century Capt. Cutts, a rich ship master and owner, bought the Lady Pepperrell place and it is better known in Kittery as the Cutts house. Mrs. Cutts was a Chauncey, a descendant of Chauncey de Chauncey who crossed the channel with the Conqueror, a man who knew where the roots of his genealogical tree were, two hundred years before the battle of Hastings.

\* \* \*

Charles Chauncey, the first of the name in this country, was born in England in 1596 and bought a divinity degree at Cambridge thirty-two years later. But the young divine had the boldness of youth, and, being fired with the ardent desire to reform the world, common to generous young minds, he dared to criticise Archbishop Laud openly, and such a course not being in conformity with the usages of the church, he was forced to apologize. Chauncey was a true Puritan, however. No sooner was the apology made than a ter-

rible smiting of conscience ensued. Chauncey was troubled, this time, that he should "have so demeaned himself before a fellow worm," and he sorrowed more deeply for the apology than for the act which had called it forth. There was nothing left but flight to America. He soon acquired here a title which Boston people doubtless thought far more honorable than the prefix de—he became president of Harvard College, and Mrs. Cutts was descended from one of his six sons.

Cutts is an old and honorable name in York county; Capt. Cutts was rich, his wife a lady, they were blessed with several children, and life must have looked fair to them, but blood was shed freely on the seas in those days, and tradition says a dying man on one of Capt. Cutts' vessels cursed the Captain, praying with his last breath that none of the family might die pleasant or easy deaths. Whether the Captain laughed or trembled at the threat, certain it is the embargo soon blighted trade, ships rotted at the wharves, and Capt. Cutts' fortune vanished.

Two or three children had died in infancy. Mrs. Cutts died in 1812—she was not a Cutts and the blight did not fall on her—but her unhappy husband lingered on until his ninety-eighth year,—almost half a century later—without having a lucid moment for years. One of the sons—a naval officer—shot himself as he lay on his bed in his father's house, another son lived a raving maniac for forty years, while Sally, the beautiful daughter, the darling of the family, is described most pathetically and lovingly as Miss Chauncey in Miss Jewett's "Deephaven." Happily she never realized she ate the bread of charity. She knew they were "a little reduced," but she always spoke hopefully of the time when their wealth would be restored to them, and she was always and under all circumstances the true lady—a Chauncey of the Chauncey de Chaunceys. Upon the mantel in a chamber of her old house recently stood a map of the world which she drew at school. That part of the globe we call the Antartic was marked "the South Icy ocean," and Australia bore the name New Holland. The lettering and drawing were perfectly legible though it must have been seventy-five years since Miss Cutts' little fingers held the pencil that traced the lines, and the gilt frame (it seemed to be made of plaster) was partially fallen away.

Side by side on the mantel with this relic stood a cabinet photograph of two laughing children. I turned it over and read on the back "Dolly Varden Saloon, Minneapolis." The contrast was sharp. What had the dainty lady in whose house I felt myself an intruder though she had long since left it, to do with the pert young civilization of to-day?

The story of the Cutts home has always seemed to me the most romantic and pathetic of all the tales told of the old Kittery houses. One flat stone serves as a monument for the whole family in the old



The Governor Wentworth House



First Congregational Parsonage at Kittery Point where  
Rev. Dr. Benjamin Stevens Resided 1741-1791—  
showing Elm Tree Planted by him



graveyard a few steps from the house. Sarah Chauncey, born 1791, died 1874, is the last name on the stone, and underneath is the single line "The weary are at rest."

\* \* \*

I shall always have an affection for another old Kittery house on account of a negress who lived in it. There were certain graves marked by common stones in the Pepperrell burial ground, guessed to be those of the negro servants, for though many negroes were held as slaves in Kittery, the graves of none of them are known. The ownership of the blacks in many cases was almost nominal, apparently. Sometimes they were given their freedom at the death of master or mistress, and in certain instances when the family was broken up, an old servant was made the care of the child with whom he or she chose to live. The elder Pepperrell mentions George, Scipio and Toby as slaves in his will, and Sir William directs that his wife have any four of the negroes she wishes after his death.

But none of these have been as famous as Dinah, once an inhabitant of Gerrish Island. The Gerrish house in which she lived (there are still one or two known by that name in the town) stood on the outer shore of the Island, looking away over a splendid reach of sea, straight out to where the Shoals lie, a faint speck on the horizon. It was burned long ago, and Dinah is remembered by her attempts to reduce it to ashes half a century or more before it was destroyed. Dinah was charged with a trick of baking cakes of the fine wheaten flour and inviting her friends to midnight lunches when her mistress was out of the way, but the first time fire was discovered the sin of incendiaryism was not laid to her account. At another time, however, when Mistress Gerrish was in her chamber cuddling a new baby, a young man coming home late from courting Sunday night, saw the glare of fire through the windows. He gave the alarm, and as the hastily summoned men dashed about with fire buckets, he spied Dinah idly looking on, and with sudden instinct called out, "Dinah, you black witch, what have you been doing?" Dinah's reply was a burst of tears, and the cry, "I wish to God they'd all burnt up!"

The poor creature had a little son and in her ignorance she had fancied if she could destroy her owners, she and her child would be free. Alas for Dinah! Her master took her to York the morning after the fire and sold her and she died in the York poor house long ago at a very great age.

This Gerrish house was probably standing in Sir William's time for Dinah's story was told me several years ago by a Mrs. Gerrish whose husband was the infant born about the time of Dinah's last trial for freedom by fire, and I remember Mrs. Gerrish said, "My husband would be just one hundred years old if he were living."

\* \* \*

There are many more old houses near these I have mentioned. The quaint cottage once used as a Free Baptist parsonage, is more than a century old. In remodeling it lately the owner found a small brick

in the filling under the hearth. It was marked in old-time figures, 1564.

Another brick of ordinary size in a demolished chimney was marked 1776, but whether these are dates, and the first a cousin to the thin yellow bricks that pave the streets of Holland villages, is by no means certain. Another Cutts house, said to be far older than the one described here, stands where "ffrancis Champernown, Gentlemen" once had his home. This house modernized is Celia Thaxter's summer home, and hard by is the grave of "sweet Mary Chauncey," the subject of her poem "In Kittery Churchyard."

A re-made blockhouse at the head of Fernald's Cove, opposite the navy yard, was the home of an ancestor of James Russell Lowell and the birthplace of William Whipple, who signed the Declaration of Independence. The "Commodore Decatur" house still occupied by Decaturs, is a neighbor to the Sparhawk mansion. Across the bay at New Castle is an old, old house where one Allen, boatswain for John Paul Jones, is supposed to have lived, and not far away is the rambling, fifty-roomed caravansary with its

"Doors opening into darkness unawares,  
Mysterious passages and flights of stairs,"

where the one time Martha Hilton and her aged co-partner, Benning Wentworth, reigned in the days of the Pepperrells, the Governor and the Baronet being, in the words of the country women, one year's children.

In a secluded nook on the Kittery shore, away from the high road, an old house stands on its own decaying wharf, looking out past its ruined warehouses for the ships that will never come in. Twice a day, the eager tides rush up about the barnacled steps of its boat landing, questioning of the argosies that once lay waiting their service. Twice a day, baffled and perplexed, they steal silently back, leaving long streamers of dulse and weed to dry in the sun and wind, as on shore only tattered shreds are left to hint of the full tide of riches that once flowed over the land.

Inside this old house are stores of lovely garments of the last century, parchments bearing the seal of a king Charles or George, ancient pictures, furniture and china that would drive a bric-a-brac collector to despair, since he has no charm that can make them his. In Portsmouth, just across the river, the proprietor of a shop for "antiques" showed me a blue silk umbrella, heavy enough for a giant and big enough for a small family. He assured me it was the veritable umbrella that wandered so long up and down the Kittery lanes, with Sally Cutts.



*ROBERT ANDREWS, A HERO OF BUNKER HILL*



## *Robert Andrews*

### *A Hero of Bunker Hill*

*By EVA L. SHOREY*



HE TIME was June 17, 1825, and the place Charlestown, Massachusetts. An immense throng had assembled to witness the laying of the corner stone of Bunker Hill monument and to enjoy the many features of this historic occasion. A distinguished guest was the friend of Washington, the beloved Gen. Lafayette, and fully as much honored by their countrymen were the two hundred Revolutionary veterans, forty of whom were survivors of the battle, many of them wearing their time-stained uniforms. The speaker was the great orator, Daniel Webster. The gay trappings of the military orders, the splendid regalia of the Masonic fraternity and the presence of the members of Bunker Hill Monument Association, made a procession of great length and brilliancy.

Following the impressive ceremony, the crowd moved to an amphitheatre on Breed's hill, where the oration was delivered, which has since become a classic:

“Venerable men!” rang out the voice of the orator. “You have come down to us from a former generation. Heaven has bounteously lengthened out your lives that you might behold this joyous day. You are now where you stood fifty years ago, this very hour, with your brothers and your neighbors, shoulder to shoulder, in the strife for your country.”

Among the veterans who thrilled at these words was Robert Andrews, who had journeyed from his home in Bridgton, Maine, to be present on this memorable occasion. A young man of twenty-three, he had left his native town of Boxford, Mass., at the alarm of April 19, 1775, and had stood with the “embattled farmers” at Lexington and Concord. He was a private in Capt. William Pearley's company; was one of the brave defenders of his country at the battle of Bunker Hill. He was stationed at Ticonderoga. He was among those who suffered hunger, cold and nakedness during the bitter winter in camp. He served at different periods until Dec. 16, 1780, when we find his discharge recorded.

It was his privilege to be present at the celebration of the completion of the monument, eighteen years later, and he is mentioned by Webster in that address. He was ninety-one years of age at the time.

At the close of his service in the Revolution, Robert Andrews, filled with the spirit of adventure which his years in camp had stimulated, decided to join a party of men from his home town of Boxford, which was going into the Maine wilderness to found homes in the new and but partially explored land. Some of his friends were interested in a tract of land which had been granted to them by the Legislature of Massachusetts, in place of certain territory granted to their ancestors for service under Sir William Phips in the so-called King William's war of 1690. It was later found that the first grant was in the boundaries of New Hampshire, and so a township seven miles square, east of the Saco river, in the District of Maine, was substituted. The owners were called proprietors, their agents being Benjamin Milliken, Thomas Perley and Moody Bridges.

This township was first called Pondicherry, it is claimed on account of the great number of beautiful ponds within its boundaries and the numerous wild cherry trees, though some assert the name is of Indian origin. It was, apparently, too fanciful for the hardy pioneers, for later it was changed to Bridgton, in honor of Moody Bridges, one of the proprietors.

The conditions of the grant were that a plan of the land should be returned to the secretary's office within twelve months for confirmation, and also that within six years they settle thirty families in this township, build a house of public worship, settle a Protestant minister and lay out one sixty-fourth part of the township, each, for the use of the first settled minister, the support of the ministry, and for Harvard College. They obtained the confirmation, the township being nine miles in length and six and a half in width, but eighty-two families were required instead of thirty, within the specified time.

An interesting document is the journal, kept by Solomon Wood, of Boxford, who, with his assistants, ran out that part of the township lying west of Long Pond, into lots of half a mile in length, and one hundred rods in width, containing one hundred acres each. Moody Bridges, Richard Peabody and Col. Thomas Poor accompanied the party, as a committee of the proprietors. The following are extracts, given exactly as it was written. The reader must supply his own punctuation.

“Monday, August ye 25, 1766, Set of to Newbury  
Port Lodged there.

30. Saturday Set Sail ye 2nd time for Caseo bey  
(their destination was Falmouth, now Portland) about  
7 o'clock in ye morning A fresh N. wind got Down  
within about 3 or 4 Leags of our port ye wind failed  
us. Lay all Night Rouling on the seas.

Septemr. 1. Monday a cloudy morning and afterwards a Rainy Day got a team to Carry us to goraham

town for 45s got to conants about sundown Peabody and I lodg there ye Rest went with ye stores.

2. Tuesday. Rise as soon as it was light went to Mr. Hamblens (probably near Little Falls on the Pre-sumpscott, 3 miles from Conant's) agreed with him to carry our stores to Sabaguck (Sebago) pond for £5 and 4 qr. of Rum got to Pond a bout 6 o'clock at Night with Part of stores.

\* \* \* \* \*

4. Thursday I took ye Point from ye landing at Pearsontown to ye grate mountain which bears N 20 D.

5. Friday Set of with the Rest of the Stores and got part of them up the Ripples (in Songo river) into ye Little (Brandy pond) and camped till Adams came with the rest at ye Ripples.

6. Sat. got to west cove near the head of long pond Landed our stores sent 2 back for ye Rest of ye stores. Peabody and I Lodged at ye Camp. Killed Dear in long pond.

7. Sunday we went to Pickwaeet (Fryeburg) got there about 8 o'clock."

Various incidents mentioned on different days are: "Indian dog came to camp." "chitch 14½ of fish." "chased a Bear." "a good day Run 10 miles by the chain." "killed two Bares young ones—boath." "built a Burch camp." "We laid out without fire wood or Blankets got no cold." "this Night Dismist my hands and Left Surveying good weather. a grand frolick at Night." "Rode my horse." "Drank some flip with Mr. Bridges."

The party arrived in Boxford Oct. 29.

The explanatory notes are by Isaac Bassett Choate of Boston, who published the journal some years ago.

\* \* \*

Fourteen years later, when Robert Andrews and others came, they entered a practical wilderness, for while a few scattered families had located in different parts of the township at that time, but little progress had been made toward clearing the land. A trail had been "swamped out" through the woods between the township and Pearsontown, now Standish, where a fort was located, while a natural waterway route was provided by Sebago Lake, Songo River, and Long Pond.

The farms were scattered over the various parts of the township, but in the southern part was a group which might almost be called a neighborhood, though the farms were separated by several miles.

It was in this group that Robert Andrews was located, his farm nearly surrounding Adams pond, with the exception of the land of

Daniel Perley, located on the heights toward the Center. We can imagine the keen pleasure of this young soldier as he arrived, either by way of Capt. Kimball's boat, or on horseback over the trail from Pearsontown, or possibly tramping in true soldier fashion from some landing on Long pond, with knapsack on his shoulder. The country through which he came must have reminded him somewhat of Boxford, although he doubtless gazed in wonder at towering Mt. Washington and the foot hills of the Presidential range. He chose his own farm near the picturesque pond, which should have been named Andrews, instead of Adams. The surrounding land rose to considerable height on all sides, although there were level places, where his fields were located later on. The memories of his part in the great struggle for liberty were fresh in his mind and he entered upon another struggle, this time to conquer the wilderness, build his little log cabin in which he lived alone, fell the great pine trees and clear the land for the fruitful farm which was to reward his faithful years of labor and industry, and which was to be passed on to other generations.

Great forests must have covered the sloping hills, for even to this day there are beautiful pine groves along the shore, and trees of birch, maple, and other growth, which give to the country a gorgeous appearance in the fall and a delightful opening of leaf and bud in the springtime. In some places there are Lombardy poplars and English willows of great age.

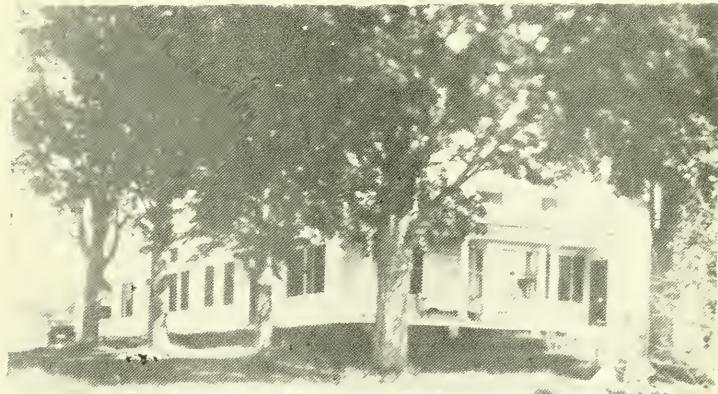
It has been stated that the Andrews farm covered 400 acres, but how near the correct figures these are, it is difficult to say. If one stands today on Parsonage hill and looks toward Adams pond, a great portion of the land which he can see, stretching to the right and to the left, was formerly a part of this estate. Today one looks upon the center of a thrifty village, with well tilled fields, attractive homes and winding roads, but in the early days it must have been largely primeval forest.

At the time the First Parish church was formed, Enoch Perley and Robert Andrews each gave \$1,000 toward its support. A proviso was inserted, which was not fully discussed at the time, that it revert to the church in the southern part of the town, should one be formed. One was organized in 1825, and Robert Andrews donated \$1,000 to the First Parish to replace the amount of his first gift, and always retained his membership there.

Fortunately there were forms of relaxation from the hard work incident to the farms, for we read of the formation of a militia company. In this, Robert Andrews was particularly active, as were the other soldiers of the Revolution. The company was called the Bridgton Light Infantry and was organized in 1792. The Captain was Isaiah Ingalls; Lieut., Robert Andrews; Ensign, John Kilborn. Each officer took a long and complicated oath of allegiance to the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, renouncing and adjuring "all alle-



Home of Moody Bridges, North Andover, Mass.



Home of Lieutenant Robert Andrews, South Bridgton



giance, subjection and obedience to the King, Queen or Government of Great Britain (as the case may be), and every other Foreign power, whatsoever, and that no foreign prince, person, prelate, State or potentate hath or ought to have any jurisdiction, superiority, pre-eminence, authority dispensing or other power in any matters civil, ecclesiastical or spiritual within this Commonwealth."

An important epoch in the town's history was its incorporation in 1794, there being 88 families and 471 inhabitants. Robert Andrews was first selectman, the others being James Flint and Joseph Sears. Isaiah Ingalls was town clerk; Phineas Ingalls, treasurer; Enoch Perley, moderator. At five different times, Robert Andrews served as selectman, and as treasurer, three years.

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Only the public events of a man's life are inscribed on the records of the town, but there are other and fully as interesting facts, which can only be ascertained by talking with those who knew these early settlers, or who have heard from older people of the village life of that time.

We find that after Robert Andrews had cleared portions of his land and commenced tilling the ground, he built a larger and more substantial house, on the heights overlooking the pond. We can imagine the excitement of the house raisings, as the different farmers did this very thing, and how they went from one new house to another and the festivities which followed.

While Lieut. Andrews never married, his house was always filled with relatives, or whole families, or with young men who grew up under his care and worked on the farm. He did not have very good success in keeping the young women relatives who came to keep house for him, for the young men of the neighborhood soon claimed them as wives. His sister Ruth married Daniel Barnard, and another sister became the wife of Daniel Bradstreet, the maternal grandfather of "the Cleaves boys"—Thomas, Nathan, Henry, Robert—several of whom held positions of honor in State and Nation. A niece from Vermont, Rachel, who came to live with him, married Augustus Perley; while Abigail Gibbs, who lived at the Andrews home for a time, married Thomas Kimball.

The old "leftenant," as he was called, dearly loved to joke with the members of his household, and the story is told that when he came down one morning, suspecting that some of the boys of the neighborhood had been "courting," said, in a bantering manner:

"Rachel, did you have a beau last night?"

"No, sir," quickly responded Rachel, tossing her head.

"Weel," he said quizzically, "Weel, I wonder who did. It couldn't have been Abigail, now could it?" And Abigail blushed and ran away, because it was well known throughout the countryside that she did have a sure enough beau.

Life at the Andrews' home moved along very pleasantly. There was much to be done on the farm, while in the house the dairy work, the spinning and weaving, the baking and household duties, required much time. Some of the young men who came to live there were sent to Bridgton Academy, which opened in 1808, its first sessions being held in Masonic Hall, then in North Bridgton, and in 1827 being removed to the Academy Building.

The training ground was five acres, on the westerly side of the meeting house, five acres on the easterly side being used as the burying ground. Evidently there was some opposition to this, for some time afterward, the action of the proprietors was reversed by the town, the burying ground being reduced in size to two acres, this being the old village cemetery.

The training field, with the exception of a sufficient amount for a road, was sold, together with the rest of the ministerial land. Later still, a part of the training field was repurchased by the town, and for many years was the scene of military displays attended by the settlers for miles around. The uniform of the members of this organization consisted of blue coats, with red facings, white breeches and cocked hats with white favors.

\* \* \*

There was no resident physician until Dr. Samuel Farnsworth came in 1790, later followed by his son in 1816, who located at North Bridgton. Previous to the coming of Dr. Farnsworth, the nearest physician was in Standish. The story is told that one man, being sick, walked to Standish, got his prescription filled, and returned on foot, carrying a gallon of molasses and a bushel of salt.

Among the men who began law practice in Bridgton in these early days and later became famous in State and Nation, were Hon. William Pitt Fessenden and Hon. Nathaniel S. Littlefield. The former rose to be the leading lawyer in the State and continued his brilliant career until he became leader in the United States Senate, refusing the highest seat in the Supreme Court. He was also Secretary of the Treasury. Mr. Littlefield practiced law in town for over fifty years, being president of the Maine Senate his second term, in 1839. He was representative to Congress for Oxford District, 1840-41, and later for Cumberland District. Justice Sewell C. Strout of the Maine Supreme Court, also began his law practice in Bridgton.

Bridgton was represented in the War of 1812 by twenty-one men, who were in Capt. Rufus McIntire's Co., 3d Regt. U. S. Artillery. This regiment participated in the battle of Plattsburg and witnessed Commodore Perry's brilliant victory on the lake.

Of the fraternal orders, Oriental Lodge, F. & A. M., was organized in 1804, and Cumberland Lodge, I. O. O. F., in 1845.

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It is impossible in an article of this length to mention all those who in the early days laid Bridgton's foundations so firmly. Such



“The Chany Dishes”



names as Abner and Nathan Dodge, Ebenezer Carsley, Ezra Gould, Jacob Hazen, Theodore and Alpheus Gibbs, William Morrison, Samuel Davis, Joseph Brocklebank, George Mead, John Chaplin, Daniel Brigham, William Bennett, Moses Gould, Horace Billings, William Cross, Rensaller Cram, and others, are known, even by the present generation.

A most important event was the dedication of the new Town House, in January, 1852, an able historical address being delivered by Hon. Marshall Cram. The story of the development of the town since that date—the establishment of the three woolen mills, and other large industries, the first newspaper, the tragic days of the Civil War, the coming of the railroad, the steady increase in population and property, the great popularity as a summer resort—is a most important one in the history of Maine.

\* \* \*

The town school system first consisted of four districts, Robert Andrews being a committee to build a schoolhouse in the southerly district. Later, in 1821, the school system was re-organized, forming eleven districts. It is interesting to note that in the winter of 1806-7 attending school in district No. 1 there were twenty-seven scholars bearing the name of Ingalls, all of one generation, brothers, sisters and cousins.

While Robert Andrews never married, he evidently wished to have his name perpetuated, for it was a standing offer that any boy, named for him, would receive a cow, in recognition of the fact. Naturally there were a good many whose family name was preceded by that of Robert Andrews. Some of these boys were relatives, as in the case of Robert Andrews Barnard and Robert Andrews Cleaves, but others were simply namesakes and some of the disagreeable people called them "cow-relations." One woman, who probably had only daughters, derisively said: "Why not call them 'Cow' and be done with it!"

But as the boys grew up, they were very proud of their Andrews cow, and also fond of the giver, and perhaps the old gentleman solved the problem of "keeping the boys on the farm." It has been said that he gave the girl babies a sheep, but this is probably only rumor.

Lieut. Andrews bought and sold a great deal of timberland, and of course many deeds were signed by him. Mrs. Fannie B. Ingalls, of South Bridgton, a descendant of the Daniel Perley family, found among some old papers, his signature, which is reproduced here. Those who read the character of a man by his handwriting, can study the firm letters, written by Robert Andrews over one hundred years ago:



Mrs. Ingalls also has the Ingalls Journal, a most valuable historic book, kept by Dr. Theodore Ingalls. Dr. Ingalls, son of Phineas Ingalls, located in South Bridgton in 1817.

\* \* \*

It is seventy-one years since the old Lieutenant died and in that time nearly all those who knew him have passed on. While various facts and some anecdotes have been handed down, only two people could be found in Bridgton, in the spring of 1916, who remembered him. One was Mrs. Ann Davis, widow of Marshall Davis, the old-time landlord of the Bridgton House. Mrs. Davis, when a child, resided with her relatives, the family of Hugh Bennett, at the home of Robert Andrews.

The writer found Mrs. Davis at her North High Street home, sitting by her accustomed sunny window, in an easy chair, with her ever-present patchwork.

"Did you know Lieut. Andrews?" was the question.

A pleasant smile and a reminiscent look came to her face.

"Yes, indeed I did. I can see him now, going across from the house to the barn his cane in his hand. He always loved to go into the barn and look at the cattle and overhanging haymows. He talked with the men a good deal. He was rather short in stature, but very erect, with gray hair when I knew him and slightly bald. But he had a cheerful, pleasant face, somewhat ruddy, and his eyes always had a twinkle in them.

"I used to ride with him quite often, up to the village church, for he always went there, even after the one was formed at South Bridgton. He was always joking with me and called me 'Ruthy,' which I guess was a favorite name with him, for he had a sister and a niece named Ruth. My name is Ruthana, you know.

"He had many queer notions and one was that he liked to sleep in a bunk. Even in the new house he had a bunk built, instead of having a bedstead. The bunk was kept at the house for years after he died, but I guess has been destroyed by this time.

"He always sold a lot of corn to the farmers and I remember one man who came for some, and while the Lieutenant, or Uncle Andrews, as some called him, was measuring it out, the man stamped on the floor, so the corn would settle down and he would get more. That made the old gentleman so mad that he drove him off and never would sell him any corn again. He was very kind and benevolent and gave away a great deal. Yes, I can see him now," added Mrs. Davis, as she looked down the long years since she was a little girl.

The other person who remembered Lieut. Andrews was Mrs. Amelia Knapp Berry and she told the writer about him as we had tea together in the old Peabody house, which is now owned and occupied by her son and family.

"It was my fourth birthday," she began—and she was eighty-five when we talked, "and I was very proud of the fact. I was walking up the road, when I met Lieut. Andrews. He said: 'Good morning, little girl,' and I answered: 'Howdy do, sir,' adding, 'it's my birthday' 'Oh, is that so?' said the Lieutenant with a laugh. 'That's funny, for it's mine, too.' It was his birthday, for it was October 5. 'Let's go up to the house and see if we can't find something for a present.'

"I tied my bonnet on and he took my hand in his and off we went. I had to run to keep up with him for he walked so fast. Pretty soon we got to his house and he went in a little room where he used to keep things to give away and came out with a bolt of cloth.

"'Go and ask Mrs. Cleaves how much you need for a dress.' The Cleaves family lived in one part of the house, later moving to Hio. This was the Judge Nathan and Gov. Henry B. Cleaves family. She told him and he measured it off and gave it to me. I thought it was the prettiest cloth I ever saw and I can see it yet, white ground, with a pink flower and a sprig of green. You better believe I was proud of that dress.

"He used to tell the children stories about the battle of Bunker Hill. I remember he would say: 'We worked all night putting up entrenchments. Then in the morning the firing began. We walked up the hill, fired, whirled and went back again, loading our guns as we went.' He liked to talk about the war and we loved to listen.

"'Rot it all' was his favorite swear word and sometimes he used it with a good deal of emphasis, although he was usually jolly and ready for fun. One of the boys who was hoeing for him got rummaging up in the attic and found the old Lieutenant's uniform. He dressed up in it and came down and paraded in front of the house, much to the amusement of all, even of the Lieutenant. After a while Mr. Andrews shouted: 'You better take off your regimentals and go to work.'

"The house had a long hall, with a kitchen and pantry at one side. There was a great chimney, which had five fireplaces in it and a brick oven. I remember when they tore it down. The house was later made into two parts, the Lieutenant living in the left hand end. It is now occupied by Frank A. Moulton and George Haley.

"Mr. Andrews always had a grand dinner party in the fall, after he killed his hogs, and invited the minister and wife, the doctor and wife, my father and mother. He had a very choice set of pink lustre dishes and he used to say to his niece: 'Ruth, put on the chany dishes,' which she did and they had the most good things to eat, baked in the brick oven, while the sparerib was roasted before the open fire, with a spoon hanging by to baste it with. That dinner was a yearly event, eagerly looked forward to, and the Lieutenant loved

to play the host, his small, erect figure and his glowing face making a picture which few forgot, while his jovial air and funny stories, told in his quick, original way, kept them all laughing.

"He had a fine farm and raised everything on it for his stock, of which he kept a large amount. He had cows, pigs, sheep, turkeys, hens, and they were always fine specimens. He said you could make money keeping pigs if you didn't get more than 4 pence a pound. That's 6½ cents, you know. He always charged \$1.00 a bushel for corn, no matter what the market price was and he always put his cattle out to pasture on a certain date in the spring, no matter what the weather might be. The Andrews cheese was noted far and wide, round in shape, and as big as a half bushel. He always gave one to the minister.

"Another of the Lieutenant's queer ways was to have some bannock cooked, which he would crumb into a tin dish, then take it out in the barn and hold it under the cow while he milked into it. Then he would come in and sit by the table in the kitchen while he ate it. They had a large pewter platter which they put the hash on and divided it into portions, then each one would eat from the platter."

Thomas B. Knapp, for many years prominent in the life of the town, who was born the year Lieut. Andrews died, remembers hearing many stories of the old gentleman. Among others was one of Ebenezer Choate, who bought a cow of Lieut. Andrews, giving him his note for it. He lived in Naples and took the cow home with him. In the winter, before he had paid the note, the cow died. Early one morning Mr. Choate started on foot, going the distance of five miles to tell the Lieutenant the sad news, but to assure him he would pay the note just the same. After talking the matter over, the Lieutenant said:

"Weel, Mr. Choate, I suppose you better take another eow, for the one you had would probably have died just the same if I had kept her."

The result was that Mr. Choate returned home, leading another cow.

The "chany teaset" was given to his "nephew, Robert Barnard," and the remaining pieces of the pink lustre set are owned by Ruth Barnard Sanborn, some being shown in the picture. The old table, at which the Lieutenant sat to eat his bannock, is also owned by the Barnard family.

Robert Andrews was the money lender of the town and whenever he had any on hand had a peculiar way of wearing his hat cocked on one side. Every would-be borrower knew this and never dared approach him on the subject unless his hat gave the proper signal. He charged a very small rate of interest, and the notes which he took were rarely ever presented. It is said that after his death a number were presented which he never intended should be collected.

One of his acts of philanthropy was to leave \$1,000, the interest on which is to be used for "the worthy and industrious poor of the town of Bridgton." This is given out each year in small amounts by the town treasurer. Others have followed his example in this respect. Lieut. Andrews received a pension as a Revolutionary soldier, of \$80 a year.

An anecdote is told concerning the old flint-lock musket which the Lieutenant carried at Bunker Hill. Years after his death, there was an auction of the household goods of his executor, some of his belongings being among them. A near neighbor, in rummaging around the debris after the auction, found the old musket thrown away, so took it home. When others heard of it, they tried to buy it, but without success. It is still in the possession of the widow of Robert M. Ingalls, and a picture was taken of it in that house.

One of the last public acts of his life was the journey to Charlestown, Mass., at the age of 91 years, to attend the celebration of the completion of Bunker Hill monument.

The old Lieutenant lived to be 92 years and 6 months, passing his last days in the quiet and comfort of his old home. He was tenderly cared for by one of his "boys," to whom he gave half of his house and a portion of his farm. One of his namesakes helped brick up the grave, a custom of respect shown in the old days to people of prominence.

He was laid to rest in the South Bridgton cemetery, the land for which he had given to the town. Later, a monument, topped by a miniature reproduction of Bunker Hill monument, was placed there. The inscription reads:

LIEUT. ROBERT ANDREWS

Born in Boxford, Mass., Oct. 5, 1752.

Died at his residence in Bridgton,

Apr. 26, 1845

Aged 92 years and 6 mos.

A firm believer of Christianity of which for more than 50 years he was a humble and consistent professor.

Friendly and sincere, he was a kind neighbor, a good citizen, a worthy and useful man.

A true Patriot, he was in the battle of Bunker Hill and a brave soldier through the Revolution.

\* \* \*

The life of Robert Andrews is an inspiring one. For nearly a century he lived, during the days of our country's struggle for independence, its adjustment as a republic and the beginnings of its national life. It is like a benediction to stand in the peaceful val-

ley, where all that was mortal of him was laid to rest over seventy years ago, and view the beautiful rural scenes which he loved and which will ever hold pleasant memories of him. As we review his patriotism, his willingness to endure hardship, his thrift, his generosity, and his upright, sturdy character, we feel that he richly deserved the eulogy which is entered opposite his name in the old church records, "He was a Public Benefactor."



References: Cram's Historical Address, Bridgton, 1852. History of Boxford, Mass., Perley. Massachusetts Soldiers and Sailors, War of the Revolution. Personal Interviews. Acknowledgment is made to the valuable assistance of Mrs. Mary E. Stevens, whose blessed memory is inseparably connected with the preparation of this article.

THE STORY OF ANCIENT GORGEANA



## *The Story of Ancient Goréeana*

By NINA VICTORIA ADAMS TALBOT

(Mrs. Archie Lee Talbot)



THE STORY of the city of Goréeana, the first chartered city in America, known to history, and the town of York, in the seventeenth century that succeeded it, is an important part of the history of the beginning of Colonial Maine.

It is replete with narrative and romance; but our story will contain more of overlooked history than romance, together with personal recollections of a visit to this historic place, on an important occasion,—the place known at different times, in succession, as Agamenticus (as Accumenticus), Bristol, Goréeana, and York.

The first settlement of the ancient maritime town of York, Maine, on the Atlantic coast, began soon after the landing of the Pilgrims, at Plymouth, Mass., in 1620. Fishermen were on the banks of the Agamenticus or York river as early as 1622.

Agamenticus was then, and is to this day, the name of a mountain 680 feet high, consisting of three elevations and situated in the northern part of the town of York, about five miles from the ocean. It is a noted landmark for mariners and is said to be the first height of land seen by them from the sea, on the coast northward and eastward from Portsmouth.

There is a short and deep tidal river whose mouth nature seems to have made for a safe harbor. This river was once called Agamenticus (the most ancient name being the Organug), now York river and harbor. The river itself receives but little supply from the short fresh water stream above the head of the tide, and therefore is indebted to the ocean for its existence. Its length at flood tide is seven miles, and the harbor, which is narrow and crooked at the entrance, can receive vessels of two or three hundred tons' burden.

Along the coast, four miles distant, a part of which is a beautiful beach of white sand, is the mouth of Cape Neddick river which is a stream flowing from the foot of Mount Agamenticus, and is so small as to be fordable at half tide. It is never navigable more than a mile from the ocean at high water. It is often referred to in the old York deeds of land as "Little River." On the southwest of this little river and at the upper end of Long Sands Bay, is the "Nubble," which is a small hillock.

Sir Ferdinando Georges, justly called the "Father of American Colonization," being impeded in securing the needed support

and thwarted in his efforts to establish a permanent government in the region between the Piscataqua and Kennebec rivers, that he called New Somersetshire, undertook through his nephew, Captain William Gorges, and six other councilors, one of whom was Edward Godfrey of Agamenticus, to establish and maintain a government. Their first meeting of record, was March 25, 1636, and their last, July 4, 1637. Captain Gorges was soon after recalled to England. The record of these meetings is the beginning of the records of York County.

It was the fixed purpose of Sir Ferdinando Gorges to plant a Colony here even at his own expense. Martin Pring had explored and examined this place and vicinity in 1603; Captain John Smith in 1614; and Richard Vines had, in 1616, examined it under special directions of Sir Ferdinando Gorges; Thomas Dermer had visited it in 1619; Christopher Leavett had also examined it in 1623; and Gorges thus knew of the short salt water river admitting vessels to a safe harbor, with good anchorage at and about its mouth, which river situated nearly equally distant from the Agamenticus mountain and the river Piscataqua, was the natural outlet of a future metropolis.

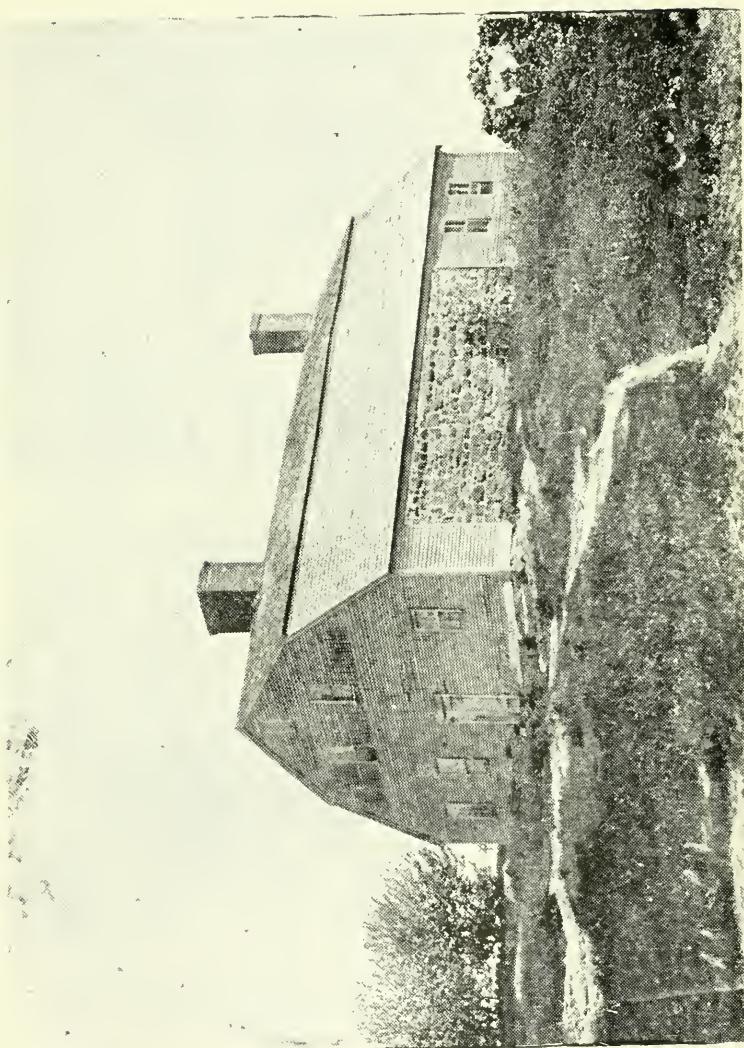
Pleased with the description of the place he procured from the Plymouth Council, in England, a patent of 24,000 acres of land, viz: 12,000 acres granted to Lieut. Col. Walter Norton and others on the east side of the river, while a like amount on the west side was given to his grandson, Ferdinando Gorges, believing that he would thus "Be better fortified" in his rights.

Thereupon Norton and his associates hastened to take possession of their territory, taking with them their families and necessary provisions, and Gorges sent over to represent his son, his nephew, Capt. William Gorges, with craftsmen for the building of houses and erecting of saw mills. By other shipping from Bristol, Gorges sent cattle with servants by which he says "The foundation of the plantation was laid." Thus came the first permanent settlers of York. Preceding this expedition must have gone Edward Godfrey, a steadfast defender of the rights of Gorges, and whose character stands out strong and able.

These settlers from Bristol, England, called the new settlement Bristol, supplanting for a time the name Agamenticus, but they seem to have failed in permanently retaining the name Bristol. Sir Ferdinando Gorges himself did not recognize it, but a settlement was commenced on the eastern side of the river, near the ocean, and afterward no other plantation of Gorges had so continually and so fully his patronage and favor.

\* \* \*

It was not until April 3, 1639, that Sir Ferdinando Gorges obtained from King Charles First, a provincial charter of his territory,



The Old Gaol at Alfred



in which the name "Maine," that was first in the charter to Gorges and Mason, in 1622, was restored, the language being "And we do ordain and appoint that the Poreon of the Mayne Lande or County of Mayne." By this charter Gorges was made lord palatine of a princely domain, the lord palatine and his heirs and assigns being made absolute lords proprietors of the Province, subject only to the supreme dominion, faith, and allegiance to the Crown, with certain revenues payable thereto.

Sir Ferdinando Gorges much desired to visit America, but being impeded by accidents, Thomas Gorges, a nephew or "cousin" as such kinsmen were called, was sent as deputy governor. He was of the Inns-of-Court; a barrister, and a young man of ability and judicial temperament.

Up to this time there had been a laxity of law and order. In 1640 Thomas Gorges reached Bristol, and established his authority. The court records show that his court was needed. "The wiley and corrupt George Burdett," in the guise of a clergyman, was working iniquity. He was arrested, indicted and convicted of various crimes.

With the Deputy Governor were six Councilors, one of whom was Edward Godfrey, the first to build a dwelling in Agamenticus. The government of the Province was organized March 10, 1640, and the first general court for the prosecution of justice throughout his Province, was opened in Saco, June 25, 1640.

On April 10, 1641, Sir Ferdinando Gorges, the lord palatine, created the plantation of Agamenticus into a borough with the "Church chapel or oratory" as the center thereof. (There is no record that the chapel was actually built.) It embraced the territory three miles each way, from said church chapel or oratory. A borough was an English town, and this was the first town incorporated in Maine.

\* \* \*

On March 1, 1642, Gorges issued his Charter as "Lord of the Province of Mayne" by which he incorporated a territory of twenty-one square miles, and the inhabitants thereon, into a city, which he called "Gorgeana." He ordained "that ye Circuite of ye said Incorporation \* \* \* shall extend from ye Beginning of ye Entrance of ye River \* \* \* & so up ye said River seven English miles, and all along ye East & North East side of ye sea shore Three English miles in breadth from ye Entrance of ye said River, and up into ye Mayne Land, seven miles, Butting with ye seven miles from ye sea side."

The government consisted of a mayor, twelve aldermen, twenty-four common-councilmen and a recorder, all to be annually elected in March, by the freeholders, who under the Gorges Charter were owners of real estate. The Mayor and Aldermen were ex-officio justices and had the appointment of four sergeants whose badge was a "white rod," and whose duty it was to serve judicial notices and

attend upon the court. The officers took the oath of allegiance and fidelity to the faithful performance of their duty. Under this charter elections were held and the business authorized performed. Edward Godfrey was the first mayor of the city of Gorgeana and was succeeded, in 1643, by Roger Garde, who had previously served as Alderman.

Governor Winthrop of the Massachusetts Bay Colony said, referring to Roger Garde, "They made a taylor their mayor," the inference being that such could not be elected in the Bay Colony. Since in our day a tailor has been elected Vice-President and became President of the United States, this remark seems unworthy of a colonial governor or anyone.

Mayor Garde was a man of large estate and good education. When the government was organized under the Gorges Charter in 1640, he was appointed recorder of the Province of Maine, and was continued in that office until his death in 1645. He was buried with military honors.

From Governor Winthrop's journal we learn that the population of the city of Gorgeana was between 250 and 300 souls. We think Governor Winthrop would not make it any larger than it was. Plymouth Colony had no larger population ten years after its first settlement. Historian Williamson says that for "more than ten years the city of Gorgeana acted in a corporate capacity, making grants of land and managing affairs in a manner most beneficial to the interests of the people." Surely the city of Gorgeana is not a legend or dream. It was in fact the first chartered city in America.

\* \* \*

As the conflict between King Charles First and Parliament intensified, Thomas Gorges, in the summer of 1643, returned to England, and was commissioned lieutenant-colonel in the Somerset Militia. The cellar of his residence in Gorgeana is still pointed out on the bank of the river.

Sir Ferdinando Gorges himself, although more than seventy years of age, joined the Army of the Crown in the civil wars and was with Prince Rupert the last year of his famous siege of Bristol, from July, 1643, to Sept. 1645, when that city was taken by the parliamentary forces and Gorges was plundered and thrown into prison. It was probably during his imprisonment that he wrote the brief narrative of his undertakings in New England, afterward published by his grandson.

In conclusion he wrote, "I end, and leave all to Him who is the only Author of all goodness and knows best his own time to bring his will to be made manifest, and appoints his instruments for the accomplishment thereof; to whose pleasure it becomes every one of us to submit ourselves as to that mighty God and great and gracious Lord, to whom all glory doth belong." He died in 1647.

The success of the revolution in England stimulated and encouraged rival interests and the enemies of Gorges, both in England and America, quickly seized upon his adversity, and the government of the Province of Maine was wrecked and almost paralyzed. The friends of Gorges did what they could. A court was convened at Wells in 1646, which elected Edward Godfrey governor, and several other prominent citizens were elected councilors.

Later other interests united and Edward Godfrey was chosen governor by the people in the western part of Maine in 1649. He was the first governor chosen by the people in colonial Maine, one of the original Councilors appointed by Sir Ferdinando Gorges and the only one left at the time.

In 1654, Edward Godfrey, then in England, affirmed that he had been a promoter of this colony in New England from A.D. 1609, and above 32 years, an adventurer in that design, an inhabitant of Agamenticus in 1629-30 and the first that built there. This makes the first permanent settlement of Agamenticus in 1629, but white men were living there, in the summer season at least, as early as 1622.

\* \* \*

An act of the general court under the Gorges Province, that has remained to this day, is the incorporation, Oct. 20, 1647, of the plantation of Piscataqua into a town by the name of Kittery, in respect to the wishes of several settlers who had emigrated from a town of that name in England. It does not seem right that the town of York should lose her rank as the first town incorporated in Maine when the same place was incorporated by a legal government in 1641, although under another name. The place now called York was the first incorporated town in Maine and we think it should be considered the first town in Maine.

The death of Sir Ferdinando Gorges and the execution of his royal friend and protector, King Charles First, stimulated the Massachusetts Bay Colony to extend her jurisdiction over the Province of Maine.

In 1652, Commissioners were appointed by the Bay Colony to negotiate with the inhabitants of the Province of Maine. The first session of the court of commissioners was held November 20, 1652, in Kittery. "Articles of Submission" were written, consisting of fourteen stipulations to which the freeholders assented and took the oath of allegiance to Massachusetts.

Among the stipulations it was agreed that Kittery should remain a town, that all inhabitants should be freemen, that the right to vote for their officers that they had always had in the Province of Maine should be continued, and to be represented by those of their own choice in the General Court; that they should be secure in their property, with all the liberties and protection as the people in the

Massachusetts Bay Colony, and that their militia should not be ordered beyond their borders without their consent. Surely this was an agreement rather than a "submission."

The commissioners' court was next held in Gorgeana. The following account is of interest: "Upon the 22 November, 1652, the Commissioners held their Court, and the inhabitants appeared, and after some tyme in debatements and many questions answered, and objections removed, the full and joint consent, acknowledged themselves subjects to the government of the Massachusetts in New England; only Mr. Godfrey did forbear, until the voate was past by the rest, and then immediately he did by word and voate express his consent." Governor Godfrey was obliged to unite with the others. His own words are of record. "Whatever my body was enforced to do Heaven knows my soul did not consent unto."

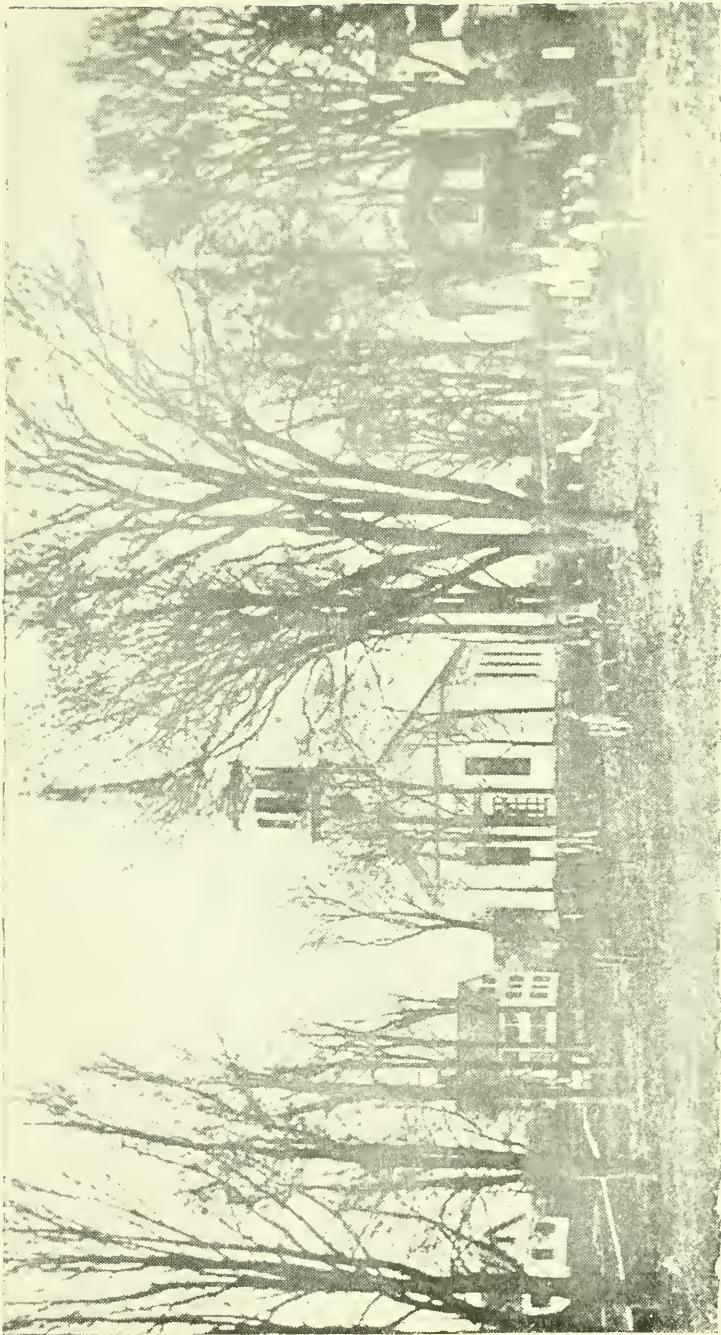
The inhabitants of the Province of Maine were powerless to defend themselves against political enemies and the savages that were all about them, liable to attack them at any time. The promised protection of the Massachusetts Bay Colony against the Indians was the real reason that caused them to become a part of Massachusetts in 1652, but with all their fear of the Indians they did not do this until articles that would be more correctly called Articles of Agreement, were made preserving their right to vote, that they had always had the same as the freemen in the Plymouth Colony, the right of suffrage not to be restricted to church members as in the Massachusetts Bay Colony.

The same rights were given to the inhabitants of Gorgeana that were given to those in Kittery, with the exception of the right to retain the name Gorgeana. The Massachusetts Bay Colony was determined to destroy, so far as they could, all record or reminder of Sir Ferdinando Gorges, the devoted friend of King Charles First.

Forty-nine men of Gorgeana took the oath of a freeman and allegiance to Massachusetts. One woman, Mary Topp, "Acknowledged herself subject &c only." No record of land owned by her appears in the old York County deeds and the reason why this one woman in Gorgeana acknowledged herself a subject only, is a question yet unsolved.

It was ordained in the writings that Agamenticus (they would not even mention the name Gorgeana) should be a town and be named "York" for the ancient town and largest county in England. As soon as those in other principal places in the Province had taken the oath of allegiance it was ordained that the whole territory beyond the Piscataqua river, under the jurisdiction of Massachusetts, should be a county to be called "Yorkshire."

A city, according to the English idea and custom in those days, was the headquarters or "see" of a bishop. It was clearly the purpose of Sir Ferdinando Gorges to make Gorgeana the seat of a bishop



First Parish Meeting House; Old Court House; Old Burying Ground



for New England, and had the army of King Charles First been successful the city of Goréeana, that originally embraced all the land to the ocean and an excellent harbor, would no doubt have been the metropolis of New England. The government of Massachusetts Bay Colony understood this perfectly and it intensified their hatred of Sir Ferdinando Gorges, as England hated George Washington during his lifetime.

There are many noble qualities in the life of Sir Ferdinando Gorges that entitle him to our respect and esteem. While he was on the wrong side in the struggle for liberty and the rights of the people in England, we can but feel that it was right and honorable for him to have been on the side of his royal friend, King Charles First, who had done so much for him.

He was devoted to the colonization of America, especially New England, and was the friend of the Pilgrims, aiding them with wise counsel, and shielding them from their enemies in England. He was also the friend of the Massachusetts Bay Colony in its early days. Invested with absolute power he gave the people of the Province of Maine more and greater privileges than were given by the Puritans to the people of the Massachusetts Bay Colony.

The name and memory of Sir Ferdinando Gorges should ever be cherished and honored by the people of Maine and especially by the descendants of the freemen of his cherished city of Goréeana.

\* \* \*

The vicissitudes of those early days may be traced from the records of the town. By 1660 York was growing rapidly and flourishing, as is evidenced by the land grants. Yet the title to the Province was still in litigation, but when Charles Second came to the throne, Massachusetts Bay Colony feared, at times, lest its own great charter be annulled. For thirty years York, the seat of the provisional government and the place least reconciled to the rule of Massachusetts Bay, was a storm center of the contesting claimants.

The last fitful cloud cleared away in 1684, when President Danforth, authorized by the Massachusetts Bay Colony, "ye now Lord Proprietors," confirmed to the inhabitants all rights and privileges "to them formerly granted by Sir Ferdinando Gorges." Thus it would seem that Massachusetts Bay chose to rest her title as assignee to the Gorges heirs, rather than to her interpretation of the famous line north of the Merrimac River.

For more than one hundred years the inhabitants in what is now the State of Maine lived in terror of the Indians, whom they called "the heathen." All of this time England and France were rival claimants for possession and Maine was disputed territory. It is easy to see the reason for the action of the French in Canada, in the French and Indian Wars in Colonial Maine. The stories of the cruel

torture and massacre by the Indians, led on by the Canadian French, that have been handed down through generations in New England are still vividly remembered by their descendants.

An attack, made at Cape Neddick in York, by the Indians in 1676, was attended with awful cruelty. Forty persons were slain or carried into captivity and the dwellings laid in ashes. Again the dwellings were burned in 1691, but the other settlements in York had singularly escaped. In 1692, the "Day of Doom" was upon them. A band of savages in the winter of 1692, led by Frenchmen, set out from Penobscot, being joined on the way by allies from the Kennebec, to attack and destroy the western settlements.

On the night of February 4 (O. S.) they gathered upon the wooded slopes of Mount Agamenticus, from whence they could look down upon the little village of York and see the lights in the houses in the distance. Some of these houses were fortified, and a watch kept, which probably deterred the Indians from making a night attack, for they waited until daylight.

Then, as it began to be light, they crept toward their prey, partly concealed by the snow which was now silently falling about them. The watch at this hour had doubtless ceased and they approached the doomed village unperceived. A good authority says they "consisted of nearly as many French as Indians, in all exceeding one hundred and fifty." Another account makes the number more than twice as many, all of them having taken up their march upon snow-shoes.

"A scene of most horrid carnage and capture instantly ensued; and in one half hour, more than an hundred and sixty of the inhabitants were expiring victims or trembling supplicants, at the feet of their enraged enemies. The rest had the good fortune to escape with their lives into Preble's, Haman's, Aleock's, and Norton's garrison houses, the best fortifications in town. \* \* \* About 75 of the people were killed, yet despairing of their conquest or capitulation, the vindictive destroyers set on fire nearly all the unfortified houses on the north side of the river. \* \* \* Apprehensive of being overtaken by avenging pursuers, they hastened their retreat into the woods, taking with them as much booty as they could carry, and as Dr. Mather says, near an hundred of that unhappy people prisoners."

Rev. Shubael Dummer, the first minister in York, was among the first to fall. He was just mounting his horse when struck down by a bullet. His wife and son were made prisoners. She soon died from the terrible fatiguing march in the wilderness of Maine.

Mr. Williamson in his History of the State of Maine, says: "The massacre in York and burning of the town were the more deeply and extensively lamented because of the antiquity and pre-eminence of the place and the excellent character of the people."

The writer recalls to mind another name, her first American ancestor, a resident of Gorgeana, one of the forty-nine men who took

the oath of a freeman and allegiance to Massachusetts, November 22, 1652, one of the selectmen of the town of York in 1674, who fell a victim in the cruel massacre February 5, 1692.

While this is sad history of our state and of many of the colonial families in Maine, whose descendants are still with us, we are not unmindful that two generations later, it was the French in Canada who saved the remnant of Arnold's army from starvation, after that terrible march through the wilderness of Maine, in the winter of 1775, and that the Penobscot Indians were true to their native land and fought side by side with the Americans against the British in the War of the Revolution.

\* \* \*

In the Revolution the patriotism of the citizens of York is conspicuous by the quick response to the Lexington Alarm, April 19, 1775, for the town of York has the honor of having raised and sent, within twenty-four hours, the first company of soldiers out of the District of Maine to relieve their suffering countrymen.

Hon. David Sewall, of said town, stated in 1794, which was repeated by Williamson in his History of the State of Maine, that the news of the battle of Lexington was received at York at nine o'clock in the evening April 20, 1775, and although no Minute Men had been formed in that town, a company of over sixty men was enrolled, fitted out with guns, ammunition and haversacks, with provisions for several days, and actually marched the next day, the 21st, and had crossed over the Piscataqua River into New Hampshire before night. They were soon sent back because their services were not needed.

This fact, so surprising, is proved by the original pay roll of Captain Johnson Moulton's Company, now in a good state of preservation in the Archives of Massachusetts. The date of enlistment is April 21, 1775, sixty-three men all from the town of York, and were allowed four days' pay.

\* \* \*

#### TWO HUNDRED AND FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY.

As the writer thinks of the old town of York, the home of her earliest ancestors in America, for three generations, she is reminded of a very pleasant visit to this ancestral town, on the occasion of the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the town, August 5, 1902. No personal acquaintances resided there, but this historic town and the assemblage on that anniversary day had something more than a general interest to her. The events of that day are ever recalled with pleasure.

The "Old Gaol" or King's Prison, that was built in 1653, was of special interest. This old jail attracts the attention of every one who visits the town of York and we recall how it looked that day, both outside and inside, as it still preserves the dungeons, court-

room and sheriff's residence, now devoted to a colonial museum of valuable relics, household utensils, books, manuscripts, commissions, coats-of-arms, etc.

So far as known, the four or five garrison houses, the meeting-house, which stood south of the burying ground, and the "Gaol" were all, on the north side of the river, that escaped the torch on that dreadful morning, February 5, 1692.

We visited the McIntire Garrison House, built in 1640, in that part of the town that was first settled by emigrants from Scotland, and other houses of interest, notably Coventry Hall, the former residence of Judge David Sewall, LL.D., a graduate from Harvard College, in 1755, classmate and life-long friend of President John Adams. During the administration of President Washington he built this mansion, that is now known as Coventry Hall, so named from Coventry, England, from whence came the ancestors of Judge Sewall. It was in this stately home that Judge Sewall entertained President Munroe on his "progress eastward." We read the worthy record inscribed on the memorial stone in honor of Lieutenant Abraham Preble, whose father, Abraham Preble, Sr., was, in 1674, a selectman of the town of York, on the board with Philip Adams, the ancestor of the writer.

Among the old places of interest we visited the old burying ground, read the inscriptions on the stones that mark the old graves and stood beside what is called "The Witches Grave" with a heavy stone slab resting its entire length between the head-stone and foot-stone. There is no record of a witch in the old town in the days of witches, and a queer story is told about this grave.

It is said that about a century ago a woman died and was buried there, and as the hogs in those days "well yoked and ringed" were allowed to run at large, her husband, who was about to remove from town, considerably placed the heavy stone upon it to prevent it from being disturbed. However this may be, the residents of the town of York will not admit that there was ever a witch in town, or even a man in town who thought he could hold such in her grave by placing on it a great stone slab.

We recall the parade of a detachment of United States marines, with the Marine Band of the Kittery Navy Yard; the military company for the occasion, permitted to bear arms by his Excellency, Honorable John F. Hill, Governor of Maine, who was in command of the company, costumed and representing Captain Johnson Moulton's Company of Volunteers in 1775; the floral parade of the children of the public schools; the tableaux on floats; 1614, Captain John Smith, unfolding his "Great Map of New England" before Prince Charles, who named this locality Boston, and Mt. Agamenticus "Snowden Hill;" 1631-2, Col. Walter Norton and the Colonists from Bristol, England, sent by Gorges to take possession "by which

the foundation of this plantation was laid;" 1642, Edward Godfrey, Mayor of Goréeana, Roger Garde, Recorder, "Sargents of ye White Rod" and Aldermen; 1652, Massachusetts Bay Colony assumes control. Right Worshipful Sir Richard Bellingham and Sheriff Norton, Edward Godfrey refuses to submit, resolving to exercise jurisdiction "until it shall please Parliament otherwise to order;" 1692, Sack and Massacre by the French and Indians, Killing of Rev. Shubael Dummer, first pastor of the Parish, at his house near Roaring Rock; 1745-47, Sir William Pepperrill presenting to Col. Jeremiah Moulton a silver tankard, a gift from King George II. for valiant conduct at Louisburg; 1761, Major Samuel Sewall builds "The Great Bridge" over York River, the first pile draw bridge in America; 1774, Daniel Moulton, Town Clerk, in town meeting, reading the resolutions protesting against taxation without representation, and pledging support, especially to brethren of the "Town of Boston;" 1775, Volunteers, Men of the Alarm List, under Capt. Johnson Moulton, responding to the call from Lexington, April 21st, 1775, first troops to leave Maine in the struggle for independence; 1816, President Munroe received by Judge David Sewall, escorted by officers of First Regiment of the District of Maine Militia.

All these historic events, from the earliest Colonial days, were reproduced in a most excellent and interesting manner.

In the afternoon there gathered, near the old Court-House, on the village green, in the clear, bracing air of a perfect August day, an assemblage numbering into the thousands. It represented not only all that is best in an old, thrifty New England town, but also many hundreds of summer residents and non-residents from every section of the Union.

Upon the platform, erected in the shade of the old building, were seated distinguished historians, authors, educators, and statesmen.

Hon. John C. Stewart welcomed all in a very happy manner.

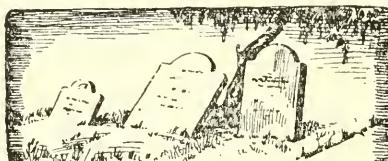
The oration was by Hon. James Phinney Baxter, President of the Maine Historical Society, and of the New England Historic Genealogical Society; an address by Hon. Frank D. Marshall and short addresses by distinguished guests, Major General Joshua L. Chamberlain, Rev. William J. Tucker, D.D., President of Dartmouth College, Francis Lynde Stetson, Esq., New York City; Thomas Nelson Page, Litt.D., Washington, D. C., William Dean Howells, Litt.D., Boston, Hon. Thomas B. Reed, Samuel L. Clemens, Litt.D. (Mark Twain), and others.

Here were spoken the last public words of Thomas B. Reed, who had quietly come from New York to meet his friends in the old First District of Maine. He spoke only too briefly—a characteristic, humorous excuse for what he termed an intrusion. He made a humorous allusion to his friend, the great humorist, which was later to arouse and turn the wit of Mr. Clemens upon Mr. Reed, and closed

with words of soberness upon the nobility and responsibility of good citizenship. Mr. Clemens had a cottage in York, as also several of the other speakers, and was a summer resident. He was in fine spirits that day (not fermented) and the wit of Mr. Reed and Mr. Clemens was a pleasant feature, enlivening the occasion.

At the close of the public exercises of this eventful day, a reception was given to the members of the Maine Historical Society, who were making this celebration a "Field Day," also to the distinguished speakers and other guests and visitors, at the old "Judge Sewall Mansion," a social gathering which all enjoyed.

Thus we end our story of the historic city of Gorgeana, and the old town of York, Maine, with the story of that delightful 250th anniversary day in 1902—scenes and events that will long be remembered.



**NOTE:** The author of this story is a lineal descendant in the eighth generation from Philip Adams, one of the forty-nine men of the city of Gorgeana who took the oath of a freeman and allegiance to Massachusetts, November 22, 1652; a selectman of the town of York in 1674, who fell a victim in the great massacre by the Indians in 1692.

Mrs. Talbot in her historical article brings out facts of interest that we think have never before been published. Among these that Agamenticus, incorporated into a town or borough, April 10, 1641, was the first town incorporated in Maine and that the statements signed by the freeholders of Kittery and Gorgeana in 1652, were improperly called, "Articles of Submission" as they were simply Articles of Agreement, mutually entered into by and between the Massachusetts Bay Colony and the inhabitants of those towns in the Province of Maine. The commissioners by fair promises induced them voluntarily to subscribe to these articles, and it was unjust to cast any reflections upon them by using language that implies subjection or submission to any compulsion, for it was their own free act, by agreement, that protected their inalienable rights.—Ed.

*TWO JUSTICES OF THE SUPREME COURT  
OF MAINE*



## *Two Justices of the Supreme Court of Maine*

*By FLORENCE WAUGH DANFORTH*

N THE days when court was held at Norridgewock and the Danforth Hotel was in its glory, there were several residents of that little town on the Kennebec whose deeds of fame have long outlived their own generation and are well worth a passing thought in the busy commercial world of today. Two of these men rose to the dignity of the Supreme Bench—one a real son of Norridgewock, the other hers by adoption.

Thither from the Byfield Parish, in the little town of Rowley, Massachusetts, came John Searle Tenney and opened a law office on the north side of the river. Mr. Tenney was born in 1793 on the very farm where his ancestors had settled in 1639. His childhood days were spent on this farm; his early education was begun at the district school where he laid the foundation of a vigorous physical and mental constitution which lasted him through long years of usefulness. He received his college preparation at Dummer Academy, under the instruction of the famous Abiel Abbott, and entered Bowdoin College in 1812, where he ranked high as a scholar, particularly in the Greek classics, and graduated at the head of his class.<sup>1</sup>

He taught in the Academy at Warren, Maine, for a few months and then studied law at Hallowell, under the instruction of Elias Bond, who prepared him for the practice of his profession. In 1820 the young lawyer came to Norridgewock, the shire town of Somerset County, ostensibly to practice law, but in reality to perform pioneer work not only in the way of shaping and moulding the character and habit of thought of the young lawyers who came to settle later in the town, but also to impress his stamp upon the character of the entire community.

The practice of law in those days was very different from the present time. The litigated cases were in the hands of a few eminent lawyers, well-grounded in the arena of argument, who made a circuit of all the counties, monopolizing the important business of the courts. These men were regular giants in their mastery of law and certain of the confidence of the community. What chance was there for a beginner full of distrust of his own powers and with no political backing?

For twelve years Mr. Tenney confined himself to the dull drudgery of a lawyer's office. In 1832 the crucial moment came, in

<sup>1</sup>There were eleven in his class. Professor Packard, for over fifty years teacher and professor at Bowdoin College, was a classmate.

a closely contested case with the Hon. Peleg Sprague, then a United States Senator, as the opposing lawyer. Mr. Tenney was successful; henceforth he was an advocate as well as a sound lawyer.

In 1837, he was elected a member of the House of Representatives. This was to him a new experience. His law practice had been confined to his own county, hence he was less known throughout the State than he was entitled to be from his real merits. It so happened that on the election for Governor<sup>2</sup> for this year, the votes of the two parties were so nearly equal as to leave each a chance to challenge the other. When the official count was made, the result depended entirely upon whether the returns from certain towns claimed by one party to be erroneous were to be received or rejected. The validity of these returns became the all-absorbing topic of conversation. The leading members of each political party held caucuses to decide what course to pursue. At one of these private meetings, Mr. Tenney was called upon for his judgment. He complied with the request and removed all doubts of those present. The following day he repeated his speech in the House. The question was settled in accordance with Mr. Tenney's views. His speech was printed and circulated, thus extending throughout the State the reputation which he had established in his own county, and when a vacancy occurred upon the bench, he was appointed as the person fitted to fill it.<sup>3</sup>

In 1841 he was appointed Associate Justice of the Supreme Judicial Court—a voluntary offering to his fitness for the place.<sup>4</sup> "Into this position" says Judge Danforth, "he carried the same nice sense of honor that had characterized his professional life. Here, too, was exhibited the same self-possession, the same patience under trying and difficult duties by which he had hitherto been distinguished. His courtesy toward the members of the bar never failed. In his courtesy, however, he never forgot his dignity, or rather that never forgot itself. It was natural to the man—a part of his very being; existing within him, the result of native force, and an innate sense of the right and proper, ever-present, regulating and controlling all his conduct without effort and almost unconsciously to himself."

Judge Tenney was re-appointed without opposition and, at the end of his second term, he was made Chief Justice with "universal approbation." At the expiration of his term of office as Chief Justice he retired in the full vigor of life, his "ermine unsullied," car-

<sup>2</sup>The two candidates for Governor were Edward Kent (Whig) and Gorham Parks (Democrat). In the official count Edward Kent received 34,358, Gorham Parks received 33,879.

<sup>3</sup>For my knowledge of Judge Tenney's rise in his profession, I am indebted to his fellow townsman and contemporary Judge Danforth, in the Maine Report, Volume LVI, appendix pages 594-596.

<sup>4</sup>Maine Report, Volume LVI. Appendix. page 596.

rying with him the universal respect of those with whom he had been closely associated.

Late in life he was twice elected State Senator,<sup>5</sup> immediately after he retired from public life. He had given many years of service to the state, the evening of his life belonged to himself. Henceforth he attended only to his own affairs and spent much of his time in social intercourse with his friends.

The formal published opinions of Judge Tenney, numbering six hundred and seventy-three (over thirty a year), may be found in Volumes twenty to fifty-two inclusive of the Maine Reports. These opinions treat of a wide variety of subjects likely to arise in common law courts and cover a much longer term of years than the average judicial life.<sup>6</sup> "It is his written opinions" says Gen. Hamlin, "which evidence his knowledge of the law and strength as a judge. They are characterized by strength rather than by ease of composition and by soundness of conclusion rather than rapidity of reaching results. To the profession they are a living source of authority adding harmony to the growth of the law."

At the time of the dispute over the northeast boundary of Maine, Mr. Tenney was employed to effect a settlement with Great Britain and made several trips to Quebec with horse and carriage for that purpose.<sup>7</sup> This was about the year 1840. Before the final Ashburton Treaty was negotiated by Daniel Webster, then Secretary of State under President Tyler, Judge Tenney had been appointed to the Supreme Bench and as a result of this had no part in the final settlement of the boundary line.

So much for Judge Tenney as a professional man. There are other points to be emphasized, however, in such a versatile man, for example his personal interest in his *Alma Mater*. In spite of his great mental strain in the legal profession, he found time to serve as Overseer and Trustee of Bowdoin College<sup>8</sup> during a period of twenty-seven years and for twenty years was lecturer on Medical Jurisprudence. In 1856 he received the degree of LL.D., and two years later, at the celebration of the semi-centennial of the college, Judge Tenney was invited to take part in the exercises. He read a paper<sup>9</sup> which was received with such universal favor by the audience that a request was made to have the paper printed.

In stature Judge Tenney was tall and portly, standing six feet three inches and weighing two hundred and fifty pounds. His mas-

<sup>5</sup>State Senator 1864 and 1865.

<sup>6</sup>The Green Bag, Volume VII. page 510.

<sup>7</sup>Mrs. Hathaway, Judge Tenney's daughter, is my authority for Judge Tenney's part in the North East Boundary controversy.

<sup>8</sup>Overseer of the College 1842-1849. Trustee of the College 1849-1869.

<sup>9</sup>The authorities of Bowdoin College can find no trace of this paper ever being published.

sive frame, his imposing figure, his face, handsome and majestic, his high forehead and full eye—all characterized him as a life long student. He would be looked upon today as a typical gentleman of the old school.

Possessing remarkable conversational powers, all classes of men interested him; believing in the precept that all men are created equal, he made no distinction between an inferior and a superior, but made it is his custom to speak courteously to every one he met on the village street.

Coming to Norridgewock fresh from his college life, with his brilliant wit and his commanding presence, he naturally became the idol of the town in social events—his company was sought in every household.

In 1814 the Danforth Hotel was opened, which became at once the home of the Somerset bar and was familiarly called the Court Hotel. Here young people danced the stately minuet in the old dance hall, which still remains intact with its big fireplaces and chandeliers at each end.

The young lawyer could have had his choice of the belles of the town, but he chose instead Miss Hannah Dennis<sup>10</sup> of Ipswich, Massachusetts, as his life companion. Two children came to brighten their household, a son and a daughter,<sup>11</sup> and of their beautiful home life, his daughter, Mrs. Hathaway, who is still living, has much to tell.

After making a home of his own, Judge Tenney set at work to make an attractive home for others. Thither came young students to study law at his office and become members of his own household. Among the number were Sanford Ballard,<sup>12</sup> Noah Woods and William G. Barrows.<sup>13</sup> The Aroostook War<sup>14</sup> broke out while Mr. Ballard was a student and he enlisted, taking with him a curl from each of the Tenney children's hair, saying that when he was dying on the battlefield he would kiss those locks of hair—but not a shot was fired and he came back to finish his study of law. Judge Barrows, when a student in Judge Tenney's family, always spoke of the two Tenney children as the "little plagues." Mrs. Hathaway remembers these incidents of her childhood with much pleasure and recalls them vividly, although more than three score years have elapsed.

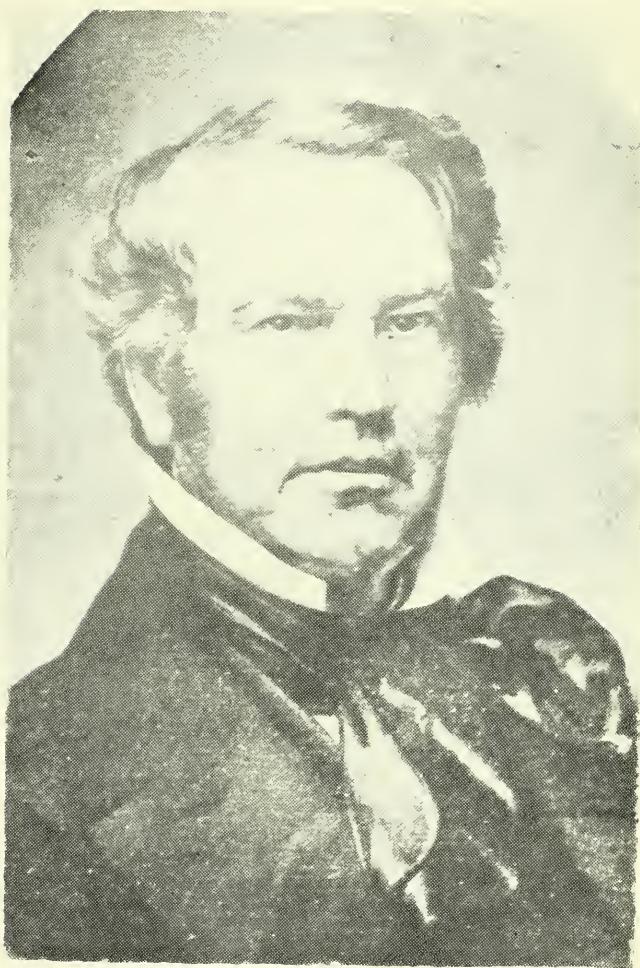
<sup>10</sup>John Searle Tenney and Hannah Dennis were married at Ipswich, Massachusetts, in February, 1831.

<sup>11</sup>Martha Jane was born Sept. 21 1832; married Joshua Warren Hathaway April 30, 1860. Samuel William, born March 10, 1834, died June 23, 1864.

<sup>12</sup>His sister, Emily Ballard, was the first Preceptress of the Female Academy, established in 1837, at Norridgewock.

<sup>13</sup>William G. Barrows afterwards became Judge of the Supreme Court from 1863-1884.

<sup>14</sup>The Aroostook War was caused by a dispute in 1837 over the boundary line between Maine and New Brunswick. It was finally settled by arbitration.



Judge Tenney



The public schools were not just what Judge Tenney wanted for the education of his children; he preferred to employ governesses for them. Among the number was Miss Fanny Dunlap from Portland<sup>15</sup> who remained several months as private teacher for the two Tenney children and for the two small children of the Hon. Cullen Sawtelle, Henrietta and Charles,<sup>16</sup> who came to the Tenney house for lessons.

Miss Dunlap went directly from Norridgewock to act as governess for James Russell Lowell's little daughter Mabel, and shortly after married the poet. Mrs. Hathaway, after a period of more than seventy years, reviews with pleasure the happy hours spent with the young teacher, and says of her, "She was an uncommonly beautiful and lovable young woman and we children just adored her." Mrs. Hathaway also speaks with much feeling of her father's loving care of her in her childhood and recalls many a time of returning home on a cold winter's night to find her bed heated for her with an old-fashioned warming pan. He used to say that he had no enemy that he hated badly enough to want him to sleep cold.

Miss Sarah Clark recalls Judge Tenney as a regular attendant at the village church and says of him: "In my early days I loved to watch him in winter, clad in a long, black broadcloth cloak fastened by a metal clasp, as he walked with stately stride up the aisle to his seat in one of the central body pews."

Judge Tenney's love for his native town was quite unusual and nothing delighted his soul better than to tell some of the stories connected with the scenes of his boyhood. When he was a lad it was customary to carry on family worship, even when the head of the household was not gifted in prayer. He was fond of relating in his manhood days a form of family prayer habitually used by a worthy old gentleman who lived not far from his father's farm:

Bless me and bless my body,  
Bless my wife and bless Molly,  
Bless Thomas and prosper him,  
Bless Dudley and his offspring,  
Bless Sol in his store  
And bless Sally forevermore. Amen.

A tender attachment that years could not weaken bound him to his birthplace. Byfield<sup>17</sup> was to him the "Sweet Auburn" in Goldsmith's "Deserted Village."

<sup>15</sup>Her sister, Miss Elizabeth Dunlap, had previously been a preceptress at the Female Academy in Norridgewock.

<sup>16</sup>Miss Henrietta Sawtelle now resides in Inglewood, New Jersey. Charles Sawtelle graduated from West Point in 1854. Brevet Brigadier-General U. S. Army March 13, 1865, for "Faithful and meritorious services in the Quartermaster's Department during the war." Died at Washington, D. C., January 4, 1913.

<sup>17</sup>The story of Byfield by John Louis Ewell, page 204.

Judge Tenney "still had hopes, his long vexations past,  
Here to return—and die at home at last."

He always<sup>18</sup> reserved one room in the ancestral home for his own occupancy. The same old furniture—tall clock and straight back chairs, remained intact till long after his death. Some of the old inhabitants of Byfield recall his noble figure as he sat in pew No. 41 when he chanced to spend a Sunday in his native town. Judge Tenney died Aug. 23, 1869, and is buried in the family lot at Byfield.

Such was Judge Tenney—the man, the scholar, the citizen, who, for almost half a century, spoke words of wisdom and kindness to those about him, until they became a part of the very constitution of society. That part of the man can never die, we shall see his influence upon a younger fellow-townsman, who shortly after followed in his footsteps.

\* \* \*

The influence of Judge Tenney's life bore fruit near home, for next door to him and right under the shadow of the Court House, another master of the law was growing into manhood.

Charles Danforth, the sixth son of Israel and Sally (Wait) Danforth, was born at the Danforth Hotel, August 1, 1815. The family is of English origin. His ancestors came to America in 1634. One of them, Thomas Danforth,<sup>20</sup> was an associate Justice of the Supreme Court under the charter of 1691.

Young Danforth was self-reliant and resourceful from his youth upward. His older brothers and sisters always liked to tell the story of his falling from a boat that was moored on the banks of the Kennebec River not far from his home. He was only four years old and no help was at hand. A few minutes later, however, dripping from head to foot, he appeared before his frightened mother, who asked him how he got out. "Why I went kick and paw like the dog" was his ready response.

It was his delight as a young boy to watch the pomp and ceremony attendant on court proceedings, for there was much more splendor then than now. On the morning of the opening of court, two officers bearing poles (their badges of office), used to appear at the Hotel and escort the Judge to the Court House. All this, together with listening to the most able lawyers of the county by day and dreaming of it all by night, was quite enough to turn his naturally legal mind to the study of law as his life work.

His playfellows, too, were boys of unusual minds who gave promise of high hopes for the future. Squire Allen's sons, Charles and

<sup>18</sup>The Tenney Family by M. J. Tenney, page 169.

<sup>20</sup>The Green Bag, Volume VII., page 460.

Stephen,<sup>21</sup> were his constant companions. With them he fished and roamed through the woods, forming then perhaps his love for Nature which afforded him so much pleasure and relaxation from labor in later years.

Charles Allen's dream when a boy of nine years has always been a favorite story in both the Danforth and the Allen family.

The two lads were walking past the Court House when young Allen suddenly said: "Charles, I dreamed last night that you were Judge in that Court House and I opened the court with prayer." As neither of the boys had formed any definite plans for the future, the statement was rather startling and for the time was soon forgotten. It proved, however, to be a forecast of coming events, for many years after, while Judge Danforth was holding court in his native town, Dr. Tappan, the Congregational minister, was away from home. The Sheriff in charge was somewhat disaffected with Parson Nugent, the Baptist minister. What was to be done? The court could not open properly without prayer. The Sheriff heard that Dr. Charles Allen had arrived at Squire Allen's the evening before. Here was his chancery. Without consulting the Presiding Justice, he escorted Dr. Allen to the court house. As they entered he asked the minister if he wouldn't like to meet the Judge, who had arrived early and was in his room. He assented and the two men met face to face. After a lapse of half a century, the dream of the boy had come true.

Judge Danforth's early education began in the village school of his native town; later he attended Bloomfield Academy and then became a student in Judge Tenney's law office at the same time that Mr. Noah Woods was there; the two became fast friends and were afterwards law partners in Gardiner, Maine.

The young lawyer settled in Gorham, Maine, and remained there two years. During this time he made one legal contract that was permanent; he became engaged to Miss Julia J. Dinsmore<sup>22</sup> of Norridgewock, a young woman of unusual beauty and personal charms, whom he had known from early childhood. With the prospect of increased responsibilities, a larger field for professional work was desirable and with this idea in view the young people settled permanently in Gardiner, Maine. For ten years a law-partnership existed under the name of Danforth and Woods, until Mr. Woods retired from legal practice.

Various officers of trust came to Mr. Danforth in Gardiner such as member of the school board, selectman of the town, etc. When Gardiner became a city in 1850, he was elected a member of the com-

<sup>21</sup>Charles Allen was president of the Maine State College, 1871-1878. Stephen Allen was principal of the Maine Wesleyan Seminary, Kents Hill, Maine, from 1841-4. Presiding elder of the Augusta district from 1879-1883. He wrote several books. "The History of Methodism in Maine" was one of the most important.

<sup>22</sup>Charles Danforth married Julia J. Dinsmore at Norridgewock in 1845.

mon council, acting as president of the same for three years. In 1849 he was nominated by the Whig party as representative to the State Legislature and served during the sessions of 1850-1-2, during which time he was a member of the Judiciary Committee and Chairman of the Insane Hospital Committee. In 1855 he was a member of Governor Anson P. Morrill's Council and in 1857 again represented Gardiner in the Legislature, for the second time serving on the Judiciary Committee.

In 1858 he was elected County Attorney and almost unanimously re-elected in 1861. In 1864 he received an appointment as Justice of the Supreme Judicial Court which by three re-appointments upon the expiration of the terms, he continued to hold till the day of his death. The principal part of Judge Danforth's life work consisted in the faithful discharge of the duties of this high office and since his reputation and fame rest upon this, it is fitting to review some of his legal work.

"His formal published opinions number three hundred and thirty-five and present a remarkable range.<sup>23</sup> Some thirty of them have passed into the list of oft-cited cases—a good test of his judicial powers and their value as precedents."

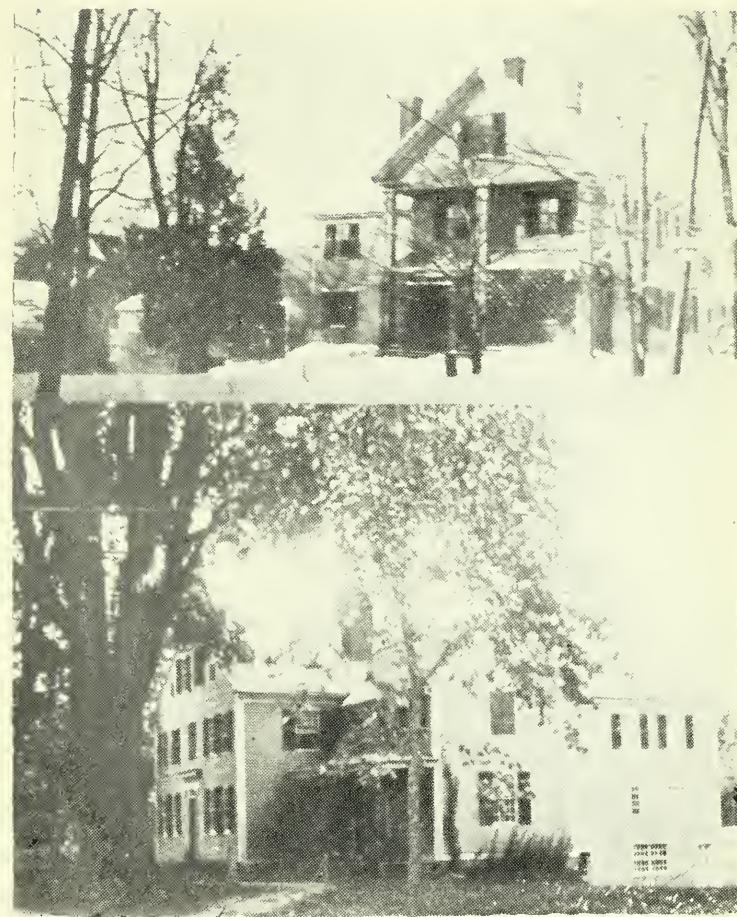
Ever since Maine became a state there have been laws for the assessment and collection of State, County and Municipal taxes on real estate. But until the year 1870, the prescribed rules of law had never been sufficiently followed in assessing taxes and taking the necessary steps for the sale of real estate to enforce payment thereof, so that a sale for non-payment of taxes was held by the Courts to be valid.

In 1870, the Supreme Judicial Court of Maine upheld the tax-title in the action of Greene against Lunt (town of Peru, Oxford County). Judge Danforth drew the opinion of the Court and this has been the leading case in Maine on the question of tax titles. In his opinion regarding the case of Greene against Lunt<sup>24</sup> the Judge says the collector must obtain his information from the assessment, which must be complete in and of itself as much as a deed or contract. The description in the assessment of many of the lots sold is defective and insufficient. One is described as one half island —whether an undivided half or not does not appear, or if undivided no means are furnished by which we can ascertain which half is intended.

Such a description is plainly insufficient in a tax title, when the lien is fixed by the assessment and nothing is left to the discretion of the collector or purchaser as to the location of the lot sold. Under such a description the person assessed could not tell whether

<sup>23</sup>The Green Bag—"The Supreme Court of Maine," written by General Charles Hamlin. Volume VIII, page 112.

<sup>24</sup>Greene vs. Lunt, 58 Maine, 518.



Judge Danforth's Home in Gardiner

Birthplace of Judge Danforth



it was his property or that of a stranger which was taxed, nor could the purchaser have sufficient knowledge of the identity of the land to enable him to bid intelligently. Therefore as to these lots the action must fail, but for the lots whose identity is fixed, the plaintiff must have judgment, but for those which the person assessed could not tell whether it was his property or that of a stranger the judgment is for the defendant.

Judge Danforth's manner of procedure in court always created a clean, wholesome judicial atmosphere, characterized by good common sense. The absence of catch phrases, the direct and manly way at which he arrived at conclusions, sometimes caused him to be accused of having a commonplace style. But commonplace, when used with aptness, is always the most telling thing in a judicial opinion.

An intimate friend of his once said: "His pages are like the air we breathe. There is little color, little variety, but there is an interior harmony and fitness about them not unlike a constant quantity in an algebraic formula."

Chief Justice Peters,<sup>25</sup> his life-long friend, speaks thus in analyzing his characteristic qualities: "He was a very helpful associate in judicial consultations. He never allowed first impressions or first expressions to hold him to indefensible positions; never being so wedded to his own opinions as to love them better than he loved the truth. \* \* \* Such a man often possesses an unusual degree of what may be called reserve power, a power only occasionally called into action—a power behind power—the waters that linger in the eddy until some condition arises to sweep them into the general stream. He possessed such power."

By reason of Judge Danforth's sound judgment in the affairs of his legal profession, Bowdoin College, in 1858, conferred upon him the honorary degree of A.M. This degree meant more to him than it would to the majority of men who might receive that honor, because he had never had the advantage of an A.B. from any college. The honor came unsought and was a recognition of the ability of a self-made man.

But outside the affairs of state, Judge Danforth had natural and cultivated tastes. He was a discriminating reader and enjoyed not only serious books, but inclined also to the lighter romances and poetry. He was especially fond of Tennyson and could repeat with rare enjoyment both to himself and his listeners long poems from that author. It was his delight, in the evening twilight after the long, arduous business tasks of the day, to gather his family about him and recite poems from his favorite authors. "Those Evening Bells" always entered into some part of the evening's entertainment.

<sup>25</sup>Maine Report, Volume LXXXII, page 592. Published by Loring, Short & Harmon.

These tastes brought out the genial side of his nature; the lighter pleasures of the evening acted as a fitting complement to the sterner tasks of the day.

His seriousness never allowed him to indulge much in humor, but he often spoke of his experience as Justice of the Peace, and used to say that he never married but two couples and that before a year had elapsed he had occasion to divorce them both.

In his personal appearance Judge Danforth was most prepossessing. He was almost six feet tall, standing always erect, with pleasing address and easy manners. His complexion bore the glow of good health and temperate living; he was unaffected and true in every fibre of his being and simple in all his tastes.

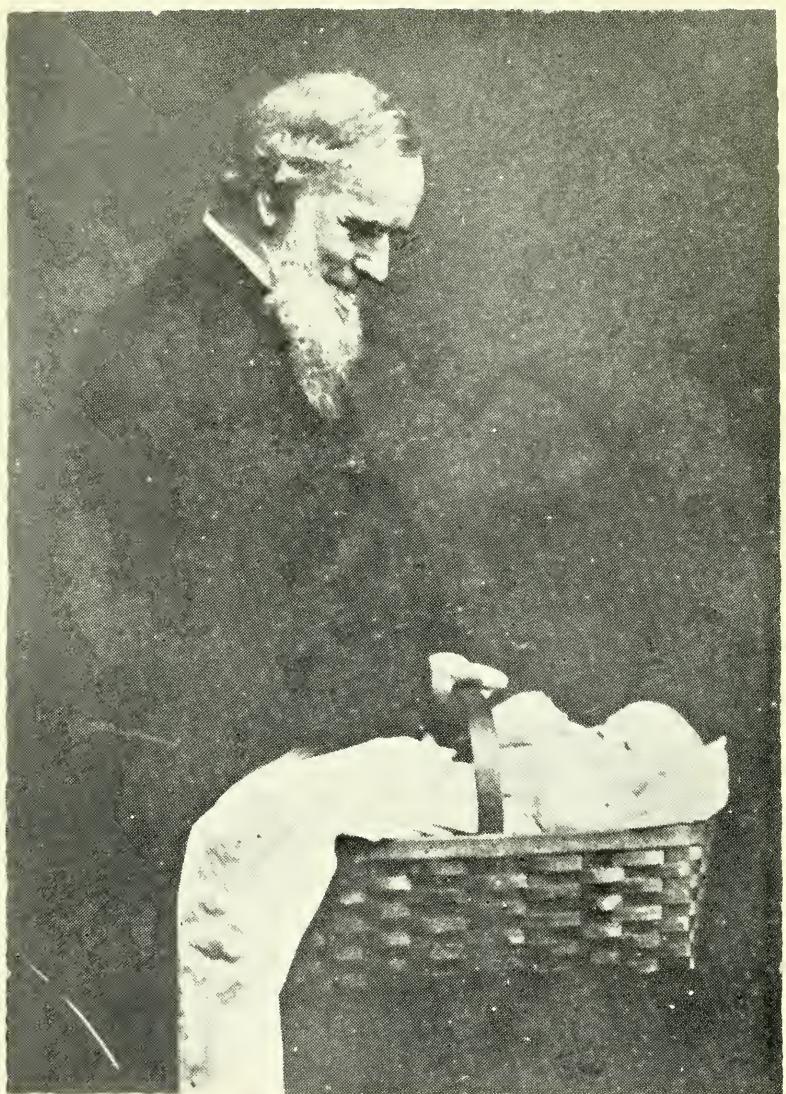
The late Orville D. Baker<sup>26</sup>, thus eulogizes him: "His dress, his speech, all his pleasures were quiet and modest. Simple himself he loved most the things that were simple, Nature and his God, and he lived very close to both. Long walks in the woods and by the streams, long looks at the mountains and the sky brought him that deep refreshment which others vainly seek from cards and wine. \* \* \* Above all he was a gentleman, I do not know that anyone ever heard him speak harshly and I am certain that no man ever did or could speak harshly to him. Even his learning of which he had accumulated much, sat softly on him and in all his living gentleness became him like a flower."

Judge Danforth's love for his native town was as strong as ever Judge Tenney's had been for his. He never missed an opportunity of going back to Norridgewock. One afternoon coming up from Gardiner a gentleman greeted him on the train and inquired where he was going. He replied: "I am going up home tonight." "Why," said the man, "I thought you lived in Gardiner." "I live in Gardiner," said the Judge, "but my home is in Norridgewock."

Judge Danforth was stricken with pneumonia while attending court in Skowhegan and died March 30, 1890, at his home in Gardiner. At his request he was carried to Norridgewock for his final resting place and laid beneath the old oak tree near the bank of the Kennebec river, so dear to his heart. He was survived by one son, Frederic Danforth, a well known civil engineer, who served his city as Mayor during the years 1901-2, and was State Railroad Commissioner, 1894-1900. Mr. Frederic Danforth died June 6, 1913.

Judge Danforth lived to see great changes in his native town. For over sixty years court had been held in Norridgewock, but suddenly there came rumors of the ambitions of an adjoining town to become the shire town of the county. When court was held the lawyers sat around the Franklin stove in the little office of the Danforth Hotel and threshed out the pros and cons of the removal of the court to Skowhegan.

<sup>26</sup>Maine Report, Volume LXXXII, page 587-8.



Judge Danforth Weighing His First Grandchild



It was argued that Skowhegan was a larger town; that she was more centrally located; that she could boast of a railroad;<sup>27</sup> that ex-Governor Coburn had offered the gift of a court house.

While Norridgewock had none of these inducements to offer she still felt that possession was nine points of the law and one lawyer drily remarked that it would be a great mistake to locate the court house any further from the Danforth Hotel than it now stood. But the pressure brought to bear was too strong and in 1872 the March term of court was held in Skowhegan. Shortly after, the Danforth Hotel sign was taken down and the house has remained ever since a private residence, but always kept in the Danforth family.

Such was the life of these two noted men of Norridgewock; unlike in personal appearance, but in the essentials that go to make up the real man, as much alike as father and son. With both these men the love of justice and truth was inborn and their moral nature worked in unison with the intellectual. Each man acted well the part given to him by the State to perform.

Their lives were well lived, well ended, a success to themselves and a blessing to others. The Norridgewock of today has good reason to point with pride to these two sons who, for terms aggregating forty-seven years, so creditably performed their duties in the highest judicial offices the State of Maine could offer. No other town in Somerset county and but few cities in the whole State can boast of such a record. No particular reason can be assigned for Norridgewock's good fortune, we take it as a natural course of events and thank God for it.

<sup>27</sup>The railroad first came to Skowhegan in 1856.



*MRS. NORTH'S STORY*



## *Mrs. North's Story*

*By SARA E. SVENSEN*



NDEED, I prefer to see Jeannette dead rather than married to Alexander Fossette!"

This remark addressed to me on the eve of my departure for America had been forgotten in the busy period that followed my arrival at Jamestown, Pemaquid. With the relief following the labor of settling, I seated myself beside the comfortable fireplace in Jeannette's room. The girl, with pale face and closed eyes, lay on the cot opposite me and as I looked across at her, the cruel words and accompanying scene returned to my memory. Again I was at my sister's home in the north of Ireland, pleading for the lovers.

"Lydia North," the angry woman hurled at me in the broad Gaelic dialect, "Have you lost your wits entirely? A daughter of mine born of the aristocracy, united to a man without title and without lands! A disgrace to the name of Young!"

My sister, a tall, dignified woman, had inherited the beauty and grace of our Irish ancestors, and the high, richly furnished rooms made an eminently fitting frame for her, as she walked to and fro, clasping and unclasping her hands in the effort at self-restraint. When she had sufficiently mastered herself, she said in a cold voice, edged with sarcasm:

"You have encouraged the girl in this affair, but your husband is opposed to it. John North is a sensible man! Jeannette's father is as indignant as I, at the silly lovers, and declares that nothing but separation will effect a cure!" She came closer and added triumphantly. "When you and Mr. North sail for the new country, Jeannette goes with you!"

Tears and entreaty were useless. A month later, in a vessel owned by Mr. North, with our family, our servants, and our furniture, we set sail for the coast of Maine, where we had purchased land of David Dunbar, a native of Ireland and for a time, colonel in the army.

\* \* \*

It was Christmas morn, the first we had spent in our Pemaquid home and all was ready for our Christmas guests. Without, the air was cool and bracing; within, all warmth and coziness. We viewed our surroundings with much satisfaction. At either end of the great room, wide fireplaces sent forth a welcome glow and a crackling "Merry Christmas!" Handsome tapestries and richly embroidered hangings made an attractive background for the dark, carved furniture. In the dining room the firelight shone upon dainty china and

our decorations of evergreen and red berries were reflected from the silver and glass upon the heavy mahogany sideboard.

I approached the window. The scene without was equally beautiful. Our home was situated directly at the head of the western branch of the John's river with a fine view of Pemaquid Harbor beyond. In the past few months a number of houses had been erected at Pemaquid and adjacent places. Mr. Vaughn, a wealthy man and a friend of Dunbar's, had built for himself at Damariscotta Fresh Water Falls, a large house. "Well," I thought to myself, "I must admit this place is quite the equal of the Vaughn mansion."

Soon we were busy receiving and entertaining our neighbors.

As the guests seated themselves at the table, I took them all in at a glance. At the upper end of the board sat David Dunbar and wife. The Colonel was long-limbed and raw-boned, with hair decidedly red and keen gray eyes. I should judge he was about my husband's age. Mistress Dunbar was dark-haired, youthful and attractive. At the lower end of the table was seated the McFarland family. Solomon, the father, was somewhat past middle age, but with his strong build and ruddy complexion, he looked much younger. Mrs. McFarland was the direct opposite of her husband, short and plump, a woman of perhaps forty. George, the younger son, resembled his mother in form and feature. Walter, the elder, was the very type of his father, only slighter. The latter took little or no part in the light table talk and I missed his ringing boyish laugh. Often the sad blue eyes rested upon Jeannette's face with a questioning look.

"Indeed, sir," exclaimed Colonel Dunbar in answer to a discussion between Solomon McFarland and my husband, "I am of the opinion of friend North, that 'the only good Indian is a dead one'."

"I am afraid I do not agree with either of you," declared McFarland in the breadth of the Scotch brogue, "Samoset was a good Indian even when alive and made himself most useful to the whites in many ways. Probably there could be found more good Indians in the history of Pemaquid if an honest search were made."

"Sure, and the woods must have been full of them, if we are to believe all that we hear about their depredations," said the Colonel sarcastically. "At one time one of your good savages tore an infant from its mother's arms and burnt it on the fire before her eyes and carried the horrified parent into captivity. He was too kind to put the tortured woman out of her misery. Another time they took a mother and son captive, massacred the former and drove the latter along to the tune of his beloved parent's scalp across his face, whenever his feet lagged. I call that kindness personified," continued Dunbar in the same sarcastic strain.

"That, of course, was a long time ago and does not affect us now," added the Colonel as he noticed the nervousness of the women and children. Nothing daunted, the Scotchman continued his argument: "Think what the Indians have had to endure at the hands of the



John Fossette

Grandson of Alexander Fossette, and Member of the Convention in 1819, to  
Form the Constitution of Maine



whites! Cheated out of their lands, treated with contempt, seized and sold as slaves into foreign countries, betrayed by men like Weymouth and Hunt, why should they not take revenge for such wrongs? 'Do an Indian a kindness and he will never forget it.' Abraham Shurte, a magistrate of influence and a resident of this place in the early part of the seventeenth century, always treated the Indians justly and kindly, and thus maintained their friendship and respect, even when they were enraged against others."

"May the saints preserve us from the bloody-handed villains," said my husband earnestly. "No one can make me think well of them. I believe I would do anything to keep out of their clutches." Then he continued in a lighter vein: "I am afraid I shall turn out another Chubb should the opportunity present itself. I think the poor man has been too severely criticised. It is true he surrendered without much effort, but that was better than holding out too long. Had Fort William Henry been carried by assault, he and the hundreds of people within its walls would have received no quarter from the Indians. Even I would not have dared run such a risk." My husband's eyes twinkled and I knew he was purposely challenging the Scotchman.

"I consider anyone who would surrender under such circumstances a coward!" answered McFarland emphatically. "The fort was in good condition, with sufficient supplies for a long siege. Chubb's conscience was weak. It accused him of wrong doing in regard to these vindictive people and he dared not hold out against them as he was not of the stuff of which heroes are made. Shortly before the siege, in a time of peace, Chubb and his men having engaged in a free and friendly conversation with the Indians, without any provocation, fell suddenly upon them with their weapons, killing some and wounding others. The Indians in the struggle acted only in self-defence."

The Scotchman glanced around the table as if he had made a point that no one could refute and then continued: "After the capture of Fort William Henry, the French soldiers, on entering, found an Indian in irons. The savage was half-starved and in a miserable condition, having suffered greatly from his long imprisonment. Had kindness and justice been meted out in these cases, what a return there would have been. I repeat it: 'Do an Indian a kindness and he will never forget it'."

"Chubb did a kindness to the Indians in surrendering the fort, and they never forgot it," said my husband with mock gravity. "Shortly after the siege the grateful savages visited Chubb and brought away his scalp as a reminder of his kindness."

"If the brutes would wreak their vengeance only on the ones who had injured them, it would not be so exasperating. But what excuse can they give for so brutally treating Thomas Giles and family?"

said Dunbar. "The story is best told in the words of John Giles who was taken captive. He says: 'It was on the morning of that memorable day when Fort William Henry was captured, August 4th, 1696. With my father and two elder brothers I went up to the Falls to work at haying in a field which my father owned. We labored until noon and took our dinner at a farmhouse near. We had just finished our repast when suddenly firing was heard from the direction of the fort. My father was disposed to interpret the occurrence favorably, and so remarked to us, but his conversation was cut short by a volley of bullets from a party of Indians, who had been hitherto concealed, awaiting the signal from the Fort to begin the massacre. The savages numbered some thirty or forty, who, now rising from ambush, finished their work in a few minutes, killing or capturing all except Thomas, my oldest brother, who made his escape unhurt. My father was mortally wounded. My brother ran one way and I another. Looking over my shoulder I saw a stout fellow, in war-paint, pursuing me with a gun and a tomahawk glittering in his hand. Just then I stumbled and fell, but the Indian did me no injury. Tying my arms he bade me follow him.'

"We soon came up to my father. He was deathly pale, the blood gushing from many wounds, and it was with difficulty that he staggered along. I saw two men shot down on the flats and one or two knocked on the head with hatchets. Then the Indians brought two captives, a stranger and my brother James, who, with me, had endeavored to escape by running from the house when we were first attacked. At length the savages were ready to start. We marched about a quarter of a mile and then made a halt. Here they brought my father to us. They tried to tell him that those were strange Indians who shot him and that they were sorry for it. My parent replied that he was a dying man and wanted no favor of them, but to pray with his children. This being granted, he recommended us to the protection and blessing of God Almighty; then gave us the best advice and took his leave from this life, trusting in God that we should meet in a better land.

"The Indians led him aside. I heard the blows of the hatchet, but neither groan nor shriek. To behold my father, bleeding and suffering, and to know that his life had been ended so brutally, was nothing to seeing my mother and two young and tender sisters, the younger only four years of age, taken captives'." Here Colonel Dunbar paused.

"Did they escape?" queried John.

"They did, my boy, all but one," answered the Colonel. "After suffering much with the Indians for many years, the mother and daughters were finally restored to their friends. Of the two sons, James and John, the former, after suffering great hardships, made his escape. Unfortunately he was taken prisoner again by the In-

dians and tortured to death at the stake by a slow fire. John, the narrator of this story, was finally set at liberty."

The Colonel talked right on with no softening of the lines of the story.

"I hope they won't catch me," said little George McFarland with a horrified face, snuggling close to his mother. The fond parent placed a protecting arm about her child and whispered soothing words, and then said aloud, "I think death would be far preferable to captivity among the Indians."

My husband hastened to give the talk a humorous turn. Leaving the table and approaching the fireplace he said: "Draw up your chairs, friends, and I will tell you how old Sim McCobb routed the Indians with a prayer. Sim was such a profane man he would make the shivers chase each other up and down your spine. His conversation made the war-whoop sound tame. When he passed along the street, people were tempted to close their windows.

"McCobb was in his back yard sawing wood one morning when he heard the yell of the Indians. Then and there he dropped down upon his knees. 'Dear Lord,' he said, 'I never prayed before, but if you will save me just this once, I'll pray more and swear less.' There was a pause in the prayer, and the savage cries drew nearer. Sim became impatient and continued his prayer quite emphatically. 'If you don't hurry up, Lord, there'll be a —— big row here soon.' Then the prayer became so expressive that the Indians became terror-stricken and took to their heels."

"Now, Colonel," said my husband, after the laughter had subsided, "I'm going to ask you to tell us some more about Pemaquid if you will promise not to drag the Indians into it. The minute a redskin shows his head, I shall be tempted to use some of McCobb's ammunition on him."

"I promise," said the Colonel smiling, "and will try and give you the history from the beginning.

"The word Pemaquid, to whose waters the ships of the English nation came for business before Plymouth had a beginning, signifies 'long point.' Here to the southeast is the large island of Monhegan; to the southwest, Rutherford's Island, so named from Rev. Robert Rutherford. Those who first became acquainted with the natives of this region, speak of a Bashaba or Great Ruler. The country over which he ruled was called Mavooshen. His chief residence is said, by some, to have been Pemaquid.

"The first fort was built in 1630 and seems to have been intended rather as a protection against the bold and reckless pirates who were beginning to infest the coast, than against the Indians, who were in the main, friendly.

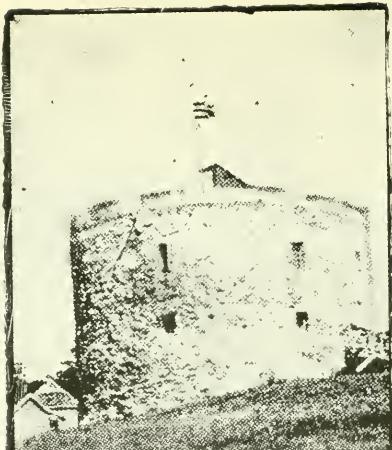
"Dixy Bull and Captain Kidd were the most prominent of these sea-robbers. This fort was only a stockade but was well constructed

and mounted with seven cannon. Its site, very probably, was the same as that on which all the other forts have been successively built. Fort William Henry, raised at a great expense in 1692 by Sir William Phipps, was of tremendous strength for those days. That we know, was partially destroyed by the French and Indians in 1696. I came over here in 1729, and, as governor of the place, considered it my duty to repair the Pemaquid Fort. The walls were found to be in tolerably good condition, and the work was finished the following year and called Fort Frederic, for the Prince of Wales. The work was done at the expense of the British government. I was aided in this work by a surveyor from Nova Scotia, by name of Mitchell.

“Having completed the fort we formed a magnificent plan of operations for the improvement of the place, and began work upon it with great energy. We laid out the territory between the Muscongus and Sheepscot rivers into three townships, which I named after three English noblemen of the day,—Townsend, Harrington and Walpole. In the meantime, I caused a proclamation to be made in the King’s name of my intention in regard to the place, inviting settlers from any part of the country, promising to supply them with lands on easy terms, and, in some cases at least, support for their families for a limited time. In the vicinity of Fort Frederick we laid out the plan of a city, named Jamestown, in honor of James II, and caused a considerable part of the territory in the three towns mentioned, to be divided into lots of convenient size, which were to be appropriated to actual settlers. Sales of land were frequent. Sometimes I gave away land to promote emigration. Some have found fault with the place, but we cannot expect to find the luxuries of home in a new, uncultivated country. Nevertheless there are plenty of opportunities here.

“Pemaquid has good harbors and bays; abundance of fish is found here; cod and shad are taken on the coast; salmon and alewives are found in the spring in most of the rivers, the catching and curing of fish being the chief industry. Wild fowl are common, both ducks and geese. Trading with the natives for beaver and other furs, adds something to the general business. The country affords immense stores of timber and wild fruits abound.” The Colonel paused for an instant and then continued in the same optimistic strain: “Agriculture is not so successful on account of the sterility of the soil, but that will improve in time.”

“When did the Rev. Robert Rutherford arrive in this country?” I inquired. “He came over as chaplain to me in 1729,” answered Dunbar. “Rutherford was an Episcopalian and most of the people here are warmly attached to the Established Church.” The Colonel paused, then looking at my husband said: “I think it would be safer

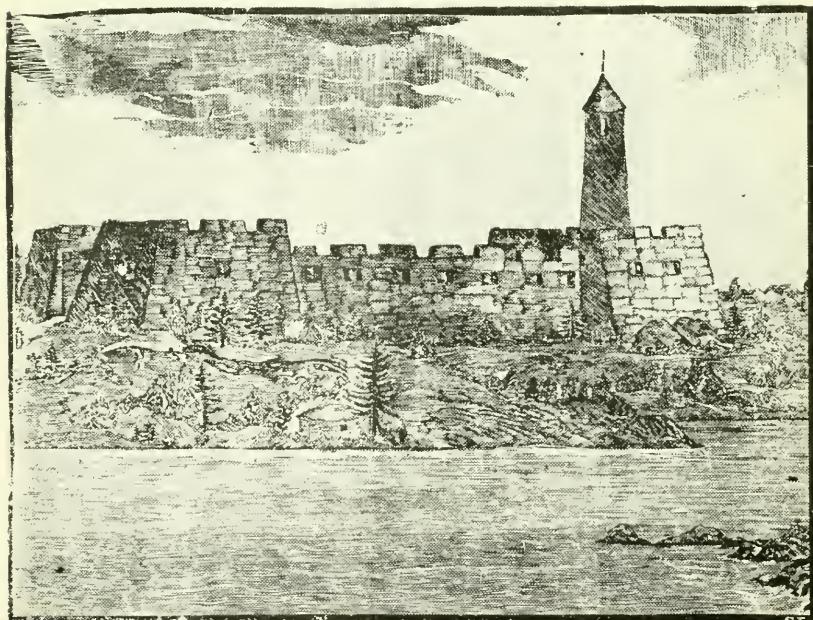


### The State Tower at Pemaquid

A tablet bears the following inscription: Commemorative to the Early European Settlement in this Locality which was the Resort of the White Men from the Earliest Period of the History of New England, this Tower was Erected by the State of Maine in 1908, upon the Site of the Greater Flanker of Fort William Henry, built in 1692 and near the Spot where Pemaquid Fort Stood in 1631, Fort Charles in 1677 and Fort Frederick in 1729.

Austin W. Pease  
Architect

Frederick O. Conant  
Frank D. Nichols  
William B. Patterson  
Commissioners



Old Fort William Henry, 1696, as described by Early Maine Historians



to conclude my talk with this fact, so as not to waste any of McCobb's ammunition!"

\* \* \*

The balmy spring came on apace. Often Jeannette and I visited the little nooks and corners for which Pemaquid is noted. We walked along the sand and pebbly beach enjoying the scenery; the clear blue heavens above, the great expanse of water beyond; verdant fields sloping to the sunny south and the huge ridges of granite ledges to the east and west. About this time the Youngs came to Jamestown. Jeannette was with her own family and I was feeling lonesome when my husband entered and started a conversation which was both interesting and diverting.

"Governor Belcher visited Pemaquid today," he said. "His object was to learn in person, the condition of the place and its strength; and especially to use what influence he might to keep the Indians quiet and to protect them from wrong on the part of the settlers." My husband hesitated, looking thoughtful, then he continued: "I believe Belcher will make a better governor than David Dunbar. The greatest mistake the Colonel made, was in not giving the settlers who held their possessions under him, clear titles to their lands; they received from him neither deeds nor leases."

My husband sighed and added: "Poor David, he met with many reverses. With the view of obtaining the governorship of New Hampshire he went to England but was not successful. He was thrown into prison but was later liberated by some of his friends. Broken by disappointment and disgrace, he soon after died.

"Today, Belcher spoke in warmest tones of the improvements he had witnessed here and of the natural advantages and future prospects of Pemaquid. At the governor's recommendation, provision was made by the Legislature for continuing a garrison at this place. For this purpose the fort at Winter Harbor has been dismantled and the officers and soldiers with the artillery and stores of all kinds, transferred to Fort Frederick. A number of the eastern Indians have been at the fort for the past few days, probably by previous appointment, and an informal conference has been held, the Indians expressing a desire for a long continued peace. The governor entertains them in the kindest manner, much to their satisfaction. They finally left for their homes in excellent good humor."

A few days later my husband was conversing again on the same subject; he said: "In spite of all his care Belcher cannot but observe a growing antipathy between the two races, and has begun to take measures of precaution against the coming struggle which he plainly foresees. Various measures have been adopted to pacify the natives in the hope of avoiding a rupture, but at the same time means are to be provided for repairing several of the forts along the coast including the one here."

In due time our family with all the household goods were installed in the fort. Among the families there we found the McFarlands. "My husband is confined to his bed by a severe illness but is anxious to talk with you and your husband," said Mrs. McFarland.

We were surprised to find our friend so helpless. In answer to a remark made by my husband on the expected attack of the Indians, the sick man said weakly, though bravely, with a twisted smile,—"I won't give up the fort but will fight the savages to a finish!"

Mrs. McFarland had been in the sick room some time when she said to me aside: "Would you mind remaining in the room a short time, as I wish to go to the garden for a few vegetables for dinner?" I readily consented, but could not forbear expressing my anxiety regarding her safety. "It is but a short distance from the fort,—just in sight, and I can easily get back," she remarked lightly. I could not shake off my fears, and approached the window. As I looked in the direction of the garden, imagine my horror when I saw an Indian partially concealed in the bushes, scarcely a gunshot from my friend. Mrs. McFarland did not appear to see her enemy, but stepped slowly away for a few seconds, as if to continue picking, and then began to run for her life. The Indian rushed from ambush and fired upon her. She fell forward upon her face. I stood by the window paralyzed, speechless, expecting every moment to see the prostrate woman's scalp removed by the hideous tomahawk that the savage was now flourishing madly. Imagine my surprise to see Mrs. McFarland spring to her feet; the next moment I was horrified to see the Indian seize her by the arm, and to hear her frightful screams. I saw her break away and start again in the direction of the fort. She was now within range of the guns. The guards had been aroused by her shrieks, so that any nearer approach on the part of the red-skin would have been particularly dangerous, and my friend was soon within the gates.

The bullet had merely grazed her shoulder, and as the slight wound was dressed, she exclaimed: "My apron became untied and stepping upon it, I stumbled." She paused for a moment,—very pale, and then added reverently: "I can only look upon my deliverance as the work of God!"

"I thought you did not see the Indian at first, you stepped away so slowly and with such apparent unconcern," I said.

"I knew that to attempt at once to run for the fort would be almost sure death," she answered quietly.

\* \* \*

August brought its labors afield in Pemaquid and the grain was garnered again. The men worked at a distance with their muskets at hand in case of an attack. Excepting Solomon McFarland, only women remained in the fort. One day the Indians, expecting to gain admittance before the return of the men, came slyly upon us at noon

and surrounded the enclosure. All within was confusion; we rushed hither and yon screaming hysterically and moving as if by no will of our own. Mrs. McFarland was the first to regain her composure if, indeed, she had ever lost it. “‘The Lord’s arm is not shortened that it cannot save’,” she said, taking her station by one of the big guns, “‘Let us obey orders.’”

Somewhat calmed by this brave example, we became aware that the sick man was addressing us. “‘We have no need to fear for ourselves but for those outside. The savages can make no impression upon these stone walls in the little time they have. They will soon retire at a distance and lay in wait for the men when they come to dinner.’” Not noticing our despairing gestures at this last remark, the Scotchman continued, partially rising, “‘Be brave, my lassies, the Lord will surely help thee! Lend a hand to the loading, and I will do the rest.’” Thus encouraged with the assistance of her daughter, Mrs. McFarland loaded the cannon. Mr. McFarland rose from his bed and discharged it at the barricade where the Indians had retired, killing one of them on the spot. Soon some of the men, probably alarmed by the report of the cannon, began to return, but to get into the fort in the face of the enemy was not an easy matter. However, they understood the character of the foe, and managed with so much caution, as well as courage, that all but one at length succeeded in gaining entrance without serious injury. One, James Little, was killed and scalped.

The latter part of the afternoon a lad about the size of my boy came running into the fort. At first I thought it was John returned from our home where, in the early morning, he had gone to get something I valued. I was beside myself with worry and listened to the strange boy’s story with ever increasing fears.

“I was on a large fishing vessel with thirteen hands,” said the lad. “‘We were lying in Pemaquid Harbor, waiting for a favorable wind, when we concluded to make an excursion to the Falls. While busily engaged in fishing, a party of Indians suddenly sprang upon us, killing all the men. I fled around the head of the bay and made my escape to the west side of the harbor. Several of the savages pursued me, but I concealed myself in a stack of hay on the Sproul place and they passed by without discovering me.’” Silence fell between us and then the lad added: “‘I suppose the two McFarland boys who were so brutally assaulted by the Indians on John’s Island to-day were relatives of the McFarlands here.’”

“McFarland boys—brutally assaulted?” I repeated in bewilderment. “‘That must be Solomon McFarland’s boys. Tell me all you know about it!’” I exclaimed, as in my excitement I took the lad by the arm and shook him rudely.

“They were at work on the Island, when the Indians fell upon them. Walter, I believe that was the elder’s name, was carried into

captivity, the younger was barbarously butchered." Later in the day this story was confirmed. John, my boy, arrived home safely. When Mrs. McFarland heard the fate of her children, she walked the floor wringing her hands. For the first time I saw my friend lose her self-control. "Oh, my precious babe! My little George so cruelly murdered!" she cried out. "And my dear Walter to meet such a fate! But my husband—how can we keep it from him?"

Too late for thought of that. Mr. McFarland in the next room had heard his wife's words. There came the sound of a fall and we found him half way to the door, unable to speak or move. That day had brought too many terrible things and he never rallied from this final shock to recognize even his half-crazed wife. The next week another newly-made grave was added in the green hillside by the sea.

The evening of the memorable day on which Fort Frederick was attacked, we missed the cows that always came home before dark. It was now late and William Fossette set out to search the woods for them. We afterwards learned that the Indians had purposely detained the animals and then lay in ambush where persons seeking for them would be likely to pass. The unfortunate man was found the next morning, only a little distance away, shot and scalped. He was interred near Fort Frederick with our other beloved dead. William Fossette had endeared himself to all who knew him.

During the next three years the savages continued their depredations. Houses were burned, crops destroyed and there was a great lack of food. Many fled to Falmouth. In the year 1748 by the treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle, peace was restored between England and France. The fifth Indian war came to an end, occasioning much joy in this frontier region. The savages became peaceful and captives were restored to their homes.

\* \* \*

The following week on a bright, sunshiny afternoon, as I was arranging flowers in the hall, the knocker sounded and I opened the door. I stood there dumb, but there was no need to fear. It was Alexander Fossette. "You!" I exclaimed, "safe and well?" Overwhelmed with relief and joy for Jeannette, I sank into a chair, motioning him to a place beside me. He bowed courteously, with the natural grace of the French Huguenot. He spoke with a slightly foreign accent, and his voice was rich and pleasing, according well with the frank, handsome face.

"After your departure I became restless, and decided to follow you to this country," he said, "but it was some time before I could make up my mind"—there was an awkward pause and he added,— "some time before I could earn money enough. However, spurred on by faith and hope and an affection which no time could dim, I toiled and saved sufficient means to come in search of Jeannette. On my way here I visited at Martinique, a branch of the Fossette family,

John and Mary, who fled to that place during the persecution of the French Huguenots. A descendant of this family, little Alexander Hamilton, I am pleased to claim as a namesake. At length I reached this country. At Philadelphia I met certain fur traders who had sold goods to Mr. North and learned from them that your family had moved to a place in Maine called Pemaquid. Not far from here I was captured by the Indians and carried along with them in the capacity of a truck horse. As they proceeded on their way, they pillaged and burned houses, and the slaughter was murderous."

He paused, and then added sadly: "While in Philadelphia, one of the traders told me of my brother's death at the hands of the Indians several years ago. We have all suffered much from them—but it is useless to dwell upon the past." He walked to the window looking out, then turning abruptly, said anxiously: "Do you think Jeannette's parents still retain their hatred for me and will continue to withhold their consent to our marriage?"

"Hardships have proved a blessing in disguise and cured them of their ancestral pride and folly," I answered. "They have not found the luxuries of their old home here at Jamestown, but—" I paused, debating in my mind how to proceed.

"Does Jeannette still care for me?" he interposed. "I realize that a girl with her attractions would naturally have admirers."

"I am not quite sure whether she has made a decision or not, but 'Faint heart ne'er won fair lady,'" I laughingly said.

"Thank you, Madam North, I will try to be brave as well as true."

I then gave Alexander Fossette a cordial invitation to remain at my home until his love affair should be settled, promising him an interview with my niece as soon as it could be arranged. He gratefully accepted, but decided to remain at the fort until I had prepared Jeannette for the meeting. After his departure I called at the Youngs' to intercede for him. Hurrying home I met Jeannette and took her along with me for tea.

I was wondering how I should break the news of Alexander's return, when suddenly there was a rustling of the hemlock boughs and the lover swung himself to the rocks just below.

"Jeannette, I must know! Do you yet love me or is there another?"

The girl could not speak for tears.



WHEN COLONEL ARNOLD WAS MAJOR  
COLBURN'S GUEST



## *When Colonel Arnold was Major Colburn's Guest*

*By THEDA CARY DINGLEY*



HE WOODED slopes of the Kennebec Valley were bright with all the autumn colors.

It was the afternoon of a late September day in 1775. Major Reuben Colburn stood before the door of his home in Gardinerston, watching the distant bend of the river.

A little way above, and just hidden from view by a knoll, lay Agry's Point. Here was located the Major's ship-yard, and the only sounds which broke the stillness of the quiet afternoon were the noises of much hammering and sawing which came from it. Nearly all the men in the community, besides about thirty Minute Men in the command of Oliver Colburn, the Major's brother, were working there under the supervision of Thomas Agry, a ship-wright, who had settled some years before near the Colburns.

Major Colburn's lands stretched for a considerable distance along the river, so that much of the woodland over which he gazed, and the cleared fields, brown with stubble after the harvest, were his own. From his father, who had a settler's grant, he had received two hundred and fifty acres, but that seemed so little in a country where there was more land to be had than anything else, that about two years before he had bought for himself two and a half square miles more. On a bluff on the east bank of the river he had built a large and substantial house after the colonial style.

Reuben Colburn was an ardent patriot. Since the news of Lexington and of Bunker Hill had reached him, he had kept in as close touch with affairs in Boston as the very limited mail service of his time would permit. Moreover he was one in whom General Washington placed great confidence, and three times during the summer he had gone on horseback to Cambridge, then the headquarters of the Continental Army, once being specially summoned there that Washington might consult him; and he was a member of the committee of safety of Massachusetts.

When he returned from the last trip early in September, he immediately conferred with Thomas Agry, and the result was that shortly afterward, a great hurrying and bustling began down at Agry's Point, and it had continued ever since. They were building bateaux, a kind of rivermen's boat, pointed at the ends, flat-bottomed, and drawing very little water. About two hundred of them lay on the shore now, all ready to be placed in the river, and nearby was a profusion of oars, paddles, and setting poles. The Major had been promised forty shillings for every one of those boats, but neither he nor any of his descendants ever received a single penny.

Major Colburn was not in the least insensible to the beauty of

the scene before him, but it was not the landscape which attracted his attention on that particular afternoon. For several days past, he had alternately watched the building of the boats and the bend in the river, but so far nothing had appeared to reward his vigilance, except occasionally the canoe of some Indian. But before the sun set on this particular day he saw what he was looking for. Around the curve of the shore, a schooner, with all sails set, came slowly into view. Slowly—very slowly, she drew nearer, for there was little wind, and her crew were using oars to aid her progress. Up the river she crept, past Reuben Colburn's house, past Agry's Point. Work in the ship-yard stopped as the men watched her and cheered.

"The Colonel certainly isn't on that one," the Major said to himself, as the schooner came to anchor and furled her sails. "The rest of them will be up to-morrow," and he turned and entered the house.

"The transports are somewhere in the river, the Britannia has just anchored out here," he said to Mistress Colburn, who was busy with the preparations for supper.

The next morning the Colburn kitchen was almost as busy a place as the ship-yard, though of course in a far different way. The hospitality of the family was boundless at all times; still it required no great penetration to see that something unusual was going on. Bright and early the brick oven had been heated and filled with loaves of bread. On the spit before the great fire-place hung a roast and some plump chickens, and the kettle boiling on the crane contained a whole ham.

The Major was right about the transports. The next day another sail appeared in the river, and then another. Everybody who lived anywhere in sight of the river gazed in amazement. It was a spectacle which led some of them to doubt the evidence of their own eyesight. Never before it is safe to say, had a craft of that size disturbed the waters of the Kennebec.

But there they were, the Swallow, the Broad Bay, the Admiral, and all the rest, slowly working their way up, and anchoring one by one, until before sunset of the twenty-second of September, eleven transports with eleven hundred men on board lay in the river.

From one of the ships a boat was lowered and rowed rapidly to the landing-place below Major Colburn's house. Two men stepped out. One of them showed by his uniform that he was an officer. Five years later he discarded that uniform for one of another country, but even then no person ever for an instant doubted his courage; and a man about to embark on such an enterprise as his had need of it. The other was a mere youth, but he was eager and enthusiastic. He had actually risen from a sick-bed, against all advice and entreaty, to join the expedition.

The Major had seen the boat and hastened to meet his guests—the two men who probably had the strangest and most varied careers

of any who lived in their time—Benedict Arnold and Aaron Burr. Mistress Colburn, too, greeted them at the threshold, added her assurances that her home was at their disposal, and led them shortly to the dining-room, where the long table was ready for the evening meal. Two of the chickens and slices of the ham lay on platters, surrounded by other evidences of the morning's activity in the kitchen.

After the meal was eaten, the Major and his guests sat before the fire which the cool September evenings made necessary, and discussed until late into the night the plans they had made for the march to Quebec; for that was the reason for all this unwonted commotion, for the hasty building of so many boats, for the accumulation of such quantities of provisions, and the appearance of eleven hundred soldiers.

Colonel Arnold took little Betty Colburn, whose exceeding fairness won his admiration, on his knee, and her brother Reuben sat close by on a little stool, vainly trying to understand the conversation until he finally fell asleep. But what he did understand, kindled his imagination so much that the next morning he mustered his playmates who had gathered from far and near to see the ships and the soldiers and the great Colonel himself, and suggested, "Let's play go and take Quebec."

Nothing loath, they armed themselves with sticks for muskets, and with Master Reuben at their head as commander, they marched off down an Indian trail into the woods. But before they had gone very far they met the enemy. A large black bear stood directly in the path. The mere sight of Bruin routed the army, and the soldiers ran for the clearing as fast as their little legs could carry them.

Arnold showed the map of the route to Quebec which he had first tried to obtain from Major Goodwin at Pownalborough, but who as a zealous royalist feigned entire ignorance on the subject. His son, however, was a patriot, and he found the map, and conveyed it secretly to the Americans.

Benedict Arnold had been one of the first to suggest to the Continental Congress the expedition to Quebec, but it was in all probability on the strength of the information brought by Major Colburn that Washington finally decided to carry out the plan. The Major had been intrusted with the preparations for the rest of the journey from Gardinerston, which was the farthest point navigable for craft of any size. He had not only ordered the bateaux built, and engaged the supplies of beef and pork, but he had received orders to employ guides and gain all possible information concerning the rapids and carrying places along the Kennebec.

Late that evening as they sat talking, the door opened, and three Indians stole noiselessly in, and ranged themselves on the long settle in the chimney corner. The door of Reuben Colburn's house was never closed to an Indian. They came when they wished; they ate

in his kitchen when they were hungry; if they were weary they slept before his fire wrapped in their blankets; and they departed whenever it suited them to do so.

Loyal to Major Colburn, thirty of the Kennebees would have served in the American cause. Their squaws took them down the river in canoes, and the Major conducted them to Cambridge, but General Washington, not liking the Indian methods of warfare in general, refused to avail himself of this addition to his forces, and the only Indians employed by the Americans in the war, were the guides who later conducted Arnold's army through the wilderness.

The next day was a busy one. It was Reuben Colburn's habit to start every Saturday with his family for Georgetown, paddling thirty-five miles each way in a canoe, in order to attend Sunday services, for there was no church nearer, but with his guests to entertain, and so much business on hand, he was for once obliged to forego his usual custom.

One of the first things Colonel Arnold did that morning was to inspect the bateaux at the ship-yard. He did not seem any too well pleased with the result, for in the haste of building, green pine had been used, and the boats did not present a very substantial appearance. But he said little, merely ordering twenty additional ones to be ready in a week's time.

This interval was employed in making the final preparations for the march. A certain store-keeper in the neighborhood proposed to make the expedition a means of profit to himself. On learning that extra boats must be hastily supplied, he immediately charged twice as much as usual for the nails, and also put an exorbitant price on his flour, whereupon the soldiers promptly broke into his store and helped themselves to both.

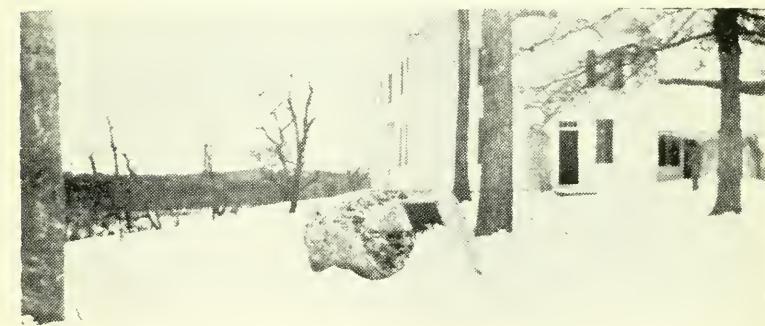
One man in the community did not look with favor on the undertaking. This was James Winslow, whose Quaker principles would not permit him to serve his country as a soldier, though he and his son did make fifty paddles for the boats. Many of Arnold's men wore on their caps the motto, "Liberty or death." Winslow regarded them with scorn. "You'll get the latter," said he.

The officers in command were much impressed with the beauty of the region they were passing through, especially Captain Henry Dearborn, who declared that when his country was free from England, he should come and make his home near the Kennebec. He kept his word, though he continued to serve his country after that, for at different times he was Secretary of War, Major-General, Commander-in-Chief of the Army, Collector of Customs at Boston, and Minister to Portugal.

Arnold spent the latter part of the week with Captain James Howard at Cushnoc, now Augusta. Captain Howard had been the commander of Fort Western in the time of the French and Indian Wars, when block-houses were a necessity for the protection of the settlers.



Where Arnold's Transports Anchored



The Colburn Home and the Memorial of the Expedition



By the twenty-ninth of September, the preparations were completed, and part of the army had already been sent off. Arnold now set out in a canoe to overtake the head of it. He wrote General Washington a full account of the journey since he had left Newburyport, and added that in twenty days more he expected to reach Quebec.

For safety, forty-five days' provisions had been taken on the march. So far all had gone well, and all had continued to go fairly well until the army came to Norridgewock Falls, though immense labor was required to reach that point. Several times rapids made it necessary to carry the bateaux and supplies for some distance. Arnold's fears about the boats had been fully realized. They had begun to leak badly already; many of them had been wrecked, and it was necessary to patch the rest.

That was difficulty enough, but it was after they left Norridgewock Falls that their worst sufferings began, such suffering as an army has rarely endured. As the boats began to leak, the provisions became water-soaked. The dried fish had spoiled and had to be thrown away. Other dried food had absorbed water and burst the casks in which it was packed. The salt beef, too, put up in hot weather was worthless. There was little food left fit to be eaten, except flour and pork.

They were soon reduced to half a pint of flour for a day's rations. Worst of all they were now entering the unbroken wilderness, where there were no means of procuring more food, and cold weather was fast coming on. Before they reached the headwaters of the Dead River, the last of the supplies were gone. Weakened by hunger and threatened with actual starvation, they hauled the bateaux upstream for miles, wading in the icy cold water. Many of them walked barefooted in the snow. For forty miles of the distance, they carried the boats on their shoulders, over hills and through swamps.

Some days they had nothing to eat but the water in which they had boiled their moccasins and cartridge belts. Even the few dogs were eaten, though the men cried like children when the order was given to sacrifice the pet dog belonging to Colonel Dearborn. The only one that escaped was an English blood-hound belonging to the Indian girl, Jacataqua, who had accompanied them from Cushnoe, and he was spared because he had been trained to hunt and occasionally caught a bird, or some small animal that the men could eat.

Before they reached Dead River, Lieutenant-Colonel Roger Enos' battalion abandoned the expedition. Enos was tried afterwards by a court martial but was acquitted.

As the bateaux began to go to pieces and it became difficult to transport even what supplies they had, they buried part of their ammunition. Years afterward, two iron-bound chests were discovered, one at the mouth of the Dead River, containing three thousand bullets, and another in the north branch of the same river containing two thousand more.

The twenty days on which Arnold had planned stretched to forty, and during most of that time, the soldiers saw no human being aside from their own comrades. By the middle of November, fifty-four days from the time they left Cambridge, Arnold's march to Quebec, one of the most fruitless undertakings in history, was over.

As they neared the localities where the people were loyal to the British, Aaron Burr, who through all the terrible journey had shown the utmost bravery and endurance, disguised himself as a priest, and so well did he play his part, that he acquired the needful information to get the army through without arousing any suspicions.

More than a hundred and twenty years afterward, up in the forests of northern Maine, in the region through which Arnold's army was known to have passed, there was found a piece of corroded metal, which on further examination appeared to be an old sword hilt. And then an old tradition was recalled, that somewhere in that very forest Benedict Arnold, in fording a stream, had stumbled and broken his sword. The next day he threw the hilt away, saying: "An army led by a commander with a broken sword is cursed."

Down in Pittston, which was Gardinerston in those days, Reuben Colburn's home still stands by the Kennebec, and shows not the least sign of its hundred and fifty years.

On a summer afternoon, one hundred and thirty-eight years from the time Arnold's transports anchored in the Kennebec, the old homestead presented a most festive appearance. It was the anniversary of the landing of Arnold's troops there on their way to Quebec, which the people gathered on the lawn had come to celebrate.

The guests passed in and out over the same threshold which the Major had crossed with his distinguished guests so many years before. There was the same great fireplace before which the Major's friends, the Indians, often slept, and the quaint corner cupboard, which was his wine-closet; and his old flint-lock musket stood in a corner.

Before the house stood a monument in the form of a boulder, with a bronze tablet set in one side. On the tablet were these words:

This tablet marks the headquarters of

COLONEL BENEDICT ARNOLD Sept. 21-23, 1775

When he was the guest of Major Reuben Colburn

During the transfer of the army of 1100 men and supplies from the transports to the 220 bateaux built by

Major Colburn for the expedition to Quebec

To commemorate this event this tablet is placed by  
Samuel Grant Chapter Daughters of the American Revolution.

And there beneath the windows of the room where Benedict Arnold rested on his journey, hung the flag, which in a fit of jealousy he disgraced; the act which brought him the contempt of a nation in spite of his bravery, and of which he so bitterly repented.

A MINISTER OF YE OLDEN TYME



## A Minister of Ye Olden Tyme

By FANNY E. LORD

A better preeste I trow that nowher non is,  
He waited after no pompe ne reverence,  
Ne maked him no spiced conscience,  
But Criste's lore, and his apostles twelve  
He taught, but first he folwed it himselfe.

\* \* \*



HEN we children used to visit at grandfather's farm in the country, we always took our healthy, childish appetites with us. There was a big round table that turned back against the walls and made an armchair when not in use as a table. On this were set for us little plates of that dull, pinkish shade of red, found only in old crockery. Around the rim in white-raised letters were mottoes from Benjamin Franklin, of the worldly wisdom which that famous philosopher always affected, and we children were earnestly enjoined to pay diligent heed to the precepts of this great and good man, so that we might become as wise in our generation as he was in his.

This was well enough for the more docile of the grandchildren, but I, my grandmother's namesake and much like her in temperament and in disposition, rebelled openly, when the plate before me read: "Always get up from the table with as good an appetite as when you sat down."

These plates and an old leather-covered Bible, kept in a little square cubby hole of a closet, high up over the brick oven, were the only relics of the old home that my grandmother had inherited from her father, the Rev. John Strickland. She was the youngest of the family of twelve and there was probably not much to be divided among them.

This Bible was worn with much reading and its leaves were yellowed with age. What attracted us most about it was its quaint wording. We soon became accustomed to the long s so like f in our copy books, and it ceased to be funny to us; but it was so queer that the Beatitudes all began with "Happy."

"Happy are the peacemakers;" "happy are the pure in heart," and so on through all those wonderful beatitudes that have carried peace and comfort to all the pure in heart and to the peacemakers down through the centuries since those divine words were spoken.

The sight of this old Bible always seemed to unloose my grandmother's tongue. All through his long and arduous life of eighty-two years, her father had searched these Scriptures and had found

there inspiration for his tasks, and comfort and support for the heavy responsibilities of his sacred office.

She, too, read and pondered deeply the precious words of the Book, for the uplift it gave her, in her daily round of monotonous duties. It was her guide of life, as it was the staff and stay of her beloved father, who was an influence and a power for good in the State of Maine in his day. A true pastor of his charge.

The records of him are few and brief, a paragraph or two in the archives of Yale of which he was an honored son and from which he graduated in 1761 at the age of twenty; a few in the annals of the towns where he ministered and served at the altar.

He was born at Hadley, Mass., Sept. 14 (O. S.) 1741. Died at Andover Oct. 4, 1823, at eighty-two years of age. Preached at Oakham, Mass.; in the settlements in Maine; Hudson, N. H., Turner, Maine, and Andover, Maine. Married Patty, daughter of Captain Isaac and Martha Stone of Oakham, Mass. She died at Turner, Maine, 1805.

If this brief record were all, it would hardly be worth while to transcribe it. But there are hints and glimpses into this life lived out so long ago, which reveal a character well worth knowing and which compel us to recast our fixed idea of what has crystallized in our minds as the stern, unyielding past and which make us realize that the human heart is the human heart, the world over, and beats the same in every age.

My grandmother's stories of their home life were vivid and eagerly sought by her grandchildren. The one we especially enjoyed was about herself, at four years of age. Here is the story, not as she told it, but with the facts as we remember them. Her raciness of speech was peculiar to herself and cannot be reproduced.

\* \* \*

It is high noon by the sun in the zenith, high noon by the shortened shadows on the grass in the churchyard; and if these dials had failed to record the hour, the minister's sermon, drawing to a close, would have proclaimed it, trumpet loud, with unquestioned accuracy.

The Sabbath stillness of Turner village is broken only by the singing of birds and the patter of childish feet, as along the village street comes a quaint little figure, stumbling and tripping in her long skirt which is strangely out of proportion to the tiny waist and sleeves, by which her sturdy little arms are held fast as in the stocks.

As she draws nearer, to our consternation we recognize Fanny, the merry, wilful little lassie of the Rev. John Strickland, who is at this hour in his pulpit in the meeting-house, preaching to an attentive and reverent people on how to guide their errant lives.

The dress into which the plump figure of the child had refused to be forced and which was hopelessly ruined in the unequal struggle, is an exquisitely embroidered India christening robe, tender from repeated use and frequent launderings through many years.

Each one of the minister's large family had in turn been carried up the aisle robed in this beautiful garment, to the baptismal font and had there been consecrated to a life of unselfish service to God and man, with the fervent prayer that he or she might be brave to endure life's hardships to the end, and, clothed in the garment of Christ's righteousness be gathered at last to the mansions above.

Not only the minister's twelve, and as years passed on, some of his grandchildren, too, had been consecrated in this robe, but many of the parishioners also had been free to use it. It had seen good service through many years and now it was ruined beyond redemption.

Through the subconscious mind of this last little ewe lamb of the pastor's flock, the idea had somehow filtered that this was a garment of peculiar sacredness and veneration. Barely out of babyhood, too young to attend divine worship, she was yet feminine to her heart's core. Watching for her chance, she escaped from the vigilance of her elder sister—who had been left at home to care for this eager, restless child, always ready for mischief of any sort,—and at once instituted a thorough search for the christening robe. Her efforts were soon crowned with success.

Then began the valiant struggle to get into the narrow confines of the garment. The long skirt captured her fancy. In imagination she could see herself trailing its length along the garden paths. She pulled and tugged at the tiny waist and sleeves and when, at last, satisfied with her success, she ceased her efforts, the precious robe was one tissue of rags and tatters and slits; there was barely enough left of the original fabric to hold the rags together. But what difference did that make? Suddenly the child, radiant in the soul-satisfying consciousness of being charmingly attired, formed the resolution of going to meeting.

Very cautiously she slipped out of the rarely used front door, in a tremor of fear lest she be detected, and thwarted in her plans. Pausing not, nor once looking back, she took her way to the meeting-house. Just inside, she hesitated a moment, bewildered. Recognizing her sisters by the familiar bonnets rising above the pew railing, serene and unruffled, up the aisle she stumbled and tripped in the impeding skirt and with quite the manner of the grand dame, she entered the minister's pew, and, in her stateliest pose, sat down beside one of her sisters, prepared to take her full part in the sacred service of the meeting-house, at this, her first appearance there.

The sister, in her dismay, had the presence of mind to fold her shawl about the disreputable, dilapidated little figure and shield her from the scandalized gaze of a curious congregation, until she could take the dear, naughty little sister home to the parsonage. To be punished? Oh, no.

To be sure, these were the days when parental discipline is reputed stern and unyielding, but the Rev. John Strickland was as far in ad-

vance of his times, in his tenderness and fairness toward children, as in his theology. His sympathies were always with the restless youth of his parish.

"Young people must have some recreation," he would say, "and dancing is as innocent as any." So his twelve children were all taught to dance. We are not told how his people received these liberal sentiments, but he was no weakling. If a thing was right, it was right. He would not have been out of place in our times. He would have fitted perfectly into the present day scheme of philanthropy which lays great stress on recreation for all ages and plenty of well-equipped playgrounds, under proper supervision, for the children.

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A promise was sacred to him, however lightly given. Again we see the same little Fanny, who seems to be a genius for getting into the traditional kettle of hot water. She is sixteen years of age now, just as old as her mother was when she was married. She has the same feminine love of fine clothes that she manifested in her early childhood. And why not? This is the period when the minister's wife was expected to be the best dressed woman of the parish, to wear "real laces and silks that would stand alone."

To-day our little maiden is very fetching in her close-fitting riding habit—or Josie—of gray kerseymere, a delicate gray that sets off her black eyes and ruddy cheeks and creamy skin. She is going to a wedding with her father and has just mounted on the pillion behind him. A young man, bound for the same scene of festivities, rides up to the door, on a well-groomed steed. His look of dismay as he sees Miss Fanny already seated behind her father, is intercepted by the keen, alert minister.

"My daughter, did you promise to ride to the wedding with this young man?"

Vainly she coaxed and cajoled,—and she was an adept in the art,—no pleading availed, his daughter must, first of all, be true to her sacred word of honor, there was nothing more to be said. Very gently and gravely he lifted her from his horse and mounted her behind the waiting youth. And somehow our sympathy goes with the young man. If this is success, what is failure?

Another story reveals his firmness and tender love to his children, and his fixed purpose that the best should be theirs at whatever cost to his own quivering heart. Present pleasure at the expense of future good never allured him. Sylvester, his ninth child, was born with club feet. Surgery was then hardly more than a name and anaesthetics not yet discovered; but he had heard that club feet had been made shapely by bandaging them soon after birth, before the cartilage had hardened, and keeping them night and day encased in unyielding wooden shoes—a long process and painful. The mother's heart shrank from the stern ordeal and refused to consent. But the father, looking into the future and seeing there the greater suffering

and torture of the child, forced to go through life humiliated by his deformity, gently but firmly took his stand.

A great-hearted woman from a remote part of the parish took the baby to her home and for many long months cared for him and ministered to him. When he was returned to his parents, the little feet may not have been so shapely as modern medical science would have made them; Nature would never have mistaken them for her own artistic product; still, with carefully fitted boots, they were not noticeably unlike those of the more favored brothers and sisters.

It is the custom to decry heredity, yet among John Strickland's descendants the club foot has many times re-appeared, down to the present generation.

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Even among the brief and dry statistical annals of the towns, where he was settled, there are interesting and curious facts inscribed. In the account of his installation at Turner—then not a town but a proprietary settlement, called Sylvester or Sylvester-London—the records, after having voted to call him as “a gospel minister,” read “Voted a call at fifty pounds salary and voted a further tax of thirty shillings on each original right to pay his salary. Voted that Mr. Strickland be allowed a reasonable time to visit his friends to the westward annually.” (Westward here means Massachusetts and Connecticut). “And that he should have the common land five years, rent free.”

The vote, passed in a settlement not being considered legal, a number of men, among the proprietors, gave their bond “for fifty pounds, for his salary.” This bond was to become null and void “when the town should be incorporated.”

This was the action of the township. The vote of the church and congregation was: “In consideration of the great importance of having stated means of grace, settled in this place, and having heard the Rev. John Strickland—a member of Salem presbytery—for some time, and being satisfied with his principles in doctrine and discipline, his ministerial gifts and moral character, do make choice of him as our minister.” He was installed September 20, 1784, by the presbytery of Gray. And the records still farther say “After his settlement the church and town enjoyed peace for several years.”

The church increased to thirty members. It had been formed one month before his installation with a membership of fifteen—twelve men and three women; a proportion strange and unfamiliar to our day. But sectarian differences arose; several of the church and parish joined with others of the near-by town of Buckfield and petitioned the General Court, as the Massachusetts Legislature was then called, for an act of incorporation as a Baptist Society. Soon a few more joined them. Then more went off as a Universalist society. Death and removal from town still farther decimated the following of Mr. Strickland. The few that remained entreated their pastor to stay by them.

A hero and true blue as every Presbyterian should be, he consented to remain and generously relinquished such part of his salary as the "property of those who had withdrawn was to the valuation of the whole town." Considering his large family, this was surely a heroic act of Christian faith and self-denial. If a gift is measured, as it should be, not by the amount given but by that which is left, as the widow's mite was measured by the Master, then this gift of the Rev. John Strickland was as munificent as any bestowed by Rockefeller or Carnegie or any other of our multi-millionaires. Then, too, Continental money had depreciated and had become almost worthless.

Soon after, affairs not improving but rather growing worse, the little handful of church members and parishioners who were left, thought it best to call an Ecclesiastical Council of the churches of Brunswick, Harpswell, Freeport and Topsfield. Each church was represented by its pastor and one delegate. They advised Mr. Strickland to try it for one year more, then if the difficulties remained, he should be free to ask for a dismissal and the church should grant it. At the same time, the Council, in view of this event, recommended the Rev. John Strickland as "a man of unimpeached character and sound in the faith."

As things did not improve, he was granted a dismissal by the church and people, May 18, 1797. After his departure, according to the Turner town records, "The town became a spiritual wilderness." Their affairs were finally carried to the Court of Sessions and there settled, complaint having been lodged there against them, "for neglecting to provide themselves with a public teacher of purity, morality and religion." When a church was again formed in Turner, it was organized as a Congregational church, instead of Presbyterian as before.

It is often only too true that one who has suffered persecution of any kind, especially religious persecution, is the most unsympathetic and intolerant of the belief of others. We see this among such good people as the Massachusetts Puritans. The Rev. John Strickland never hardened under his trials, his fine nature grew only the more mellow and tender and true. So when his daughter Lucy, abjuring the traditions under which she had been reared, became a Methodist, she was shielded in her home from the religious intolerance of the day. Except the good-natured raillery found in every large family, she met with nothing like martyrdom for her new faith. The Methodists then were easily recognizable by the conspicuous plainness of their attire. The hair was brushed with aggravating smoothness down the cheeks over the ears. Her merry sisters, alive to anything humorous, teased her by telling her that she wasted far more time in smoothing her hair to the requisite flatness, than they did in shaping the most worldly and elaborate of puffs and curls. Farther than this their fun did not go.

We hear little of Patty Strickland, the wife of the Rev. John. One story of pre-revolutionary days has been handed down to her descendants, which reveals a human side of her character that greatly endears her to us.

It was when the excitement ran high over the retention of the tax on tea. As in the families of all loyal patriots, the use of tea was strictly prohibited in the home of the minister. One of their generous parishioners had given the minister's wife a goodly parcel of the much-prized, fragrant herb. Her husband reminded her that, as it was a matter of principle, none of the tea was to be used. Patty reasoned in her own mind, that as they had not bought the tea and therefore could not have paid the tax on it, it was quite right to use it. But the minister said "No! the principle at stake must be honored. No tea shall be used in my home however come by, while the obnoxious tax remains unrepealed." Patty was silenced but not in the least convinced. No, not she. She was plainly a woman with a mind of her own and she proposed to use it.

One fine morning the minister set out to make parish calls on several of the more remote members of his scattered flock in the outlying districts. On such occasions, he was accustomed to be gone all day. This was Patty's time. No sooner had her husband disappeared in the distance than she, putting an extra generous pinch of tea in the squat brown teapot and pouring upon it the water already bubbling and boiling on the hob, set it just inside the wide fireplace to brew. She could hardly wait until it was ready.

Suddenly the good minister, who had forgotten something of importance, appeared in the doorway and tea and teapot flew up the wide, yawning chimney, propelled by a vigorous arm. The law of gravity brought the fragrant remnants down, hissing and spluttering and scattering the ashes over the "clean winged hearth," and the question of using taxed tea was forever settled in that household; principle and patriotism were not to be tampered or trifled with by any of its members.

If it were ever fair to judge of a whole life by a single act, we might feel that Patty Strickland's conscience was more flexible and accommodating than that of her husband. But Patty was only a trifle past twenty years of age. One story more and only one has been passed on to her descendants.

It was at that solemn hour that comes to every one of mortal birth, when all disguises drop away and the soul is revealed in its naked simplicity.

Her last illness was agonizing. In the midst of a spasm of excruciating torture one of her daughters, bending over her, by words of endearment and sympathy, tried to show her how truly she entered into her suffering and how gladly she would bear every pain to give her release. Suddenly looking up into the daughter's face she burst out, in an ecstasy of triumphant joy:

“Jesus can make a dying bed  
Feel soft as downy pillows are;  
While on his breast I lean my head  
And breathe my life out sweetly there.”

These are not the words of a weakling in intellect or in conscience. They ring true, like the victor’s shout of triumph, when, after a life of training he bears away the palm of victory amid the rejoicing of his comrades. The height to which she attained could not be reached by a single bound.

\* \* \*

The last twenty years of John Strickland’s life were spent in peace, among a people whom he loved and who, in turn, loved and venerated him; who could appreciate his broad views, his scholarly attainments and his unswerving fidelity and adherence to truth and honor and conscience.

Andover, once called the gateway to the Rangeley lakes, is beautiful enough to be called the gateway of heaven and must have seemed especially so to him, coming from the turmoil and conflict of religious differences and dissensions.

His memory still lives there, fresh and green, with the worthy descendants of that sterling people. The public library which he helped to establish, was destroyed by fire. A list of the books remains to show how true was this son of Yale to the intellectual traditions of his beloved *Alma Mater*. Sylvanus Poor, the historian of Andover, has written of him: “He was probably a Presbyterian and was a minister and a man much beloved and respected. He was my minister for twenty years.”

He might truthfully have added that he must have had financial ability that would have won him renown in Wall Street, else how could he, with his small salary, have brought up his large family to manhood and womanhood, well equipped for life? He and his family lived always the simple life, which made them strong to bear the burdens and endure the hardship and privations of their pioneer life and caused them to be immune to devastating disease. Death never entered that home but once—and that was when the mother went—during all the years of his pastorate, until he was taken, full of years and good deeds, to his well-earned rest.

The old church at Andover where he preached so long ago, has been moved and set up in a more favorable spot and remodelled with exquisite taste, a worthy memorial of him.

He died Oct. 4, 1823, and was buried where he would have chosen, among the people of his love in Andover, the beautiful little town in a cup-shaped valley, surrounded by mountains that must often have recalled to him those words of the inspired Hebrew poet of old: “As the mountains are round about Jerusalem, so the Lord is round about his people from this time forth and even forevermore.”

A MAN AND A MAID



## *A Man and a Maid*

*By JESSICA J. HASKELL*



LL WAS stir and bustle at old Fort Western on the Kennebec that September day in 1775; for Arnold and his eleven hundred were coming up the river. From miles around had patriots gathered, from Cobbosseecontee, from Gardinerstown, to do honor to that valiant band. Perhaps patriotism was not unmixed with other motives, for Captain Howard of the Great House could, and did, on occasion, set before his guests a feast worthy of a king, worthy even of the stout King George himself.

The motley throng collected on the river bank and gazing down its winding current, looked, for the most part, far fitter for some quiet English village than for that wilderness country. Conspicuous among them were the Howards, "an exceedingly hospitable, opulent, polite family," their ideals and their clothes—from London town; William Gardiner in powdered wig and lace ruffles; Major Colburn; Colonel Cushing and a long list of lesser notables and their wives, all in holiday attire.

At the left, with the company but not of it, silent in the midst of noise and laughter, one group accorded well with wooded hill and quiet river, twenty or more Abenaki braves from Swan Island, picturesque in hunting garb. Perhaps none of all that company felt more interest and curiosity than did those dusky warriors, on whose island one of Arnold's ships in its passage up the river had come to grief; but their stolid faces showed no trace of animation, their occasional guttural ejaculations no sign of fire within.

Perhaps three paces in front of these silent braves stood their sachem, Jacataqua, a maiden searee eighteen, in whom showed the best traits of her mingled French and Abenaki blood. Slender, lithe-some, with olive skin and dark, flashing eyes, her black hair in two heavy braids to the fringed tip of her leather hunting skirt, she might well arrest the admiring gaze of any man. So thought the good Squire Bridge of Pownalborough, as he turned to catch her hesitant question: "These Anglese for whom we watch, who are they?"

"Soldiers who go to fight the English at Quebec," replied the Squire, then, turning to his neighbor, "Who comes with Arnold, Cushing, you should know?"

"Why, where were you, man, when they passed Pownalborough?"

"Over at Freetown. A neighbor broke his leg; tree fell on him."

"Well, they say he has Roger Enos, a good, cautious man; Henry Dearborn; a Swede or a Dane, I'm not sure which, one Christian Febiger; and, Oh, yes, the son of the President of the College of New

Jersey, Aaron Burr, a mere lad, who, gossip declares, rose from a sick bed to come. Arnold has a fine command, but these lads don't realize what they're attempting, the wilderness and winter coming on."

"That's true, that's true, but we'll give 'em a good send-off here. There'll be a barbecue to-morrow, a big one."

"Wonder who'll supply the meat?"

Jacataqua had been following the colloquy with interest, and at the final question was on the point of speech, when a stir and a rustle and then silence drew her attention to Captain Howard, approaching with the more notable of his guests. It was upon the reckless, dashing Arnold that all eyes were turned. Few in that throng but knew far better than the young commander what hardships, what dangers he was to face. Jacataqua's Abenakis stood in the same stolid silence, still a group apart; but the maiden herself, her vivacious French blood momentarily in the ascendant, slipped between the sturdy squires to a point of vantage from which she might gaze upon this warrior whom all men seemed to honor. One swift glance she gave the hero, then her black eyes met a pair as dark and flashing as her own, met and were held in an impassioned gaze that to the Indian maid lasted eons. The good Squire Bridge, who had puffed up to Jacataqua's side, saw and smiled.

"That, that Anglese," demanded Jacataqua, "who?"

"Thet? Thet's young Burr, the one Cushing said got off a sick bed to come. And he'd better have stayed," he added, sotto-voce, "if the tales of his ways with the lasses are true. An Indian, even an Abenaki, is treacherous and ondependable."

But Jacataqua had not heard his soliloquy. Like a startled fawn she had slipped back to her people. Young Burr but waited to gain his genial host's attention to ask excitedly, "Who is that beauty?"

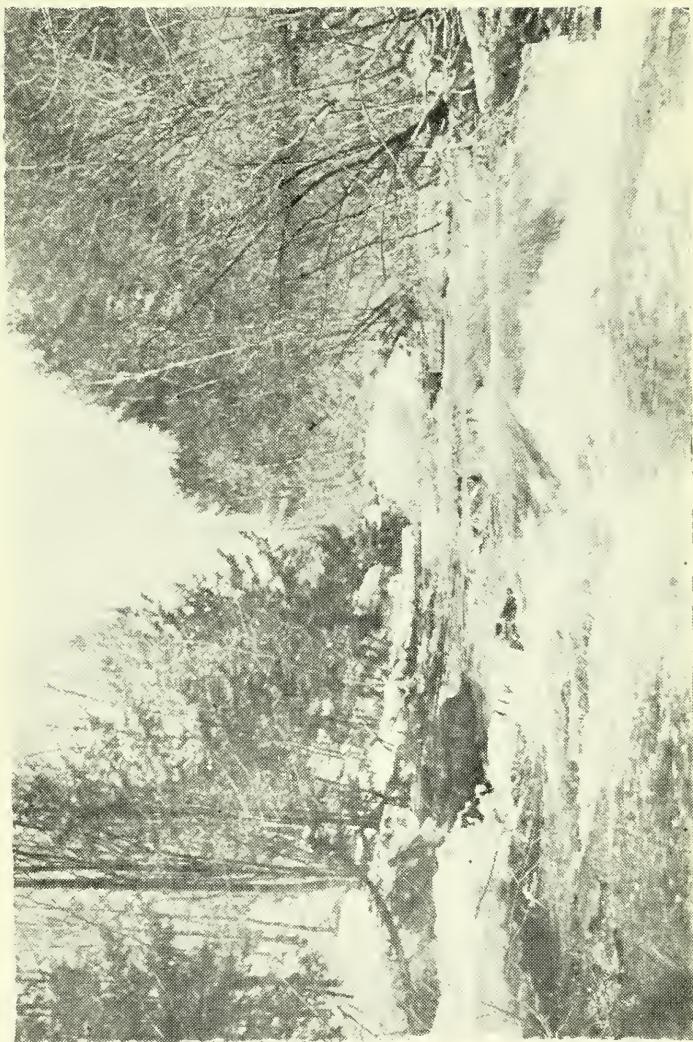
"That's Jacataqua, half French, half Abenaki, sachem of the Indians of Swan Island. You passed the wigwams of her people on your way up the river. No settler, no warrior of her tribe is her equal in the hunt. But, my boy," he added kindly, "remember Indian nature, even half French, is not to be trusted."

His warning speech was wasted; young Burr had vanished!

"Well, youth calls to youth," said the kindly Captain, "yet I fear no good will come of it."

Meantime Aaron Burr was standing before the Indian princess; for the first and only time in his life at a loss before a woman. Nor was Jacataqua more at ease. Yet, primitive and direct, it was she who opened the conversation and opened it with a challenge. "These," with a wave of her brown hand toward Howard and the group of officers, "these want meat. You hunt with me? I win."

More eagerly than he had ever accepted invitation from the most polished provincial hostess did young Burr pick up the challenge.



The Chaudière



Like two children they set off for Howard Hill, from whose sheltering woods predatory bears issued to spoil the Captain's corn. The steep ascent won, they gazed together upon the winding Kennebec in all its quiet beauty. Perhaps Burr was not to spend in all his varied later career a happier or a more carefree day than that in the woodlands on Howard Hill. Jacataqua, at the call of youth, bubbled forth in irrepressible gayety. And that hunting trip was a distinct success from the utilitarian standpoint; for three bears, a mother and her two cubs, bore witness to the maiden's unerring aim.

Next day the three appeared, the "pièce de resistance" of a feast as generous and as varied as epicure could wish. Venison, beef, pork, dried salmon, bread, corn, potatoes, melons, golden pumpkin pies,—all the wealth of wood and field, hospitably poured out before the welcome guest. One wonders if the starving, dying soldiers above the Chaudière, as they gnawed hungrily at moccasins and bullet pouch ever saw in delirious vision that glorious feast at old Fort Western. A rum punch crowned the feast with toast and song. (That very punch bowl, china and of modest dimensions, still exists and was in Howard Hall when Mr. Gannett, descendant of Captain Howard, entertained the Connecticut Foot Guards in 1913 on land his ancestor once owned and over which Burr and Jacataqua had wandered in carefree abandon.)

Of all these feasters none were so gay, none so joyous as were young Burr and the dusky Indian princess. Youth and warm blood were theirs; no premonition of after days could sadden them. Burr was strongly drawn to the Indian maiden, interested and attracted by her beauty and by the romance of the situation; Jacataqua, with all the strength of her wild and passionate nature yielded to the fascination that Burr was to exercise at will, over all women.

The three days of the army's stay at Fort Western were for the youth a pleasant diversion; for the maiden, happiness unmeasured. Hunting trip succeeded hunting trip, the two were constantly together. When the moment of departure came, Jacataqua pleaded to be allowed to follow the expedition with some of her people. Two white women, the wives of James Warner and Sergeant Grier of the Pennsylvania Corps, were to share their husbands' hardships and bravely does history say they acquitted themselves. Jacataqua's skill in hunting, her knowledge of trails and carries, of roots and herbs, the woodcraft and boatecraft of her people—all could be of use to the expedition, all argued in her favor, so Arnold gave his consent, albeit with grave doubts of the outcome.

Nowadays, with trolley or motor car, the trip from Fort Western in Augusta to Fort Halifax in Waterville, is but an hour's swift and pleasant progress. In 1775 with the hastily constructed bateaux of green pine, the heavy supplies and overloaded boats, the way was slow and painful. At Three Mile Falls, below Fort Halifax, the

crews must wade to their waists always, often almost to their chins. At the foot of the falls, the bateaux must be unloaded and they and their contents carried on tired backs through the well nigh pathless forest till the rapids were safely skirted. Hunting trips still gave youth and maiden the opportunity to spend happy hours together, though Burr shirked no part of his share of hardship. His activity and willingness endeared him to the rank and file; his birth and breeding to their officers. But that sunshine of universal approbation was not to continue.

At Fort Halifax a welcome, not so lavish as that at Fort Western, but adequate and cordial, awaited the weary host. Colonel Lithgow was in command of the fortress and with him was his daughter Sarah, an acknowledged belle and toast.

"These bateaux will be bringing you a beau," joked the old sergeant, a privileged family friend. "But one lad brings his own lassie. Young Burr has with him, they say, the Indian princess, Jacataqua, sachem of Swan Island. For love of him alone she's followed many a weary mile."

"Who is this Burr?" queried the fair Sarah, her nose at a scornful angle.

"His father's president of the College of New Jersey. A fine family, but a wild lad, though a brave one; and a way with the lasses, it seems."

A slight sniff was the sergeant's only response, but his twinkling eyes noted the unusual care of the toilet in which the haughty lady helped her father receive his distinguished guests.

As Burr entered the rough room he stopped short at the vision of loveliness before him and gazed with all his ardent heart in his dark eyes. But the great lady of Fort Halifax was as proud as the maiden of Fort Western had been eager. She hardly seemed to see the dazzled Burr, acknowledging the presentation with the briefest and coldest of murmurs. Inspired with sudden passion for the haughty beauty and little accustomed to rebuffs from the fair sex, Burr began a systematic wooing. His ardent missives, romantically written on birch bark and appropriately dispatched by the hand of an Indian messenger, though well calculated to win a lady's heart, were scorned by the divine Sarah.

Jacataqua, quick to feel change of mood in her lord, soon found the key to his sullen silence and abstraction. Wild with jealous rage, she determined to rid herself of her hated rival. At last her careful watch of Sarah Lithgow's movements was rewarded. Stealthily she slipped after the unconscious woman, gliding from tree to tree, clutching her hunting knife, keen and sharp-edged. A quick spring, then a leap from behind, and Jacataqua's hunting knife fell harmless on the moss, struck down by the indignant hand of Burr. The eyes of love had been even keener than those of jealousy!

By all the rules of melodrama Jacataqua should have slunk away, foiled and desperate, while the fair Sarah fainted gracefully in her rescuer's arms and revived to forgive him all. Alas, Arnold's men were fated to be lucky neither in love nor in war, despite the old saying! Sarah Lithgow went haughtily on her way in real or feigned unconsciousness of her recent peril, and without a single backward look, leaving Jacataqua cowering at Burr's feet in mute petition for forgiveness.

The onward march fortunately put an end to an almost intolerable situation, giving Burr work after his own heart and enough of it to soothe the sting of hurt vanity. Jacataqua followed humbly after; her woodcraft and hunting skill, as well as that of her people, proving of incalculable value to the harrassed remnant of Arnold's troops. When stern necessity called for the slaughter of Dearborn's dog and those of the other soldiers, in order to feed the starving men, Jacataqua's hound was spared through gratitude. And not alone in the hunt was the Indian maid of use to the troops. Skillful, like all her people, in finding and preparing medicinal roots and herbs, and with an instinctive talent for nursing, she soothed many a sufferer. Jacataqua the joyous, happy girl, had left Fort Western; Jacataqua, the saddened woman, with all a woman's capacity for help and comfort, trod the paths along the Chaudière!

She and Burr had come together again, her beauty and his character made that inevitable; but their old, free comradeship was gone. The wild and haughty princess had become the meek and watchful Indian squaw, catering to the strange whims of her white lord; proud to serve him in the lowliest tasks, her happiness, his smile; her misery, his frown. Rarely now did her French vivacity bubble up; only on some expedition in the depths of the wild, free forest.

Burr was of real value in the expedition. Abstemious and careful, he stood the privations of the march better than stronger men. His boatcraft, learned from Jacataqua, commanded the respect of his comrades; his careless valor won their admiration. In the Chaudière's swift current Burr's career was almost ended; wet and exhausted, he struggled out, to the Indian maiden's efficient care.

One brilliant exploit the young man performed for which he merits the praise of history; the carrying of dispatches from the impatient Arnold to the apparently dilatory Montgomery. Accounts of this performance differ, but all agree that he made the trip disguised as a Roman Catholic priest. Burr is conceded to have been a master of the Latin language, and to have had a fair acquaintance with French; the Catholic priesthood were, for the most part, in sympathy with the rebels, so there seems a reasonable probability of the story's truth. Jacataqua could have helped him in perfecting his disguise and in a knowledge of the patois. Certain it is that Aaron Burr carried Benedict Arnold's message to Montgomery; the proof

exists in the form of a letter, brief and unilluminating, written by Arnold to Montgomery himself.

“DEAR SIR:

“This will be handed you by Mr. Burr, a volunteer in the Army, and son to the former President of New Jersey College.

“He is a young gentleman of much life and activity, and has acted with great spirit and resolution on our fatiguing march. His conduct, I make no doubt, will be sufficient recommendation to your favor.

“I am, dear Sir, your most obed’t h’ble,

“B. ARNOLD.

“Brigadier General Montgomery.”

Montgomery approved of Burr to such an extent that he gave him a captain’s commission and made him one of his aids. The eager youth, anxious to prove his worth, got permission to drill a party of fifty picked men to mount scaling ladders in full accoutrement and with silent speed; all this a preparation for a night surprise of the upper city. To his chagrin, his promising plan was abandoned in favor of one less likely to succeed.

In the actual charge up the terrible heights of Quebec Aaron Burr showed commendable courage and coolness; struggling to reanimate his fleeing troops. Seemingly careless of death, his place was in the front. One Chaplain Spring was witness of one of his exploits. Though slight in physique Burr carried the heavy body of his dead commander, Montgomery, some distance on the field. Spring, in the same town with Burr after fifty years, when told he would suffer in the public estimation by calling upon him, refused to heed this well-meant and highly politic advice, saying that the image of “Little Burr” staggering through the snow under the weight of Montgomery’s body, was too vivid in his mind. Critics have questioned the truth of this story, but it accords well with what we know of Burr.

And all this time the faithful Jacataqua had followed, followed! Through the pathless forest, in the midst of countless dangers and hardships had she pursued her loyal way, unwearied and undaunted. At Porte aux Trembles, so the story goes, Jacataqua and Burr again out hunting, necessity this time their spur, came to a brook, and thirsty, bent to drink. Lacking a cup, Burr, courtly in the wilderness, had filled his cap and was offering it to Jacataqua, when a British officer, also hunting, politely offered his drinking cup. After some conversation, delighted with each other, the two officers advanced to the middle of the stream, shook hands and solemnly pledged friendship.

It was to the care of this officer and in the protection of one of the nunneries of Quebec, tradition has it, that Burr left the faithful

Jacataqua. 'Tis a pretty tale, but it strains one's credulity to the breaking point. The true ending of this tale of a man and a maid in the Maine of long ago we shall, doubtless, never learn. But of this we are sure, Jacataqua's loyal love and faith failed as tragically and as completely as did Arnold's bravery. Both tried and suffered; neither won the goal. Heaven grant that the last days of the Indian princess were happier than those of Arnold or of Burr!

One cannot help wondering if, in later life, Burr's thoughts ever wandered to Jacataqua and the carefree days along the Kennebec. Certain it is that no more romantic tale of faithful love can be found on history's pages than that of the Indian princess, Jacataqua, for the faithless, fascinating Aaron Burr, in the province of Maine in that fateful year of 1775.



THE ROMANTIC HISTORY OF MUSCONGUS; OR  
LOUD'S ISLAND



# *The Romantic History of Muscongus; or Loud's Island*

By MARIETTA MUNRO SIMMONS

## PART I.



HEN I, William Loud, officer in his Majesty, George the Second's, provincial navy, on board a ship of war riding at anchor in Boston harbor, let loose the fiery temper hitherto held in leash by years of inflexible discipline, and with flashing eye had replied to some insolent demand from a superior officer, that I would not obey, though it were "to save the King's head," the act constituted treason.

I was thereupon stripped of the clothing befitting my rank and flung into the ship's hold, there to await in chains and with scanty fare, the consequence of my reckless speech.

As I lay in my dark and ill-smelling prison my thoughts were not pleasant; it seemed that the Evil One himself must have prompted that flash of ungovernable anger, which I had no doubt would cost me position, friends, home and perhaps life itself. My heart was heavy and my spirit bitter as I reflected on my brilliant and promising career, thus foolishly brought to an inglorious end; and I kicked viciously at the great rats, which grew too bold for my comfort, vainly wishing that it were in my power to inflict like blows on the person of the arrogant officer who had been the cause of my undoing; between whom and myself had long been unspoken enmity.

With the passing of the hours this anger cooled and my mind was occupied by many thoughts of former days.

For many years the name of Loud, shortened of its final letter in this new country, had been an honored one in the county of Lancaster, England, where my grandfather, the first one of the name to be called William, had died about the time of the expedition to Canada against the "common enemy" (1689-1696), when his son, William (my father) had come to this wild and much disputed land.

From Canada he had drifted to Portsmouth, New Hampshire, where, on February 28th, 1708, he was married to Abigail Abbott. They established their home in that primitive frontier settlement during the war of Queen Anne, at a time when the Indian troubles were at their height; and no man knew at what hour he might be required to relinquish his scalp lock for the personal adornment of some filthy savage, who would come stealthily skulking from the forest backing the colony, or boldly bursting forth with horrid yells and whoops, in company with many of his hated kind, to wreak hideous vengeance on the "pale-face" settlers.

Here my father erected his simple cabin of logs and my mother set to work, in the way of women, to make its rough walls home; while they both had much ado to fill the hungry mouths and clothe the sturdy bodies of their rapidly increasing family, for those were uncertain times.

Brother John was born in 1710 and myself on August fifteenth of the next year; then followed Solomon, Thomas, David, Sarah, Abigail and little Benjamin, the eighth child, and the several trundle beds which were dragged forth from beneath the couch of our parents each night, were filled to overflowing. But the chinks in the walls of our cabin furnished a sufficiency of fresh air, and we thrived well on the substantial, if coarse, fare, which our mother made palatable in sundry mysterious ways. And if our little hearts sometimes thumped painfully and our small faces paled at the tales we heard of lurking savage or prowling beast, we somehow managed to be very happy.

Stern were the commands of our father and many the admonitions of our mother, concerning where it was or was not safe to wander in our play, and gruesome tales of disobedient children kidnapped or murdered while picking berries or straying too near the forest's edge, their bodies found mangled by bear or wild cat or never seen of their parents more, helped us to heed their warnings well.

I could not but weep as I recalled the early struggles of my parents and remembered their great pride in my later achievements, realizing how soon their aging heads would be bowed by my disgrace.

Our New England settlements followed the shore and were backed by an unexplored forest, peopled by unknown numbers of savages, whose ingenuity in devising means for the torture of their enemies, of whose doings they were fully informed, were fiendish. I well remembered the story told by my father of a young bridegroom, belonging in our community, kidnapped immediately following the wedding ceremony, leaving his disconsolate bride to mourn until his release was secured by an extravagant ransom paid by his father; and they were not always thus merciful.

In my boyhood I had known more than one person in broken health, yet living, minus his scalp-lock, and I never shall forget the shock I received, when a boy who had been my playmate was taken captive, never to return to his home at Kittery. It was small wonder that the red-skins were so feared and hated that in time of war a heavy bounty was offered by the government for each scalp taken, whether that of brave, squaw or papoose.

In those days the laws were very strict regarding the education of children in a community of Portsmouth's size, and my parents saw to it that their children were well grounded in such matters as were taught.

I was possessed by nature of a fiery temper, quick tongue and arrogant ways, which the chidings of my mother, the stern authority of my father and the strict laws and customs of our time did much to subdue. The terrifying earthquake, the like of which we had never known in this country before, coming when I was at the impressionable age of sixteen years, and in which one and all recognized the hand of the Lord, did much toward shaping my character.

My great love for the sea combined with a desire to aid in destroying the power of the unprincipled French, who had always incited the Indians to harrass and distress the English colonists, with tales of the success of his Majesty's naval craft in the capture of French privateers and other sea-rovers, fired my young blood, and I enlisted in the royal navy with the full consent of my parents, being rapidly advanced to positions of honor and trust; thus my early manhood was spent in the King's service.

When, in 1740, rumors reached us of war between England and Spain, the General Court granted £6500 for the construction of a ship sufficiently large and powerful to protect our navigation and trade, and Benjamin Hallowell of Boston was given the important contract for a vessel of 180 tons. The great keel necessary for this ship was a marvelous sight and people turned out in large numbers to see the work begun.

She was a snow and differed only from a brig in having atrysail-mast close abaft the main-mast. She was armed with sixteen carriage guns, each carrying a ball of six pounds and as many swivel guns. She was named the "Prince of Orange," in honor of King William, our glorious deliverer.

It was indeed a proud day when, under Captain Edward Tyng, an experienced navigator, of Boston, I was appointed Lieutenant in charge and command of this gallant craft.

In the peaceful summer of 1742, in company with the ship Vernon, we carried our newly appointed Governor Shirley, with his party, on a visit to the Eastern Indians, at St. Georges, taking gifts and supplies to win their friendship and allegiance from the French, in the vain hope of securing a lasting peace. I was greatly impressed by the beauties of this country, but little thought ever to see it again.

The new province snow soon proved herself a wise investment, for in 1744, when France joined Spain in her war with England, conditions in this country were worse than ever before and our coast trade was carried on at great hazard; our waters being infested by the enemy's craft. My early desire of making successful war upon the French was thus gratified.

On a lovely day in June of that troubled year, while cruising along the coast, we saw a sail at a considerable distance, which bore down upon us, and in about an hour we discerned her to be a French privateer under English colors. We hauled in our guns, took down

the bulk head, struck colors and lay to till the privateer came within gunshot, when she struck the English and raised the French flag. We then threw open our ports and raked him fore and aft with a terrible broadside, they only returning the snow two guns and crying loudly for quarter. Their mast had been disabled, so that it broke off by our first shot, and they were entirely at our mercy.

The captain was brought on board our ship and delivered his sword, commission, etc., to Captain Tyng and was promised that himself and men should be kindly treated. Then the other officers were brought on board, also the ninety-four men, being secured in the hold. These prisoners we carried into Boston, where they were committed to gaol.

Great was the joy of the people when they learned that this, the first American vessel to be engaged in a naval combat, had been thus victorious. Large crowds gathered at the docks to cheer our triumphant arrival and to hail with derision our wretched captives. Recalling my just pride in being able to serve well my King and country on this and all other occasions, I knew that whatsoever the evil construction put upon my rash words, of treasonable intent I was innocent. I thereupon resolved to cease my repinings and to meet my fate as a brave man should.

Exhausted by my emotions, I fell into a deep sleep, from which I was awakened by a sailor, whom I at one time had befriended, little thinking with what great service he would repay me. This poor man, at great risk to himself, had made his way to my dark dungeon, and with his help I was soon freed from my fetters and clothed in the garb of a common sailor.

The leatheren wallet containing my commission and other private papers, with monies to a not large amount, were still on my person, having been overlooked in the haste of those who had taken me in charge, and this we securely wrapped in tarpaulin. My good friend then informed me that the night, which was without a moon, was far advanced, giving me the exact location at the dock of a merchant ship about to sail for Falmouth (Portland).

I then bade my good friend adieu, and being well acquainted with the dangers to be avoided on my own ship, stealthily made my way to the deck and thence to the ship's rail, reaching the water safely and without raising an alarm.

Being a powerful swimmer, I easily gained the docks, where, in the early dawn with my rough dress, I drew no attention from the busy sailors and succeeded in gaining the hold of the now laden ship just before her hatches were closed for the run to Falmouth.

I had thought to lie in hiding until that seaport was reached and then to lose myself in some remote settlement of the surrounding wilds, where I might still serve my King by waging a single-handed warfare against the savage foe; but my plans were changed and my

life otherwise ordered by an overruling Providence, that withheld the favorable winds, for which the ship's captain longed, not half so ardently as his miserable stowaway.

For what seemed an eternity, soon beset by the tortures of hunger and thirst, I lay in the stifling hold before I discerned that we were under way. At length, after we had been at sea for many hours, so far as I could judge from the sounds reaching my place of concealment, I could endure my miseries no more and set up such a clamor that the hatch above me was soon raised and I was dragged forth, to fall fainting at the captain's feet.

It were well for me that I had fallen into the hands of this good man, who treated me with great kindness, when I had thought to meet with the harsh brutality then so common upon the high seas. Being greatly desirous of his wise counsel and trusting to the honesty of his rugged features, after being revived and fed, I proceeded to tell him my true story, to all of which he listened well before offering his sound advice. His notion was strongly against any stirring up of the Indians, who were now comparatively peaceful, and I perceived that he was right in thinking that my zeal might lead me to the doing of more harm than good.

"We are now," said he, though in the uncouth language of most sailors, "nearing Monhegan, and from here I will, if you so desire, sail in toward Muscongus bay, landing you upon a fertile island there which is now uninhabited, where you may spend the remainder of your days without danger of discovery, there being nothing to call the King's craft to this remote and sparsely settled region, and where you can render good service by joining the settlers nearby if the Indians again take the 'war-path.'

"This island," he continued, "is known as Samoset's or, more commonly, Muscongus Island. It is said that that great and good Sagamore once made it his headquarters. He now lies in the Indian burying ground, which you may see on its upper end. Whether or not this story be true, it was of a certainty conveyed by him to a proprietor of Pemaquid, having now, through marriage, come into the possession of one Shem Drowne, a tin plate worker, of Boston; and as this man is very much interested in the settlement of these parts, you may, if you so desire, purchase the entire island for a very small sum." (This I afterwards did, finding all of his words true).

The captain also told me of previous owners, who had lived on the island for short periods, but had been driven from their isolated home by fear of the Indians. He remembered having been told that a cabin, once occupied by one of these, yet remained standing in a clearing not far removed from a small harbour.

He was well acquainted with the settlements along the coast of Bristol, from which this island lay distant about two miles. They were Broad Cove, Muscongus, Round Pond and New Harbour, each

of which consisted of several widely scattered farms with a neighborhood garrison, and having grist and saw mills on their suitable streams.

It was a lonely life that I saw pictured before me, yet it held freedom; while to the dangers of which he spoke I was no stranger. Besides, having put myself in this man's hands, I felt constrained to follow his advice. Accordingly we drew in toward the bay, as he had promised, and I was set on shore with a goodly supply of provisions and ammunitions, the gift of the ship's captain, as was, also, a young dog of the large and ferocious breed kept by the settlers for hunting and attacking Indians.

This animal had attached himself to some member of the crew while in port, and, like myself, had become a stowaway. He had made of himself a great nuisance while on board ship, and was willingly landed with me at my earnest request. I had named him Roger and he proved to be my faithful friend and protector for many years; his affection for his master being as strong as his instinctive hatred of the redskins, his disposition proving much more amiable than his looks.

I remained on the shore until the boatload of friendly sailors had passed from sight, and then turned forlornly to begin my new life at the age of forty-two years, in October of what, by a strange coincidence, was the first year under the new style calendar adopted throughout the British domains.

My island, for such I ever afterward regarded it, like all others which I had observed in the vicinity, was covered with a heavy growth of evergreen forest, interspersed with noble trees of maple, oak and ash, which extended to the water's edge.

Leaving Roger, who was wild to follow me, on guard beside my precious possessions, with drawn knife and musket in readiness for any sudden peril, I followed, as noiselessly as possible, the slightly defined path, which led with difficulty through the heavy undergrowth.

The bright sun scarce penetrated the gloom of the forest through which I passed, so that it came upon me with dazzling splendor, when I suddenly burst through a tangle of birch, alder and blackberry and beheld the spot which I was henceforth to call my home. In the midst of an overgrown clearing, surrounded by the glowing colors of the forest, stood the veritable abode of which, though the captain had spoken, I had little thought to find standing. Perceiving no evidences of the recent presence of either white man or red, I went forward on the run to observe it more closely.

It was a log cabin, such as were built by the earliest settlers and contained but one room, with large joists overhead, and small, high-set window openings; the great chimney at one end was builded of stones. This chimney, with its enormous fireplace, remained in

good repair, as did also the great oaken door, which fastened on the inside by means of a heavy wooden cross-bar. In spite of its abandoned condition it had the look of home; and here, on a bed of hemlock boughs, Roger and I passed our first night on Samoset's Island in unbroken repose.

After breaking our fast the following morning, as we had supped, on ship's biscuit and spring water, for I dare not strike fire nor allow my dog to hunt before making a thorough examination of my surroundings, with Roger at my heels, I set out to explore the island, which proved to be about three miles long by one mile wide at its broadest point. I saw signs of a great abundance of game, while the flats over which I walked seemed alive with clams and other shell-fish. My cabin was located on the northeastern side of the island, and I found certain evidences of the Indian burying ground at no great distance from my clearing; though I discovered no signs of living human inhabitant.

From the coast I could discern portions of the settlements of which I had been told, with a glimpse of Meduncook (Friendship), backed by the blue Camden hills, to the north, while all about were islands of different sizes, few of them inhabited at this time, even the boldest pioneers having been forced to seek the protection afforded by the settlements. My explorations at an end, I set myself to live my lonely life as best I might, with Roger to guard against any surprise and my trusty musket always at hand.

Winter was fast approaching, but my daily "bannock," made by mixing with sea water a handful of meal, ground from corn placed between two stones, and baked over the hot coals on the hearth, and the supply of fish and game which I should be able to secure, if left unmolested, would secure me from hunger. So I hid away a portion of my generous store of corn and beans against the spring's planting, and proceeded to daub the chinks in my cabin walls with clay and thatch the roof anew with the coarse marsh grasses.

I gathered a store of the bitter oak nnts and felled great logs for my fireplace, collecting many spiey knots of the fragrant pitch pine to furnish light for the long winter evenings, which I proposed to spend in the fashioning of such articles for the convenience and comfort of my simple abode as were possible with my lack of skill and proper tools, also platters and vessels of wood and bark for the better serving of my food and drink; the immense shells of clams and other mollusca, washed up by the waves and bleached by the sun, having of necessity served my purpose thus far.

One day in early winter I was visited by a party of men coming from Muscongus and Round Pond, who, having observed the smoke rising daily from my chimney, had come to investigate.

They were very curious as to why I had come thus quietly to this lonely spot, but I was able to set their minds at rest without adding

greatly to their real knowledge of my affairs. They welcomed me warmly and invited me to visit their several homes, which I afterwards did, being received very kindly among them. They were a sturdy people, whose struggle to maintain life and homes in this land of poverty and savage foe showed plainly in their alert, care-worn faces, yet possessed of a kindly humour withal.

I was able, by the payment of a small sum, to procure the small boat in which one of my visitors had reached the island, he returning to the mainland with his friends; and was told by these men that ready money was very scarce hereabouts, barter being the usual method employed in trade.

Soon after this I was visited by a party of friendly but thievish Indians, which pleased me not so well and Roger far less than I.

Of all the neighboring settlements, I liked best that of the Germans at Broad Cove, this being really an extension of their colony at Waldoborough. Poor they were, like all the rest, but ambitious, thrifty and consequently prosperous, as prosperity was then counted. Their cheerful and unfailing hospitality was very pleasing to one in my exiled condition; so, leaving my poor dog to guard faithfully, if much against his inclinations, my humble possessions, I made frequent excursions to this place, and more particularly to the dwelling of one kind-hearted old settler, whose fair-haired daughter, Lucy, ere spring had come, promised to share with me the perils and isolation of my island abode.

We were to be wedded in the month of June and I laboured hard at unaccustomed toil, that our home might be in readiness for her coming.

The clearing was greatly enlarged by spring, as I had felled many trees to furnish logs for the building of a shelter for the young cow and lambs for which I had already bargained, also the stockade necessary for their protection against the ravages of wild beasts. The ground was then burned over and a crop of corn and beans planted at the expense of very great toil. The work which I had planned for the long evenings became now a labour of love, extending far into each night; while the great, bare room grew more like home with the gradual addition of my crude achievements.

Meanwhile peace with the Indians continued, although I scanned the opposite shore daily and with anxious heart for any signs of their treachery. But on the fair morning of my bride's home-coming, I banished such thoughts from my mind, allowing no doleful forebodings to darken its cheer.

We had been married at the home of my wife's parents, amid the feasting and rejoicing of her relatives and friends, and were accompanied on our trip to the island by her two stalwart, rosy-cheeked brothers, to assist in carrying her dower chest, spinning wheel and other possessions. In her own arms she had transported



Harbor Homes of Today at Loud's Island



the most treasured one of them all, being a fussy old hen with her twelve lively chicks, a gift from her mother.

As we entered the clearing we could see all about us my young vines growing luxuriantly amidst the blackened stumps. Beside the door-way an old lilac tree had burst into purple bloom and all around in the fresh green grass grew wild flowers, soon to be supplanted by Lucy's finer "posies."

Later, when the door had been thrown open and the fire uncovered, to send its soft smoke curling lazily from the chimney, and the hen with her brood had been set free to run clucking and chirping, while the mistress of it all went singing about her homely tasks, I would have willingly exchanged neither kingdom nor consort with the King of the realm, treasonable though the thought may have been. Even poor Roger, who sulked in wretched jealousy for a time, soon came to love her gracious presence and gave to her his true allegiance.

Brave, strong and sweet, as became a pioneer's bride, my Lucy took up the burdens of her new life, ignoring danger, sharing my hard labours and performing her own many tasks, each with a never-failing smile.

For a year our existence was peacefully happy. Visits were exchanged between ourselves and friends on the mainland; and many a party of Indians, who were child-like in their friendliness in time of peace, were fed at our rough table, leaving us gifts of useful and beautiful baskets, which they had great skill in colouring and weaving. They were also shameless beggars, who did not hesitate to steal that which begging failed to procure.

During the long, hot, summer afternoons we sometimes gathered berries from the clearings of which there were several, seeming to indicate that there had been more than one attempt to occupy the island in years past. We prized these berries highly when dried, as an addition to our monotonous fare in winter and sometimes were obliged to dispute with some ravenous black bear for their possession. Fish caught in the summer were also dried for winter use.

An account of one of these fishing trips, on which my wife always accompanied me, I being glad of her assistance, as well as not caring to leave her alone on the island, will show that my naturally hot temper and imperious ways, fostered by years of command over others, were still my besetting sins, giving rise to the many stories circulated among the inhabitants as to the cause of my mysterious appearance in their midst, which they never fully understood and resented accordingly.

On this occasion the fog closed in suddenly, completely enveloping us while at some distance from the island. Not having a compass I became completely bewildered, with nothing but the roar of the ocean upon the rocks to guide me. I bade my wife take her place in the bow and look out for land.

She soon pointed into the dense fog and cried, "There is land!" and in another moment, "There is land!" pointing in an opposite quarter, while I kept on rowing, this way and that, at her excited command. First she would call, "Land from the bow!" and again, "Land on the port side!" so confused was she by the strangeness of our position. After fruitless hours of rowing at her contradictory directions, I angrily shouted, "Sit down, woman! You've made more land than God Almighty." She, poor soul, sank weeping into the bow, while I, in silence, rowed for dear life, using my best judgment, arriving finally at the island.

\* \* \*

As winter advanced we were confined much to our cabin, where there was always enough to be done; occupied with her spinning, knitting, weaving or sewing, Lucy was never idle, and there was always some task for my hands to perform, as everything employed in the pursuit of our daily lives was, of necessity, home-made from the raw material. On rare occasions a newspaper, printed months before in Boston, would reach us, having been eagerly read by each in turn and passed on from one settlement to another, at length reaching us on the outskirts of civilization.

In the spring our son, whom we called "William Solomon," was born, and the carved wooden cradle, over which I had laboured long and carefully in the making, was brought forth to take its position of honour in our home.

Soon after this, in 1754, came rumors of another Indian uprising, with tales of terrible outrages committed by them at Meduncook, Cushing and their neighboring islands. Then followed news of another war between England and France, and we were once more compelled to defend our homes through a cruel period of Indian warfare, which lasted for nine years. Although in these parts, the trouble was intermittent, there was no feeling of security in all that time, during which many valuable lives were sacrificed and much property destroyed.

At Round Pond, Muscongus and other settlements in our vicinity, the women gathered at the garrison houses, while the men went armed to their work nearby, or in times of special danger all fled to Fort Frederick, at Pemaquid, leaving their homes undefended and many losing their lives on the way.

Observing the state of our neighbors, we decided to remain in our island home as long as was possible, we having as good a chance as any to reach the fort by water in an extremity. So, straightway, I set about enlarging and strengthening the stockade and prepared our cabin to withstand the savage attacks in so far as possible.

My brave wife, with Roger on guard beside her baby's cradle, went serenely about her increasing duties, always within reach of a boatswain's whistle, which would call me to her side at the least sign

of danger, for I dare not wander to any great distance from my loved ones.

On hearing this shrill warning one day, while off my guard, being deeply absorbed in my occupation, I turned to see seven Indians coming stealthily upon me. By quickly snatching my musket from the ground where it lay and being a sure marksman (the result of naval training), I was able to kill four of them, chasing the others upon the run, while yelling my maledictions in a thund'rous voice.

Had the Indians but known, I, myself, had more cause for fright than they; for with the fourth shot my ammunition was exhausted, leaving me wholly at their mercy.

When a party of Indians were known to be in the vicinity one of us must be on guard at all times. On these occasions, sometimes lasting for weeks together, I would sleep during the first hours of the night, my poor wife securing her rest later when I watched in her stead.

Well do I remember the experience of one terrible night. I had gone to rest greatly wearied by a hard day's work, falling forthwith into a heavy sleep and failing to waken at her frightened call.

Some Indians, thinking to surprise us while asleep, without making the slightest sound to arouse Roger or alarm my wife, succeeded in gaining the low roof, intending to descend the chimney and enter the kitchen through the broad fireplace, one Indian being half-way down when discovered. Like a flash Luey seized the straw bed from beneath me and threw it upon the glowing hearth. The descending Indian dropped into the furious blaze, which it instantly created, and rolled into the brilliantly lighted room with shrieks of agony. Widely enough awake by then, I seized my axe and quickly dispatched him, while his eowardly companions, not knowing the cause of the sudden conflagration so fatal to their companion, fled with his death yells in their ears and Roger roaring at their heels.

Many of the most horrible deeds were committed by Indians who had long been on friendly terms with the white settlers. The ease of Joshua Bradford, of Meduncook, aroused great indignation among us, he being murdered by an Indian who had frequently been entertained at his home; one whom he trusted as a friend, and whose life he had at one time saved at great peril to his own.

At the close of this war a lasting peace was made with the Indians, though the sound of the savage war-whoop will never cease to echo in the memories of those having heard its inhuman sound.

Our little daughter, Lucy, had been born into the midst of all these perils, being three years younger than her brother, and our remaining years together were employed in the care and education of our children, who were cut off from the advantages of the settlements, where schools were held either at the forts, or from house to house among the people.

We were glad to welcome to our island the new-comers who began to arrive after the Indian troubles were settled; as many of my wife's kindred had gone with the three hundred German families, who left Waldoborough to found new homes in Carolina, on account of our unsettled land claims which were the cause of great hardship to many.

I am an old man now, living in peace among my children; yet my thoughts are all of the stirring events of my youth. My Lucy is calmly sleeping not far from the home she loved so well. Some day in my dreams I shall hear the call of the boatswain's whistle, when I shall hasten to her side as gladly as in days of yore.

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## PART II.

“On the fourteenth day of February  
 From Hampton Roads we set sail,  
 All bound for old La Guayra  
 Upon the Spanish Main.  
 The captain called all hands right aft  
 And unto them did say.  
 ‘Here’s money for you to-day, my boys,  
 Tomorrow we’re going to sea.’

“It was early the next morning,  
 Just at the break of day,  
 When the man all at the mast-head  
 A strange sail did espy;  
 With her black flag flying all under her mizzen-peak,  
 Came bearing down this way.  
 ‘I’ll be bound for to say it’s a pirate-ship,’  
 Bold Daniel then did say.

“It was just three hours afterwards  
 When the pirate came up alongside,  
 With a loud and speaking trumpet,  
 And, ‘What do you here?’ he cried.  
 ‘My ship is the Roving Easy,  
 Bold Daniel is my name,  
 And I’m bound down to La Guayra  
 All on the Spanish Main.’

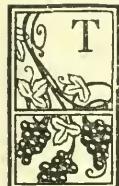
“‘Come heave a’ back your main top-sail  
 And bring your ship under my lee!’  
 ‘I’ll be blowed if I will!’ said Daniel,  
 ‘I’d rather sink at sea.’

Then he ran up his undaunted flag,  
Our lives to terrify,  
And his big guns on our small arms  
He straightway did let fly.

“It was the hour of ten, my boys,  
When this battle first began,  
They mounted four six-pounders,  
We fought a hundred men.  
Four small guns were our only arms,  
Our hands were twenty-two;  
In less than twenty minutes  
The pirates cried ‘*Perdu!*’

“And now the fight is ended,  
All off the Columbia shore;  
‘Tis a pretty place in America,  
They call it Baltimore.  
So here’s a health to Bold Daniel,  
Likewise his jovial crew,  
Who fought and sunk the pirate ship,  
With his four, and twenty-two.”

\* \* \*



HE “LAUGHING MARY,” with all sails set, flew merrily along before the wind, as she rounded Pemaquid Point on her homeward run from Boston to Loud’s Island, on a certain beautiful afternoon in early spring, year 1810.

At the helm, her master, Captain William Solomon Loud, otherwise Captain Solomon or, more familiarly, Captain Sol, a robust, middle-aged man of dark and striking appearance, sang feelingly, though with more regard to emphasis than rhythm, a sailor’s ballad very popular at that time, narrating the exploits of one “Bold Daniel.”

In the rendering of this ditty, the vowels were either clipped short or elongated, as required to accommodate the queer, old-fashioned tune. “*Perdu*” was unhesitatingly translated, “more blue,” and the hated word, “pirate,” pronounced as if spelled p-y-r-i-t, was ejected from the singer’s lips with indescribable venom. Captain Solomon, having had first-hand experience with the despicable breed in his day, knew whereof he sang.

He was in a happy frame of mind, and with good cause; he had disposed of the cargo of wood, which he had carried to Boston, at a good profit, and was now returning, laden with provision, also a frugal supply of tobacco and good West India rum, for the use of

himself and neighbors; and was passing dangerous Pemaquid Point (as yet unlighted) in broad daylight and under clear skies, after touching at Portsmouth, N. H., where he had been successful in persuading Robert Oram, a young carpenter, of whom he had been told, to come with him to the Island and there ply his trade for a season.

This youth, who, though but twenty-one years of age, was very skillful at building the frame-dwellings then coming to take the place of the primitive log cabins, which up to this time had been the only style of architecture in use on Loud's Island, made his appearance on deck, while the echo of the rousing toast to Bold Daniel, yet rent the surrounding air. He was greeted cheerfully by his perspiring employer, who proceeded to entertain him with tales of the historic coast of old Bristol, now in plain view; he, in turn rendering an account of his former life and history.

He told of his father, Captain Robert Oram, memories of whom the old song had awakened, who, having come from England to settle in Portsmouth, was taken captive by the French, in 1798 or '99, while in command of the ship, *Industry*, and had returned, after his release, only to meet death by drowning, when master of another craft, which was lost off Cape Cod.

Very tenderly he spoke of the pious training received by himself and brother, William, at the hand of their widowed mother; their home being in a house built and owned by Captain Oram in Kittery, just across the line from Portsmouth.<sup>1</sup>

As Captain Loud listened to this story, told in a simple, straightforward manner, unadorned by the profanity common to this time, and observed more closely the physical aspect of the stranger, not tall but splendidly proportioned, with honest, dark eyes, gazing from a fair and open countenance, he felt that he had been wise in his choice of a man, who must become as one of his own family during the many months necessary for the completion of the new dwelling, which his prosperous circumstances now warranted.

Thus occupied, the time passed quickly and they soon dropped anchor within snug little Marsh harbor.

The same sun which had glorified this beautiful spot to please the eye of the first Loud to come to its shores, now shed its rays on earth and sea, yet on a far different scene. Now, many large clearings broke the monotony of the forest and the cozy cabins of the inhabitants encircled the harbor, with their green fields and rich pasture-land; while in place of the unbroken solitude, greeting that lonely exile, these arrivals were met by a number of sea-tanned fishermen, who, on observing the approach of the *Laughing Mary*, had

<sup>1</sup>This house is still standing, a part of the hotel there. His descendants have never benefited by the settlement of the French claims, owing to the loss of all records, in a fire, which destroyed the Custom House, at Portsmouth.

hastened to the shore in order to grasp the hand of her jovial captain, and to receive news of the outer world, from which they were practically isolated.

The stranger was blusly introduced and warmly welcomed, as would be any man for whom Captain Solomon was voucher.

"Ever set foot on furrin sile afore?" inquired one old salt, with a waggish wink in the direction of his companions, who chuckled appreciatively at the newcomer's polite though mystified reply.

This peculiar question was later explained by the captain, as a covert allusion to the very peculiar political situation of the island, which, though lying within less than two miles of the coast of Bristol, through a peculiarity in its recording by the U. S. coast surveyors, could not be positively claimed by that town. Hence the jocular allusion to foreign soil.

The cabin, soon to be vacated in favor of a more pretentious dwelling, was a great improvement on those occupied by the first settlers, being much better lighted and more roomy. The immense chimney, built of briks brought from the kilns at Round Pond, ascending through the center of the building, contained two wide fireplaces as well as the capacious brick oven. The "best room," considered too good for use, was seldom opened, the busy home-life being lived in the pleasant, spacious kitchen.

Into this room, which he soon learned to love, the young man was conducted, coming unannounced upon the captain's quiet wife and youngest daughter, Mary, who has been described as "Loud's Island's fairest daughter," engaged in preparing the evening meal. A great black pot hung over the blazing fire, bubbled odorously as Mary stirred its contents, making an excuse for her glowing cheeks, as she offered her shy greetings and received her father's resounding kiss.

Other members of the family soon appeared, while the captain was eagerly relieved of the precious packets containing coffee, tea, white sugar and "gewgaws" for his "women folks." Portions of snuff were also brought forth from his bulging pockets and set aside for the cheering of several aged friends.

On the arrival of the two manly sons of the house, comprising the crew of the Laughing Mary, who had followed their father after making things shipshape on board that trim craft, all sat down to a table loaded with bountiful, if coarse fare, the guest seated at the right hand of Mistress Loud, and all doing their kindly best to put him at his ease among them.

As darkness fell, tallow candles were lighted and neighbors began to arrive for an evening's visit, as was always their custom on the occasion of the captain's return from a coasting trip.

The women whispered among themselves or listened quietly to the conversation of the men, their knitting-needles flashing in the flick-

ering light; for from the early hour of rising until they retired to rest at night, they found no time for idleness, even the little girls, in their quaint, homespun gowns, applying themselves busily to their "stents."

From his unobtrusive seat in the chimney-corner the stranger had good opportunity to observe these people, whom he afterward found to be upright and God-fearing, though, naturally, not entirely free from the prevailing vices; engaged in wresting a hardly-earned living from sea and land, with courageous hearts and smiling faces.

Their speech was a peculiar mixture of the stilted English employed by the first settlers, intermingled with the uncouth language of a less polished generation, a soft drawl blending its erudities into a pleasing vernacular.

The captain, from the depths of his great chair, satisfied the curiosity of his neighbors as to the doings in Boston and along the coast, after which he skilfully guided the conversation to topics of more interest to the quiet listener.

Sprawling his great length comfortably in the warmth of the cheerful blaze, he spoke of his own boyhood, thus leading the most reserved to relate tales of the pioneer life.

Stories were repeated of the adventurous existence of the first settler (Captain Solomon's father) and of his brave wife, the sound of whose boatswain's shrill call was said yet to haunt the scenes of her troubled life.

Tales, also, were told of the dreaded "sea-sarpint," which had struck terror to the heart of many a sailor hereabouts, in earlier days. One present gave a vivid description of its awe-inspiring appearance, as related to him by his father, who had once seen it as it propelled its horrible length through the sea, with sealy head erect and ugly eyes gleaming.

The captain remembered well the terrorized condition of the unprotected dwellers on these coasts during the "hard times" of the Revolution; when, after the burning of Falmouth, in October, 1775, they hourly expected annihilation at the hands of the British, their fears, happily, being unrealized.

Harbor Island, home of poor, brave Mistress McCobb, where she was left alone, the sole provider for her half-dozen small children, after the departure of her husband, Samuel McCobb, to serve in the Continental army, was the only place in this vicinity visited by the enemy.

One morning in the spring of '76, an English cruiser dropped anchor before her cabin door and landed six young sailors, with their superior officer, in quest of plunder.

On being disappointed in their search, these young despoilers, in a spirit of malicious mischief, began uprooting the poles on which her young beans were beginning to climb.

As the destruction of these vines meant certain hunger, if not actual starvation, to her small family, the desperate mother seized one of the prostrate poles and, recklessly charging the unprepared enemy, drove them from her domain.

"There must be some good in the English, I guess," said the captain in concluding this tale, "for the officer ordered them all on board ship, telling them to 'Leave the old woman and her beans alone.'"

Among the more venerable guests were two of the island's very early settlers, William Carter, an honest, intelligent Scotchman, the first to intrude on William Loud's lone occupation, who had arrived just previous to the Revolutionary War; and Leonard Poland, a jocular Englishman, who had settled on "Ma'sh" (Marsh) Island directly following the war's successful close.<sup>2</sup> There were, also, William Jones, John Thompson, John Murphy and others, following later, yet in the prime of their vigorous manhood.

They talked with pleasure of the by-gone days, their whimsical conversation intermixed with quips and jokes, at the expense of those giving too free rein to their galloping imaginations; but their faces darkened when they spoke of their unfair treatment at the hands of Bristol, in which town they had paid taxes, since first levied there in 1766; yet had received none of the advantages of citizenship in return.

It grew late, and, heeding the captain's suggestive glances toward the face of the old clock, the guests took their departure; the weary youth climbing with the "boys" to his bed in the loft, to dream of Indians, pioneers, and a hideous sea-serpent fleeing before a pirateship, flying at its mast-head the captain's great, blue stocking, much resembling the one on which his daughter had so busily knitted.

\* \* \*

Work upon the new house was begun immediately following the arrival of the young carpenter, and, observed with lively interest by the admiring natives, was carried on indefatigably by its industrious builder and his willing assistants; the great frame being hewed from heavy oak and mortised and braced firmly into shape.

When this frame, after many days of hard labor, neared completion, there was great bustling and hurrying among the women of the household, whereat every available pot and pan was mustered into service and the well-heated brick-oven was filled and emptied and filled again with the food necessary for the proper celebration of the event of the "raising."

At length the day arrived, and with it came the people from all parts of the island, the women to assist in the preparation and serving of the feast for the men, who, at the direction of the builder, heaved and hauled with might and main, in their effort to erect the

<sup>2</sup>The descendants of this man are still in possession of Marsh Island.

massive frame over the cellar which awaited it. As time passed the pace grew fast and furious, amid a great noise and confusion of tongues; the workmen's spirits rising in proportion to the rapid settling of the contents of the keg, which Captain Solomon had provided for the occasion, in accordance with the prevailing fashion.

The master-workman plainly showed his disapproval of this custom and spoke out in the blunt way which was his custom when strongly moved, much to the astonishment of his hearers.

After the frame had been successfully set in position, with a great cheer, echoing far and wide, they repaired to the cabin, where Mistress Loud had superintended the spreading of such a feast as would appease even their ravenous appetites.

After the tables had been removed from the kitchen, old-fashioned dances and games, in which none were either too old or too young to join, were continued until the company was too weary to enjoy the fun.

Candy-pulls, huskings and quiltings came in their season; while spinning bees, each spinner with her wheel going 'cross lots to the home of some neighbor, whose quiet kitchen would become a droning hive of industry, until the great mass of fleecy rolls had been reduced to skeins of yarn for weaving or knitting, were greatly favored by the matrons of the island.

Wool-pickings, consisting of the freeing of newly sheared fleeces from foreign substances were attended by one and all. Each of these gatherings was generally made the excuse for some simple frolic at its close, in all of which Mary Loud was the leading spirit.

Robert Oram entered freely into the innocent pleasures of the islanders, respected and well-liked, in spite of his plain-speaking on occasion.

He had received a fair education and was very well informed by means of much reading and was an interesting narrator from the fund of anecdotes and reminiscences, with which his mind was stored; all of which served to make his presence a welcome addition to the restricted life on the island.

He soon became acquainted with the simple rules governing the community. A school was maintained by the payment of a proportionate sum by the parents of each scholar, in a schoolhouse built by the early settlers, of rough stones, situated near the center of the island—the teacher "boarding 'round." This same building served as a place of worship, also the place for holding all business meetings. Their only official was a school agent, having full charge of all affairs relating to the public welfare.

Their poor, who were few, were assisted by their more prosperous neighbors, without ostentation; of vicious, there was none. If such a thing be possible they were, without laws, a law-abiding people,

conducting with wisdom their own affairs, with neither outside aid nor interference.

Meanwhile work on the new house progressed slowly, as doors, windows and all wood-work must be fashioned by hand; but it was finished at last and Robert Oram had no excuse for remaining longer on the island; yet the "season" for which he had been engaged was prolonged to a lifetime, when Mary Loud consented to become his wife.

They settled on the western coast and on this spot the remainder of their busy, useful lives was spent. He was made deacon of the local Baptist society and frequently held the honorable office of school agent; so great being his desire for the education of the children, that he taught the little school himself, when the services of no other teacher could be procured for the small wages paid.

His rough land was developed into a fertile farm, and here, to them, were born ten children, eight of whom lived to found homes of their own, though not upon Loud's Island.

The frame for the new house, which he was obliged to build for the accommodation of his increasing family, lay upon the ground for one year, while his neighbors tried to shake the "Deacon's" firm refusal to furnish intoxicants for the "raising." That sturdy advocate of temperance, in an intemperate time, replied to their arrogant demands: "If my house cannot be raised without rum, it can rot upon the ground."

This house, which was finally erected, and without rum, still stands on the island, now being the home of Mrs. Carl Svensen.

So his honorable life was passed in the difficult tilling of the soil and in the plying of his trade, upon the island or adjacent mainland, where many examples of his handiwork yet stand. The house, at Bristol, occupied by his grandson and namesake, bears mute evidence to the perfection of his craftsmanship.<sup>3</sup> Yet he was always able to find time to work or speak for the good of the community in which he lived, and reared his family "in the fear of God and love of man," until his untimely death in 1854.

During his life-time Robert Oram believed that the island taxes were illegally collected by the authorities of Bristol and tried to stir the natives to some action; but they hesitated to pit their strength against the keener wits on the mainland. After his death this belief was sustained by the courts, when a younger generation of islanders, remembering his counsel, appealed for relief from taxation, when the island vote, which had turned the tide at a Bristol election, was thrown out.

<sup>3</sup>Robert Oram built Commodore Tucker's house at Bremen in 1830.

Thus, though the natives are denied franchise (which they do not regret), Loud's Island has received an unique independence, very satisfactory to its inhabitants.

Captain William Loud lies in an unmarked grave; the only tangible evidences of his having lived being the old deed, by which he received Musecongus Island from Shem Drowne, and which is still on record, and the original commission, issued to him by Governor Shirley, which is now in the possession of one of his descendants.

The ashes of Robert Oram, the "strong man of Loud's Island," rest in the little island cemetery, a great boulder from the fields which were once his own, adorned with a splendid bronze tablet, the tribute of his appreciative descendants, marking his place of burial.









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